



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

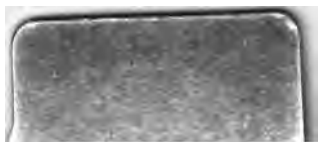
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600060037M







# VENDIG AID,

OR

## The Blessed One.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

---

VOL. II.

---



LONDON:  
SAUNDERS & OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

—  
MDCCLVII.

249. a. 339.

LONDON:  
T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

## CONTENTS.

---

### VOL. II.

---

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. PRINCE DAVID . . . . .	1
II. JOAN OF ACRES . . . . .	70
III. THE RESCUE . . . . .	113
IV. CARNARVON . . . . .	157
V. HOPES REALIZED . . . . .	205
VI. THE INFANT SUZERAIN . . . . .	250
VII. WINDSOR . . . . .	301
VIII. THE SEQUEL . . . . .	321
APPENDIX . . . . .	353

PEDIGREE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES





# V E N D I G A I D .

---

## CHAPTER I.

### PRINCE DAVID.

“EVA, my child, the sun shines brightly this afternoon, and the weather is unusually mild for the time of year. Come and take a walk with me in the open air; it will do us both good; and bring the little princess with you.”

The Baron Tewdyr stood at the door of the turret chamber, to which we introduced our readers in the opening chapter of our tale, and where, as usual, his sweet daughter was to be found employed in household matters, or engaged with her 'broidery frame; and now, as she looked up into her father's face and smiled, we might tell at once from the bright sparkle of her eye, that the hours which had passed over her (and these were not a few) since we last

beheld her, had been passed more in hope than in sorrow. True, for many days no little amount of anxiety had been entertained by every inhabitant of the fortress, with regard to any pursuit or inquiry which might be made after the fugitives; but, as time passed on, and the days went by without cause for fresh alarm, this feeling gradually wore off, and the elastic spirits of the younger members of the family had recovered their usual tone. For her father's sake, too, Eva strove to appear oftentimes more tranquil and light-hearted than she really felt, for then she saw that a weight seemed to remove itself from off the chieftain's brow; and he, also, would appear to forget,—as he gazed fondly on her lovely features, or listened to her silvery voice, as she drew him into converse upon light or indifferent topics,—the more grave and serious matters which pressed on his own soul.

“In one moment, father, I will be with you,” was the answer, as rising hastily the fair girl prepared to equip herself for the walk; “and Mary shall follow with the dear little lady immediately, as she never likes to trust her out of her sight.”

Then desiring a waiting woman to acquaint the nurse with her wishes, and springing lightly down the steps which led from her chamber into the hall below, Eva joined the baron, who was awaiting her there, and they left the castle together.

For some little distance they proceeded in silence, both apparently lost in thought : then looking up, Eva suddenly exclaimed, "Father Edwal will soon return now !—How I wonder what will have been his success !"

The baron passed his hand over his brow as he answered : "Do not raise your expectations too high, my child. The Queen, I know, is goodness itself, but he may not have been so fortunate as to gain her ear ; and should Lord Mortimer have suspected his mission, my mind misgives me much as to the likelihood of any favourable issue resulting from it."

"How I do dislike that Lord Mortimer ! I am sure he must be a most disagreeable person," said Eva. "From what Prince David was saying of him but yesterday, I am convinced he is a most bitter enemy to our cause ; and, related as he is, too, by birth, to the house of Llewellyn, his conduct towards him and his seems the more revolting."

4

"But heard you not, my love," returned the baron, "of what Brother Vychan reported concerning him when the Lady of Salisbury, De Giffard's wife, was beseeching for the decent interment of our beloved prince's remains? How he seconded and abetted her suit, and appeared as though towards the dead he no longer entertained those feelings of animosity which had so strongly actuated him towards the living."

"Nay, I had not, indeed, heard aught of this," replied Eva pensively; "and, if such be the case, he is not so bad as I had in my own mind imagined him to be. But this Lady Maud, father, —this Countess of Salisbury, was she not likewise related in some degree to the prince's family?"

"Even so, my child," answered the Tewdyr; "and if report speaks truth, there was in their earlier days some thought of an alliance between the fair De Clifford and Llewellyn; but however that may be, she has always been, and is still, I am told, the firm and faithful friend of his house, and although her present husband commands part of Edward's forces in the south at this moment,—in-

deed, Father Edwal brought us news, if you remember, that he had been but lately appointed keeper of the castle of Builth,—she remains constant in her sentiments of friendship for Wales and its lawful princes.”

“Sweet, noble lady!” exclaimed Eva enthusiastically; “I think I must have seen her once, when you took me to Chester soon after the marriage of the prince. Ah! those were happier days,” she added in a lower tone. “But I remember her being pointed out to me amongst many other ladies of the English court.”

“Ah! the prince’s marriage! Things have indeed changed since then!” continued the baron musingly. “That was a day and a sight never to be forgotten; many a man might have envied Llewellyn then, as he stood in all his manly dignity beside his lovely bride. And if ever I saw jealousy and malice written on any man’s countenance, it was on that of Edmund Mortimer that day. He had marked Eleanor de Montfort for his own: and he never forgave Llewellyn for winning her from him, or her for preferring another to himself.”

Eva did not make any further remark as her father paused, and both walked on a little way in silence. Then turning to look round, she exclaimed, "Here come Mary and the princess; and see, she is holding out her arms to me; I must go and meet them." So saying she ran back, and in a few moments was standing beside the little Guendolen and her faithful attendant. The princess had manifested a strong preference for Eva very soon after her arrival at the castle, and the young girl regarded the royal orphan with feelings of the tenderest interest and affection; in short, it was but seldom that they were for long apart, and if Eva was not to be found in the apartment allotted to her little visitor, the latter was generally sure to be discovered in the chamber of her young hostess.

The baron regarded the lovely form of his gentle daughter with sensible emotion, as he beheld her stooping to lift the youthful princess in her arms, and approaching them smilingly, inquired, "If she had not a word for him?" Instantly the little arms were stretched out, and the sweet face lifted

up for a kiss, which was heartily bestowed by the old baron ; then laying his hand on the tiny head, he invoked a blessing upon the royal child, and turned away with a sigh. Eva's watchful eye perceived the mournful shade passing over her father's countenance, and guessing the nature of his thoughts, in order to divert him from them, she proposed, with a cheerful voice, that they should continue their walk. But the Baron shook his head : "No, my child," he answered, "do you return home, when you think it is time, with the little lady and Mary ; I will pursue my way alone. Nay, not a word," he added, seeing that Eva was about to dispute this arrangement. "I wish it, dearest, and that with you is wont to be sufficient." Thereupon he turned down a narrow pathway, which led from the spot on which they were standing into the valley below, and as he rounded a corner which hid him from their view waved an adieu, exclaiming that he should be home before dusk.

Eva stood irresolute for a moment, as if half inclined to risk her father's displeasure, and follow



him despite his injunction to the contrary ; but then, as the little princess, who on most occasions was disposed to challenge undivided attention, lisped her name, as if to remind her of her presence, she turned hastily, and clasping the child in her arms, exclaimed, "No ; I will go back with you, my darling, as he desired."

"Yes, yes, stay with me ; I like you to stay with me," returned the little one, "dear Eva—nice Eva," and she stroked Eva's face caressingly with her tiny hands. Then begging to be put down, she ran on a little way, and looking back archly, seemed to defy Eva to catch her, laughing loudly with delight when the latter, after much apparent effort, succeeded in doing so : and thus merrily they pursued their way. Mary following more soberly in the rear.

The castle of the Tewdyr was, as we have before described, situated on a hill, the ascent of which was precipitous and well nigh impracticable on all sides, excepting the one on which a winding road had been made leading to the valley below. Standing thus prominently forward, and alone,

it formed the most conspicuous object visible from any of the neighbouring heights. Immediately facing the eminence on which it stood, and projecting considerably over the valley beneath, was another lofty ascent, and it was this which our little party had to descend ere they could reach the foot of their own castle hill. Often, when returning from the same path which they had pursued this day, would Eva pause, and from this spot survey the wild and extensive scene before her in silent admiration. The vale below, with its scattered huts and winding stream, the snowy peaks in the distance, and her own ancestral home rearing its venerable front on the opposite height. All these were a source of never-failing interest and attraction to her; and according to her wont, as they reached the spot we have described, the young girl paused, and holding her little companion by the hand, asked her if she could see Iolo in the distance, ascending the castle hill from the valley. "I am sure it is him, only you don't look in the right place, my pet," she said, as the princess strained her little eyes in vain to discover him.

"Me not see, me not see!" she repeated, and then, as if impatient of delay, tried to pull the other gently along by the hand. Fearful, however, of descending too rapidly, Eva restrained her eager little footsteps, and was proceeding cautiously down the path which skirted the side of the mountain, when she suddenly became aware that some one was addressing her from behind. Turning, she beheld the figure of a monk, tall, and finely made he seemed, but so closely wrapped in his gown, and his features so entirely concealed by his cowl, which overhung his face, as to render his age a matter of doubt. He had apparently been, like herself, resting at the summit of the hill, and surveying the scene around, for she observed that he stepped forward from the opposite way to that by which she had herself approached, and as there was no beaten track in any other direction, she naturally surmised that he had been standing near, and that she had not observed him before. Advancing a few steps towards the young girl, he inquired, in a low and apparently tremulous voice, "If she could tell him the shortest way to the

Monastery of S. Beuno, as he was a stranger in those parts." Astonished by the suddenness of his appearance, and the strangeness of his manner, Eva hesitated a moment before she answered that, "Straight on," pointing to the path by which she had come, "about a mile and a half further he would find it."

"Thanks, my daughter," answered the monk; "I thought it was somewhere in yon direction, but knew not it was so near."

Eva did not observe the ardent and admiring gaze which the stranger bent on her as he spoke. Her attention was occupied by the little Guendolen who was squeezing her hand vehemently, and pulling it down towards her.

"See," she whispered, looking up into Eva's face, "the man has got Uncle David's sword,—his great big sword!"

Wondering at the child's words, she glanced hastily at the monk's dress, and as one of its folds was thrown accidentally back, saw, or fancied she saw, something like the hilt of a weapon glance from beneath it. For a moment she was startled;

but then recollecting how necessary in those perilous times it was for even the messengers of peace to be provided with means of self-defence, she thought no more of it, and the princess at that instant catching sight of Mary, who was approaching towards them, sprang from her side, and was busily engaged in telling the nurse all about the "big man, with the sword under his cloak," when the latter came up to the spot where Eva was standing. But the stranger had, with a bow and reiterated expression of thanks to his fair guide, passed on, and his receding figure to the eyes of the good domestic presented nothing further than that of a brother of the order of the Grey Friars—no wondrous sight to her, as the neighbouring monastery was frequently visited by members of the fraternity from all parts of the country.

"Come, my child," exclaimed Mary as she approached, "we must be hastening onwards; it is getting late for this little one to be out, and we have still some way to go."

And so they briskly pursued their way, the little Guendolen still murmuring at times about the

“great sword”, and Eva wondering what made her think of the stranger monk who had accosted her, and about whom there appeared something unusual, but she could not tell what. However, as they neared the foot of the hill, he ceased to occupy her mind, and on reaching the castle she inquired eagerly if her brother had yet returned ; being answered by the old bard in the negative, she took the little princess in her arms, and retired with her to her own apartments.

But we must return to the “stranger monk”, and follow him on his path by the mountain top. Decidedly his gait was not that of an elderly man, and the firmness of his step, together with the boldness of his carriage, gave quite a martial air to his appearance. His eyes were bent on the ground, and he appeared lost in thought, as he slowly pursued his way.

“I have certainly seen her—the Baron’s daughter,” were the words which fell from his lips at lengthened intervals, “and that was the little princess by her side. They told me she would be returning home about this hour by this path.

Lovely creature! It were indeed a sin to think of injuring aught so fair! But that shall never be," he continued, pausing in his walk, and speaking fast and eagerly. "No: I will myself seek her, and protect her and the little one from all insult or maltreatment,—not a hair of their heads shall be touched; nay, were it not that my honour is involved, I almost repent me of having engaged at all in this affair. Ah! who comes here?"

As he spoke he drew hastily on one side, allowing two persons to pass, who were no other than the Baron Tewdyr and Prince David, whom the former had encountered in his walk, and who were now returning to the castle together. They were so deeply engaged in conversation, that they did not bestow more than a passing glance on the seeming monk: and as they gradually disappeared in the distance, he stepped forward and gazed after them long and earnestly.

Then with folded arms and knitted brows, he soliloquized thus. "The Prince himself! one blow of my sword, and he might have been mine! But

to attack an unarmed man at an unguarded moment was never the wont of the Nevill! No! nor ever shall be, however much my Lord Mortimer may hint as to the desirableness of such proceedings at times. And that, doubtless, was the Baron! the father of that beauteous girl! At least, from what I remember of the Tewdyr at the time of Llewellyn's visit to London, when he came thither in the prince's train, methinks I err not. My face was so well concealed they could never have recognized me, as indeed my Lord David might otherwise have done; for it is not so long since we met in the *mêlée* at Builth. Often, in former days, have we conversed and been jovial together: and now I am commissioned to make him my prisoner either alive or dead, and having traced him hither, to snare and trap him, like a wild beast, in his lair. But a truce to such musings! These things are the fortune of war; and King Edward's favour is to be purchased in no better way now-a-days than by helping him to a firmer hold over these good Welshmen and their fastnesses." Then for a while he remained



silent and lost in reverie ; but presently, starting up, he looked around him quickly, and mounting upon a small ledge of rock which projected slightly over one side of the pathway, he threw back the folds of his cloak, thereby disclosing a complete suit of armour beneath, and taking a bugle from his side blew a blast long and shrill. In a moment this was answered by another, and then another, at stated intervals. Again he applied the bugle to his lips, and this time the sounds which proceeded from it slightly varied from the last. He waited as if impatiently awhile, and then uttered an exclamation of relief as a small band of men, attired like himself, in armour, emerged from the sides of a neighbouring hill and came swiftly towards him. "True to the signal, my fellows," he exclaimed, as they drew near ; "and now I have a few words to say to you before we part to meet again—you know where,—and be careful to attend to them. You, Richard," he added, turning to one of the soldiers, who bowed respectfully, "will remain with me, and execute any orders I may have to give between this and

---

midnight, the hour arranged for the attack,—or surprise rather,” he continued, as if speaking to himself. “I would give my right hand now that it should take place in the open light of day, and a fair warning given beforehand. But then they would have time to plan an escape; and if report speaks true of the old baron, he is not the man to give in without a struggle, and that would only cause trouble and bloodshed, and be of no avail. No! ’Tis best as it is! So, William, you will be at the foot of the castle hill, without fail, at the appointed time, with your fixed number of men,” he proceeded aloud, and addressing another of the soldiers, who appeared somewhat superior to the rest. “And remember! not a word! not a breath from any of you! And, as soon as the gates are open, follow me straight to the hall; and the man who dares to touch aught, or move without orders, had best beware!”

Without reply, the men bowed their heads, and all, save the one who had been directed to remain, again withdrew; their leader stood regarding them till they were out of sight, and then turning to the

soldier who was standing near, he threw off the gown which he had hitherto worn, and giving it to him, desired him to bear it hence. As the man obeyed, he slowly followed, murmuring to himself. "No more disguise for me, I dislike it as much as stratagem; yet both are lawful in war, and their expediency must be alleged as their excuse. I am right glad, though, I know naught of what that fellow Rogers' plan is to-night. He has undertaken to have the gates of the castle open for us when we arrive before them, without alarm given or suspicion excited, and it is not for me to inquire as to the means employed to effect his purpose: my business is to take advantage of and profit by it."

On throwing off the monkish attire which had hitherto disguised his form, the speaker had disclosed to view the figure and features of a young, handsome and well formed man, and there could be no doubt, that the bright and fiery glance which flashed from his dark eye was more befitting to the man of war, such as he now appeared, than the wearer of the friar's cowl. As he ceased

speaking, he turned from off the pathway, and pushing aside some brambly bushes at the foot of a hill, through which the soldier who preceded him had already vanished, he descended by a dark hollow opening in the rock to a level piece of ground on which a sentinel was pacing up and down in front of a large and deep cave. This seemed filled with soldiers, who moving aside to allow him to pass, again closed round the fire which they had made near the entrance, and resumed their murmured converse respecting the plans for the night. Their young leader proceeded further into the cave, until, turning a corner, he entered a sort of inner apartment—not unusually found in these hidden recesses, which oft in former times afforded refuge and shelter to the mountainous tribes at war with each other, and throwing himself on a litter of straw, gave himself up to rest and meditation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lights had been extinguished in most of the apartments of the Tewdyr's castle, and the greater part of its inhabitants had retired to rest. It

wanted but one hour of midnight. The baron and Prince David had been conversing long and earnestly over the aspect of affairs in general, and had decided that a longer stay on the prince's part in the castle would be scarcely safe; it appeared from intelligence gathered by the chieftain within the last few days, that the English had gained information of the refugees, and in all probability a search would be instituted for them ere long in those parts. The difficulty of knowing where next to direct their steps had hitherto delayed their departure from the friendly shelter of the baron's roof; and they had awaited the return of Father Edwal and Roderic, who had been dispatched on a secret mission to the English court, in hopes of hearing from them that measures might be taken for at least ensuring the safe retreat of the young princess to France, where, amongst her mother's relatives, she would be in safety. But as all hopes of timely aid from those about the person of King Edward, who were inclined secretly to befriend them, would be frustrated did they now fall into the hands of the enemy, it was resolved that on

the morrow, or the next day at furthest, the prince and his orphan niece should leave the castle, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the western coast, where they might await a fitting opportunity for escape. "I myself will accompany you," said the baron, addressing the prince as they rose to separate for the night ; "and during my absence shall entrust Walwyn with the care of this place and of my children. He is, I know, devoted to them both, and can be depended upon in any emergency."

"Ah! poor fellow!" answered David musingly ; "he will never forget the fatal day when, by his guidance, the English were led into the heart of his master's camp, and the fate of Wales, and of that noble master, thereby sealed for destruction. The memory of that sad mistake will cling to him through life ; and I wonder not, for bitterly indeed may we all lament its consequences."

So saying, he followed the baron from the hall, where they had been sitting, and bidding him good night, took the way to his own apartments, preceded by a domestic carrying a lighted torch. The

chieftain stood for a moment with folded arms contemplating the figure of his guest as he disappeared in the distance, and then heaving a deep sigh he turned hurriedly in the direction of his own chamber, encountering, as he did so, the subject of their late discourse. Walwyn was much changed since we last saw him in the hermitage of Father Edwal, where, sick and wounded, he had been left to recover under the good friar's care until pronounced sufficiently convalescent to follow his friends northward. His illness, which had lasted some weeks, had left its marks strongly upon him ; but more than this, the weight of that sorrow, which he seemed never to forget, the betrayal—unconscious though it were—of his prince and his country on the memorable day of Builth, had altered him more than many years and much sickness could otherwise have done. As soon as the improved state of his health had enabled him to do so, he had, together with the worthy friar, hastened to join the baron and his party, and had now been for several weeks an inmate of the castle.

"Walwyn," said the baron, addressing him

gravely ; “ we have decided that it is useless further to delay the Prince’s departure. I look to you, therefore, to have everything in readiness for our leaving the castle either to-morrow or the next day. During my absence I shall entrust the care of everything to you, unless Roderic should return, and then he will relieve you of the responsibility, but of this I will speak more before I go ; suffice it that the suspicions of the English have been aroused ; and I am informed, on credible authority, that a party of armed men has been dispatched in this direction, with orders to sieze the persons of the prince and princess wherever they may be found. It is, therefore, no longer safe for them to remain here, and the sooner they are gone the better.”

“ I was myself about to seek you, my lord, on this matter,” answered Walwyn. “ I met this morning, on the hill side, an old shepherd, who informed me, that some twenty miles distant he had encountered a troop of English soldiery ; and from what he could gather from the places through which they had passed, it seemed to him that they



were bound for these parts. I have been wishing to communicate this to you ever since ; but not finding an opportunity for doing so, I took the liberty of waiting until you left the hall with the prince ; and knowing you would pass this way, I thought I would remain here till you came."

"Thanks, good Walwyn!" answered the baron. "Come to me as soon as I am up to-morrow, and we will talk over this matter more fully. And tell Meyrick," he continued, "that I wish him to go early to the monastery, and beg that Brother Vychan will spare me an hour or so in the afternoon, as I wish much to see him." So saying he passed on to his sleeping apartment.

Walwyn paused a moment as the baron left him ; then retracing his steps, he descended into the hall, listened attentively awhile to make sure that no loiterers still remained below, and then satisfied that all was still and quiet, he slowly bent his steps towards the wing of the castle in which his own chamber was situated. Feeling indisposed for sleep however, and seeing that the moon was shining brightly in the heavens, he drew

---

back the heavy curtain which hung before his window, and standing on a bench by its side, he leant forward as far as the aperture would allow him, and gazed out into the open air. He could not see below him, as the wall projected too much to allow of his doing so, but far in the distance the mountains seemed to stretch on all sides, and as the moon was occasionally hid by some passing cloud, their giant forms appeared to assume a spectre-like air, and to stand out in a dark and threatening relief. He remained thus, bending forward and gazing on the heavens for nearly a quarter of an hour, when suddenly the stillness of the night seemed broken by what he imagined to be the sound of a human voice; he listened—and again came the sound, and this time more clearly, more distinctly, as if from the court immediately below. Hastily descending from the bench on which he had stood, with a feeling of much astonishment, Walwyn quitted his chamber and approached an opening in the wall of the corridor beyond, through which he could easily see down into the ward below. Leaning over he

instantly distinguished the form of Meyrick the soldier, who, in a loud whisper, called to him by name and directed him to come down as quickly as possible and let him in by the small postern door, which opened from one of the passages below, and was fastened from the inside. Walwyn, who imagined that his old friend and comrade had been rather later in the village below the castle than was his wont, and having now returned had found a difficulty in re-entering ; on opening the door to admit him, was surprised to see the agitation plainly marked upon his features. "How is it you are out so late, Meyrick?" he inquired ; "I thought you had returned long ago from the village ; and it was quite by chance that I happened to have heard you just now, as I was sitting up later than usual. But what is the matter, man?" he added ; "you look as scared as if you had seen a ghost."

"Hush ! hush !" returned the other, closing the door softly behind him. "A ghost indeed ! I should not be so much frightened if I *had* met one. But I have seen, and that not five minutes ago, a sight worse than a thousand ghosts ! and

that is, the defile, from the castle gate to the valley below, filled with English soldiers; and what is more," he continued, as Walwyn gazed at him with an air of astonished incredulity, "they will be inside the castle in no time. We are betrayed! There is not a moment to be lost! Fly, and give the alarm to the baron and the Prince. They seek for him; and if we can get them into the chapel at once, and without any noise or disturbance, there may yet be time for them to escape by the subterraneous passage you wot of. But haste, man, haste! Every instant is precious! they will be in upon us before we can look round, I tell you!" But Walwyn stood as if stupified by terror and astonishment.

"The English!" he gasped. "The English! impossible!" then recovering his habitual decision and presence of mind, he added: "But if it is so, then indeed there is no time to be lost. I know well the passage of which you speak, and by it the prince and princess may yet escape. I will fly instantly and alarm the baron."

But the sound of their voices had already com-

municated the alarm to at least one other member of the household, for as Walwyn spoke the presence of a third person was perceived by him. It was Iolo, the bard, who, with tremulous accents, demanded of Meyrick some explanation of the words he had overheard as he approached ; and as Walwyn hurried off in the direction of the baron's apartments, he followed the other soldier to the vestibule, which led to the great hall of the castle, and which connected it with the rest of the building. Before answering, or in any way noticing the old man, Meyrick let down the massive iron bars which were pinned against the wall, and placing them across the door, secured it effectually. "They will have some difficulty in getting through that now I warrant!" he exclaimed, when this was accomplished. "And now we will wait quietly till the baron can himself direct us what next to do."

"But, Meyrick!" said the old bard impatiently, "what does it all mean? Who is it? What is it you fear?"

"It is rather a long story altogether," answered the soldier composedly ; "but as I may not have

another opportunity of explaining how I came to find out what was in the wind for yet awhile, I will just tell you how it was if you will keep your head a little nearer ; for if our voices are heard by them in the hall—and they will be there directly—it will bring them upon us sooner than need be.”

“Them ! they ! who ? for heaven’s sake speak, man !” ejaculated Iolo, seizing Meyrick by the arm, who stood, his back planted firmly against the door, with an air of calm resolution.

“Listen, and you shall hear,” was the answer. And in a low tone, pausing ever and anon to listen for any sound in the hall beyond, the soldier proceeded to inform his terrified and astonished companion of how by accident he chanced to be rather later than usual in the village that night—though he did not say that the pretty daughter of one of the cottagers had been the attraction which had caused him more than once of late to be equally tardy in his return to the castle—and that finding Cadwgan, the old porter, seated with a friend in his lodge, he had turned in there to wish him good night, and have five minutes

talk; that the old man's companion, who was a stranger to him, but who appeared on intimate terms with Cadwgan, had pressed them both to partake of a flagon which he produced himself, with a mysterious hint that it had been given him by those who understood the difference between good wine and bad; that he appeared to drain off a cup from it with much satisfaction to himself, and that Meyrick and the porter had no sooner swallowed some than, as if struck down by an unseen hand, they had both fallen to the ground in a kind of stupor. Cadwgan appeared to have swallowed more for his portion than Meyrick, for he never stirred or seemed to recover his consciousness in any way; but he (Meyrick) had not imbibed so much, and although feeling completely stupified, and unable to move for a time, he did not lose entire consciousness, but retained a sense of what was passing around, although unable to show by sign or action that he did so. As soon as the stranger had satisfied himself as to the state of his two companions, he stooped down, and unfastening the keys which hung to the porter's

side, he dragged both him and Meyrick into a small closet near at hand, the door of which he closed and fastened. And then, Meyrick said, he heard him open the outer door of the lodge, which led out upon the gateway of the castle, and apparently admit another person within, whom he addressed as William; and who, from what he could make out, seemed to be one of a band of English soldiery, who were stationed without, and who only waited for the success of the stratagem practised by the friendly stranger, to enter the castle and take it and its inhabitants by surprise. "However, they did not know of one thing," continued Meyrick; "and that was, that the closet, into which we had been so cleverly bundled, had in it another door, which opened into the outer court, and which I was near enough to set a-jar as I lay without making noise sufficient to attract attention. The cold night air blowing in upon me soon revived my strength, and I only waited till I heard both the men leave the lodge to meet their commander, whoever he may be, at some spot arranged between them, ere I scrambled



out, and although the doors were all closed, fortunately by guessing that Walwyn would anyhow be awake and in his room, I managed to attract his attention without making much noise—he let me in—and now,” he added, as footsteps were heard hurriedly approaching, “you know as much as I do about the matter; and here comes my lord the baron to advise us as to what had better next be done.”

It was indeed the baron, accompanied by Prince David, and followed by Walwyn, who now appeared, hastily descending the stairs which led from the chambers above. The chieftain gazed inquiringly on Meyrick, but did not speak; the soldier understood the glance, and answered immediately:—

“They are not here yet, my lord, but I fancy I can hear something like the tramp of several footsteps in the court without; and if so, they will, I doubt not, be in the hall before many minutes are over. If any orders are given we shall then hear them. I do not think there is the least suspicion of an alarm as yet having been taken.”


"But," observed the Tewdyr calmly, "there is not a moment to spare. Your highness," he added, turning to the prince, "will accompany me to the chapel. You, Walwyn, will hasten to my daughter's apartments, and conduct her thither also; and, Meyrick, you must remain where you are, and, after keeping all quiet as long as may be,—to afford us the more time, and to avert suspicion of any movements on our part,—let the whole castle be aroused and drive these dastardly rascals forth. Iolo, my friend, follow me."

"Nay!" answered the bard, who seemed, by the emergency of the moment, to be inspired with the fire of former years; "I remain here to the last. This roof has been my shelter from childhood, and no other will I seek to cover these grey hairs. Never shall it be said that Iolo, the son of Ivor, deserted his master's cause in the hour of need or danger."

The Tewdyr did not reply, but wringing the old man's hand with silent emotion, he took the prince by the arm and led him away through a side door, and along a narrow passage, to the chapel of the

castle, which was situated at the further end of the building, and which was lighted, as they entered, by a solitary lamp burning in front of the altar. Even then—such was the habitual devotion of the age—the two warriors knelt and crossed themselves before the holy tabernacle ere they hurried to one corner of the chapel, where, removing an image from its pedestal, the baron touched a spring in the wall behind it, and instantly a door flew open, which led apparently down some narrow steps into a long and dark passage beyond.

“By this means we may yet escape them,” exclaimed the Tewdyr eagerly. “Do you remain here whilst I return and fetch the young princess myself: I shall not be long, and then we must not lose a moment.” Then placing a torch, which he carried, in the hands of the prince, he hastily left him. David had, from the first moment of his being summoned by the Baron upon Walwyn’s alarm, till now, maintained a grave and resolute silence. The stern and absolute necessity which existed for flight had impressed



itself upon him from the first ; but flight when the enemy was near—retreat when a struggle was possible—was so alien to his nature, so repulsive to his every feeling, that naught but a violent effort at self-control could have sufficed to nerve him to the moment. And now, he had followed the Tewdyr to the entrance of this subterranean passage, which he was assured led through the rock upon which the castle stood to the mountains beyond, with a feeling of desperate calmness, as though, were it not that to risk discovery and capture at that moment would lead to ruin both for himself and his cause, he must have died ere he could have consented thus to fly. But the thought of his orphan niece—of all that would befall Wales were he to be captured or slain now—reinspired him with fresh resolution to be patient, and to submit to anything, however humiliating and hard to bear, rather than by one act of rashness and indiscretion to ruin all. The heavy moments which passed in silence, as he stood thus waiting, seemed like so many hours, but at length hasty footsteps were heard approaching, and

presently a light streamed through the low doorway which led into the chapel from the passage beyond. As it opened hastily, the Baron appeared, supporting in his arms the half-fainting form of his daughter, who, overcome by the sudden terror and surprise, seemed as if her limbs were scarcely able to support her trembling frame. Walwyn followed carrying a blazing torch.

"Down the steps instantly!" cried the Tewdyr. "And, Walwyn, close the spring carefully after you." As he spoke he motioned the prince forward into the passage beyond, with impatient gesture, but the latter hesitated, exclaiming:—

"The child! Guendolen! my lord. You have her not!"


"No! no!" answered the baron, as he sprang down the steps, and taking the torch from David's hands, led the way onward. "'Twas impossible! I was rushing forward to her chamber, when I met Walwyn leading Eva down the steps of the turret which led to it; and he said, the door between the two sets of rooms had become



fastened—there was no time or means for forcing it open—the alarm had already been given in all directions, and a moment's delay would have cut off our own retreat to the chapel. They will not—cannot—dare not—harm the innocent babe, or touch a hair of her head. To save you was imperative—to reach her, hopeless!—Let us therefore thank heaven that so many of us are thus far beyond the reach of the enemy.”

But we must leave the refugees escaping by the subterraneous passage, and return again to the interior of the castle, which now presented, in every direction, a scene of unparalleled confusion and dismay. The suddenness of the attack—the complete ignorance as to who or what was the object of the assailants—the shrieks of the terrified women, aroused from their sleep, and flying, half-dressed, in every direction—the shouts of the men at arms, and the vain attempt at procuring order or attention on the part of those who endeavoured to control them—produced a scene of horror and perplexity impossible to describe. Lord Nevill, the commander of the English force, had collected

his men in front of the castle gates at the appointed hour, and upon these being opened by the contrivance of Rogers, the man who had undertaken to arrange that matter—how, we have already seen—he had led his party through the outer court into the great hall, as previously arranged, and then taking two or three with him, had proceeded towards the inner door, which led into the vestibule beyond, intending to pass by that into the other parts of the castle. Nevill purposed following Rogers—who had made himself acquainted with the entire locality of the place—to the apartments of the prince, the princess, and the baron, his plan being to seize them, make them prisoners, and depart at once, ere the astonished domestics should be able to interfere, or in any way prevent the accomplishment of their design. But it is easier to plan than to execute; and so the young Englishman found, as he shook the door which obstructed his passage, and shook it in vain, Meyrick having effectually secured it from within. Turning to Rogers, he reproached him with having deceived him in this respect.



"I thought you told me," he said, "that no obstacle presented itself between this place and the upper rooms of the castle? and how are we to open this door without discovering our presence to the people at once?"

"We are discovered already, my lord," answered the man gloomily; "an hour ago this door was unfastened; the bars which have now been let down, old Cadwgan told me were never used by any possible chance, and they would not have been used to-night had not some one already taken the alarm; and hark! hear you not those voices above? Surely they have an inkling of our neighbourhood already."

As he spoke, Meyrick, who overheard all that passed on the other side of the door, hastened, with Iolo, to give information to the affrighted inmates of the castle, and now, from all sides, issued increasing sounds of hurry and alarm.


"Then there is nothing else to be done," cried the English lord, turning to his men, who listened with ill-concealed satisfaction to an outburst which promised a fair struggle for the mastery ere their



enterprise could be accomplished. "Break open the door at once; and remember, the Prince and the Baron are our prisoners. We leave not the castle without them!" Then raising his heavy battle-axe he dashed it against the doorway, and in a moment twenty others were leveled at it also. With a loud crash it gave way. As it did so the men rushed forward, and scrambling through the bars, which still retained their position across the entrance, found themselves in the vestibule beyond.

This was deserted, and raising a shout of triumph they rushed onward in the direction of the turret stairs, which led to the apartments above; here they encountered an obstacle which for a time impeded their further progress. Meyrick having collected the greater part of his forces in the upper story of the castle, had posted a select number of men to guard the stairs, a few being sufficient for this purpose, and their drawn swords, in this narrow space, formed thus an impenetrable barrier. The number of English, however, who pressed one upon the other from below, impelled their foremost comrades to

attack this opposing force with irresistible power, and by slow degrees they were compelled to retreat higher and higher up the stairs. As many of the domestics and others as could be spared, had meanwhile been dispatched into the inner court of the castle, where the enemy had as yet not penetrated, and from this they were to sally forth and endeavour to drive from the outer court any of the English who might there be stationed. A large body of the latter, however, had in the first instance been directed to fill the outer ward, so as to prevent the escape of any from within the castle; and no sooner did they perceive the other party issuing from the inner court, than, rushing forward, they engaged in a hand to hand conflict, which, owing to the superiority of numbers and arms on the part of the English, caused the others speedily to retreat. Then, not being able to close the gates which separated the inner from the outer court, they were followed by the enemy, who pursued them inch by inch into the building itself, entering it from all directions. As long as the young English lord could keep his men pretty much



together, he found no difficulty in enforcing his commands and preventing disorder; but as these became dispersed in different ways, they paid less attention to his orders, and much confusion ensued in consequence. The besieged now found themselves hardly pressed on all sides, and as Meyrick was debating within himself the best way of proceeding, a sudden rush was made from behind by a number of the English, who had ascended to the upper floor by a staircase opening from the inner court. Those of his party who were still within call he summoned to abandon the turret staircase and retreat with him to the gallery adjoining the apartments in which the females had sought refuge, and here for some time they were able to make an effectual stand. The lower part of the castle was now entirely in the hands of the English, and Lord Nevill congratulated himself on the prospect of speedily capturing the objects of his search. A momentary cessation of hostilities was commanded, and then turning to one of his men, the young nobleman desired him to secure every exit which led from below, to guard against

the possibility of any escape, which he felt sure would be attempted by the Baron if possible. It was not a little surprising to him that no effort had been made at parley or remonstrance of any kind on the part of the besieged; but this only confirmed him in the idea that they were determined to resist till the last, or at least until they had effected an escape for the principal members of their party. The lull which succeeded the tumult and strife, however, was suddenly broken by a fearful cry, which proceeded from below—and gradually it waxed louder and nearer. There was soon no doubt as to its meaning, and the cheek of besieger and besieged alike blanched with horror as it fell upon their ears. “Fire! fire!” resounded loudly on all sides. For a moment there was a terrible fixed silence, and then the smoke which came rolling up the turret stairs from below, and filled every passage and chamber, together with the roar and crackling of the flames, bore witness to the truth of the alarm. Lord Nevill stood for an instant doubting what to do, or which way to turn. He shouted and called to his men, who were

flying in consternation, to rally and gather round him, but to no avail; in frantic haste they fled from the spot. Meyrick, at the first alarm, had rushed to the chamber, where, trembling and shrieking, the unhappy and terrified women had assembled; at the end of the room stood Mary, pale but calm, the little princess clasped in her arms. The poor child had, when first aroused from her peaceful slumber, been much alarmed; but now she lay with her eyes fixed earnestly upon the face of her nurse, and although tears were visible on her cheek, she uttered not a sound.

"Fly! fly!" Meyrick exclaimed, as he rushed into the room. "Save yourselves ere it be too late! the castle is in flames!" And snatching Guendolen in his arms he rushed out again, calling on Mary to follow him, which she did as speedily as her trembling limbs would allow. The other women fled precipitously in all directions.

It afterwards appeared, that a torch, thrown carelessly down by one of the English soldiery at an early period of the attack, had communicated with some of the wood work in the lower part of the

building, and after smouldering unheeded for a time, it had burst forth into a flame, which, ere it was discovered, had gathered strength, and spread too far to be extinguished in time to prevent further danger.

\* \* \* \* \*

We must now transport our readers to a spot not many miles distant from the Tewdyr's castle, and where, a few hours previous to the events narrated above, two weary travellers, in whom they would have recognized Father Edwal and Roderic, might be seen wending their way slowly along the mountain path which led in the direction of the fortress. The sun had set, and night was drawing on as they neared the monastery of S. Beuno, and as they came in sight of it, one of the brotherhood, meeting them at a turning in the road, accosted them by name. He knew they were expected daily at the castle. "But," he said, "do not continue your journey thither till you have rested awhile with us, my friends. The young Lord Vendigaid has been staying with us for a few days, and returns home to-morrow with

Brother Vychan, who charged himself to restore him safely at the castle again. They will be right glad to see you, if you will only rest with us an hour, and partake of such refreshment as we can offer." The good friar and his companion, nothing loath, gladly accepted his invitation, and followed him forthwith into the presence of the venerable monk and the young Tewdyr, who were seated together in the inner chamber of the building. The latter recognized them immediately, and sprang forward with an exclamation of joyful surprise—

"We have been expecting you so long," he cried, seizing first one by the hand, and then the other, "that at last we began to think it was of no use being on the look out any longer; and so just when we were not dreaming of it, here you are."

The worthy Brother met them with as hearty but more sober a welcome; and then, before asking them a word as to their journey, or how it had sped, he insisted that they should have both rest and refreshment.

"Certainly you will not think of proceeding to the castle to-night," he added. "This young gentleman returns there to-morrow, and I am going to see him safely back; so we can all go together, and the baron will not quarrel with us for detaining you a few hours longer on your way."

"And if he does," interposed Vendigaid roguishly, "I will take the blame of it, and say I would not let you proceed. I know he won't be angry with me, will he, old fellow?" These last words were addressed to Gelert, who, stretched at the boy's feet, was looking up into his face with a grave and knowing air; but as he did not otherwise reply when thus appealed to, the young lord instantly proceeded to fondle him in the most extravagant manner, by way of teaching him better behaviour for the future.

The travellers did not require much pressing to induce them to remain over night at the monastery; and it was arranged, therefore, that early the next morning they should continue on their way to the castle, accompanied by the young Tewdyr and Brother Vychan, and also, of course, by Gelert.



"One word," said the good Brother to Father Edwal, as he escorted the latter to his cell for the night; "have you, or have you not, been successful on the whole? Did you see the queen?"

"We did not!" was the grave reply; "but to-morrow you shall hear every particular of how we fared, and upon whom we chanced, from the moment of our departure—four weeks ago—until now."

And as they pursued their way the following morning by the mountain path which led from the monastery to the Tewdyr's castle, Father Edwal and Roderic recounted to Brother Vychan the issue of their expedition to the English court, and the many incidents which accompanied it; Vendigaid and his dog leading the way, and not caring to accommodate their pace to the more staid movements of the others.

"Our friend here," said the friar, laying his hand on the young squire's arm as he spoke, "made but a poor monk, I can tell you; and many times, ere we were safely out of England, and amongst our own people again, was I afraid

that his soldier-like bearing would betray him, but happily we escaped without detection or hindrance of any moment; and although our mission has not been entirely crowned with success, I think, from what the good Lady of Salisbury said to us, we may reckon at least upon her support and goodwill. Much indeed did she appear to feel for the poor little princess when we described her perilous situation, and how greatly the baron and Prince David feared her falling into the hands of King Edward during some of their wanderings, if she were obliged to continue with them, seeking refuge from place to place, until the chiefs can once more rally around their native prince, and restore him and his niece to their rights—although of that I fear there is but little hope.” And then he continued to narrate how, on their arrival in London, they had sought an interview with the Countess of Salisbury, and through her had hoped to have obtained one of her royal mistress; but that owing—Father Edwal suspected, from something he had heard,—to the machinations of Lord Mortimer, this had not been effected. Moreover,

they had received a warning from the Countess to quit the capital without further loss of time, on the very day of the proceeding of King Edward and the young prince to Westminster to offer the coronet and jewels of Llewellyn at the shrine of the Confessor.

"That must have been a hard sight to bear, forsooth," said Brother Vychan; "and methinks the proud spirit of Prince David will chafe indeed when he hears tell of such indignities offered to the memory of his noble brother."

As he spoke, the air was rent by a sudden and piercing scream. It came from a little distance in advance, and as all three imagined that it proceeded from young Vendigaid, they looked uneasily at one another, and with ejaculations of surprise hurried onward. In another moment they had turned the corner round which the boy had already disappeared, and which brought them to the spot we have before described, as overlooking the whole of the valley below, and immediately fronting the Tewdyr's castle on the opposite height,—the very spot on which a few hours before Eva had stood

and gazed,—she little thought for the last time, on the dear home of her childhood—how dear to her who can say?

And, what a scene presented itself, in the cold grey of the morning, to the astonished and petrified gaze of our party.

The scattered huts in the vale below, so lately the homes of happy and peaceful mountaineers, now the scenes of ruin and despair. Dismantled roofs—smouldering cinders—scattered property—attesting on all sides to the deed of violence which had been committed. Whilst here and there a low wailing cry arose from some unhappy one bending over the form of a beloved object, torn, perhaps, from their arms to be put to death; though a deep and awful silence seemed chiefly to prevail, of itself speaking volumes of the vindictiveness and cruelty with which the English had laid waste and utterly destroyed every thing that offered itself as an object to their fury ere leaving the place. And the castle—that time-worn edifice—with which the squire and the aged monk had both been familiar from infancy—what now

remained of it to meet their horror-stricken and agonized gaze? Nought but one mass of smoking, blackened ruins! Vendigaid, whose cry of wild agony and dismay had struck upon their ears, lay, as if felled to the earth, on the summit of the hill, his face buried in the ground, the noble hound standing by his side and looking as if it understood and could sympathize with his distress.

For a moment each stood as if transfixed to the spot; then, with a loud cry of indignation and wrath, Roderic sprang forward and rushed frantically down the side of the hill. Brother Vychan, and Father Edwal, overcome with horror and emotion, proceeded to raise the form of the prostrate boy from the ground, and endeavoured to recover him from the swoon into which he had fallen. Slowly and painfully the poor child seemed to come to himself, and then, as if the recollection of that dreadful and heart-rending sight, which could speak to him of nought but the death and destruction of all he most loved and prized on earth, was too much for the overstrung nerves to bear, he closed his eyes, and a shudder ran through his

frame as he lay back in the arms of the scarce less afflicted monk. But it was not so for long—a sudden reaction seemed to come over him, and springing to his feet, with the shout almost of a maniac, whilst his features, but now so pale, seemed to acquire a purple hue, he exclaimed :—

“My father! my father! Eva! Mary! Iolo! Where—where are you?” And with each fond name his cry grew more piteous, more wild—then tearing himself from the hold of his companions, he too dashed down the hill, followed at full speed by the dog. The two monks also descended hastily, but with trembling steps—they were both old men—and sorrow had often before filled their hearts—but this was shocking indeed, a grief unparalleled. In one night, for it could not have occurred sooner, they must have heard of it otherwise, the hand of destruction, and probable death, laid upon so much that was precious—so much that was dear.

Roderic and Vendigaid had both disappeared when the others reached the foot of the hill, and the full extent of the misery before them became

apparent. Every habitation had been broken into and laid waste; the whole valley presented one scene of indescribable desolation and woe. Entering one of the huts, or rather the remnant of one, from whence the sound of lamentation proceeded in doleful strains, Brother Vychan accosted an old dame, who sat within, rocking herself backwards and forwards, moaning piteously, and endeavoured to draw from her some account of what had taken place, but without success; her only answer being, "Where are my two brave sons? Where is my old man? Dead, I tell ye! Killed before my own eyes in trying to save ——"

"Save whom?" exclaimed the monk and Father Edwal in a breath.

But no answer could they obtain. She fixed her glazed eyes upon them, and muttered something unintelligible to herself. Nothing they said could make her speak again. At length in despair they resumed their mournful way towards the castle hill. As they prepared to ascend it they beheld Roderic coming towards them from above, and were startled, as he approached, by the fierceness

of his look and demeanour. "Go not forward," he cried on perceiving them, "unless you would be scared with horror! 'Twere vain. No breathing thing remains within those walls—smoking ruins and blackened corpses are all you would find. But woe! woe! to those who have done this," he continued, fire flashing from his eye. "Never will I rest till the memory of the Tewdyr and his house has been amply revenged!"

"'Vengeance is mine. I will repay.' Forget not who spake those words, my son," interposed the priest solemnly. "Bitterly indeed will they have cause to regret, who thus cruelly and wantonly oppress and afflict the innocent; but let not the lawful indignation of your soul betray you into threats of carnal reprisal."

The young man seemed as though he heard not, but seizing Brother Vychan by the hand, he pointed to a spot on the hill side from whence a clear view could be obtained of the interior of the castle gate; the walls of which, scorched and defaced, still remained entire. Here stood Vendigaid, his arms folded tightly across his breast, and his



eyes bent forward as though he would pierce the distance with his gaze ; but spell-bound he remained rooted to the spot. " Poor boy ! Poor child !" ejaculated the monk, " let us go to him and draw him thence, he will go mad else with grief and horror." And ascending the hill side, he reached the spot where the young Tewdyr stood, and taking him by the hand, endeavoured with soothing words to draw him away ; but he with hasty movement shook him off, and averted not his fixed and terrible gaze for a moment from the sight before him. " Vendie, my child—my boy—come, do not torment yourself thus," entreated the old man ; " it is useless to stand so ; leave this place and return home with me ; who knows but that—that some may have escaped ?"

Still the boy remained immovable.

" Nay," resumed the monk in a tone of gentle remonstrance, " this is not well ! Make an effort—arouse yourself. Remember Who it is that permits the wicked to triumph for a time, and how He would have us submit to His will."

But the boy appeared as if he heeded not.

"Vendigaid," continued Brother Vychan solemnly, "you are a Christian—you must heed me. Act as becomes such—as beseems your father's son."

At the sound of that name the unhappy child, with one low, heart-broken cry, threw himself into the old man's arms, and gave vent to his grief in deep choking sobs. Gradually Brother Vychan drew him from the spot, and with his arm thrown round him, led the way towards where Father Edwal and Roderic stood awaiting their return. Not a word was exchanged as, slowly and sadly, they moved towards the monastery. Brother Vychan, Vendigaid, and Gelert, who had joined the melancholy group on their return to the village, and now walked sadly by his master's side leading the way, Roderic and Father Edwal following a little behind.

As they were quitting the valley, however, the attention of these latter was attracted by a sound of weeping, proceeding, apparently, from a sheltered spot on one side of the road ; and turning in that direction, they beheld the form of a young

peasant girl, bending over the dead body of an old man, her whole appearance denoting an abandonment of sorrow and despair grievous to behold. On their attempting to rouse her from the stupor of grief in which she seemed plunged, she raised her head and gazed inquiringly at them. "Are you come back," she cried, "to kill me too? Do so. I do not wish to live now all those I love are gone." And she gave a wild unearthly laugh as she spoke, which struck terror into the hearts of those who listened.

"Nay, my daughter," said Father Edwal gently, "we do not wish to hurt you, but rather to comfort you if we may; for, indeed, you seem sorely distressed."

"Are you not the English? Are you not the young lord who came among us this morning in the dress of a monk?" she said, turning to Roderic, "and whom I and Blethyn recognized as he dashed past us when the castle was in flames, and he was leaving the village with the lady in his arms? Are you not he?" she continued, with her hand raised above her eyes and gazing earnestly into his face.

"No, it is not he! it is the Squire Roderic, sister," said a voice from behind, and emerging from the back of a hovel, the roof of which had fallen in, appeared a little boy about eight years of age, who came up to the girl and clutched her eagerly by the dress. "Squire Roderic, who was expected back, you know, and who would have saved us all from the wicked English if he had been here in time."

The girl turned, and seizing the child in her arms, strained him passionately to her breast.

"Blethyn! Blethyn! I thought you were dead! I thought you were dead!" she cried, and laughed and wept by turns.

Father Edwal and Roderic, greatly moved by this touching sight, turned away to hide their emotion, and allow the young girl to recover somewhat of her composure ere resuming the conversation: they then endeavoured to draw from her and the boy some account of what had occurred. It seemed that a person habited as a monk had appeared in the hamlet the morning before, and visited several of the cottages, inquiring of the

inhabitants particulars concerning the baron's family and the other persons who were located in the castle, their description and appearance, etc. That both she (the young girl) and her brother had noticed, when the stranger's cowl was accidentally thrown back, that no tonsure was visible on his head, and that he had appeared much confused once at some one's mentioning a rumour that a party of the English soldiery were in the neighbourhood. That he had left the place in the course of the afternoon, and then that another man had appeared, who, inquiring the way to the castle, had gone up there and not returned, but was said to be on friendly terms with the porter, and seated with him in his lodge when the last person came down from the castle as night drew on. That just about midnight, when all in the village were in their houses and asleep, a cry was heard that the English were upon them, the castle fired, and the place filled with soldiers ; then every man, woman, and child was dragged forth, and many who had no defence to offer slain on the spot by the enraged soldiery, who were furious at some

one having escaped them. It did not appear quite clear who, as both the maiden and the boy were certain that they had seen some of the family carried away prisoners, and before leaving the place they had proceeded to set fire to every habitation it contained. The narrators escaped discovery themselves by having been half buried beneath part of their roof when it fell in, though, being apart, each had been ignorant of the other's safety; and the child had not ventured from his hiding place till, hearing voices, and recognising those of his sister and Roderic, he had come forward as we have seen. Being unable to gather further information of any kind from them, the good priest and Roderic then left them, promising to send assistance very soon to all those who might still be able to profit by it in or near the place. So, overtaking their companions, they proceeded on their way. Arrived at the monastery, the sad tidings of the destruction of the Tewdyr's castle and of the hamlet was soon communicated to the rest of the brotherhood, several of whom set out instantly for the scene of devastation, carrying

with them materials for food and healing to those who might yet require them. And then, having placed Vendigaid on a couch, where, exhausted by grief and emotion he soon fell into a heavy sleep, Brother Vychan, Father Edwal, and Roderic proceeded to discuss the melancholy event, and think over what was next to be done by them.

It was some hours before Vendigaid awoke : when he did so it was towards dusk, and on first raising his head from his pillow to look around him, the room seemed in the dim light to be full of people, though presently the number resolved itself into seven. Near a window at the further end of the chamber stood Brother Vychan, conversing with two other persons habited as monks. By the head of the couch he perceived Father Edwal, Roderic, and a third person, also dressed as a monk, apparently watching him as he lay, and at its foot he discerned the form of his canine favorite, stretched at full length on the floor, and gazing wistfully at another holy brother who stood near, and who was likewise regarding him with interest. Starting up, and pressing his hand to his

brow, the poor boy seemed as if endeavouring to arrange and concentrate the painful thoughts and reminiscences which crowded upon him, then with a groan of renewed anguish he sank back, and burying his face in his hands, turned towards the wall. This movement on his part seemed to direct the attention of the others towards him, and the young monk, who had been conversing with Roderic and Father Edwal, stepped forward as though involuntarily, and advancing towards the couch bent tenderly over him.

"Vendie," said a sweet soft voice in his ear ;  
"Vendie." One start of surprise—a smothered cry of delighted recognition—and the young Tewdyr's arms were thrown round the neck of the speaker, the hood of whose gown falling back, disclosed to view the head and features of his beloved Eva.  
"But look up," she exclaimed, as gently disengaging herself from his embrace, she pointed towards the other strangers, who, together with Brother Vychan, had now gathered round the couch. "Do you not recognize any one else—or are we all too well disguised?"



And soon the happy wondering child was pressed in his father's arms, and Prince David and Walwyn each greeted joyfully in turn.

"But are you not all here?" inquired the boy, looking round for "more monks". "Where is Mary? and Iolo? and the little princess? and all the others? Did you not all escape—all get away, tell me—tell me?" and with the joyful elasticity of youth he turned with scrutinizing eyes from one to the other of those he had but so lately mourned. But the sad expression on every face, and the momentary silence which followed this question, seemed to augur no favourable reply.

"We must pray for them, Vendie," whispered Eva, bending over him, and her voice trembling as she spoke. "They are not with us, but, we will trust, in safety somewhere, as we know they were taken from the castle."

The joy of seeing any of the dear lamented ones was too great, however, to allow of alloy for the present, and, seated between his father and sister,—no longer in her strange attire, but looking like herself again,—the next hour was passed by Ven-

digaid in hearing and asking questions. And then was repeated over again the account already given to Brother Vychan of the attack upon the castle and of their own escape ; concluding with a description of how, ere emerging from the subterranean passage, some hours after the English had quitted the place, the Baron had provided religious habits for himself and his companions from amongst various disguises contained in a chamber near the opening from the mountain side. And thus had they set out for the monastery, arriving there safely, and without observation of any kind, a short time after the return of Vendigaid and the others in the morning. But there was no mention made, on the part of the Baron, of the fearful struggle within his own soul, which he had endured, in thus flying from the enemy, and abandoning his castle to its fate. Nothing but the absolute necessity which existed for his accompanying his daughter and the Prince through the subterranean passage, the windings of which were known to himself alone, could have stilled the conflict within him ; but the need for providing for their safety

outweighed every other consideration, and he had strengthened himself with this reflection. The delight and astonishment with which the good monks and Roderic had greeted the reverend brothers may be well imagined ; but then anxious and sad were the consultations which followed as to what was the next step to be taken for securing their safety and further escape. To remain for any length of time at the monastery was deemed by all dangerous to the last degree ; as there was much fear lest a number of the English should return ere long and scour every part of the country in search of the fugitives. It was, therefore, resolved that, under cover of the night, they should again set forward in the guise of monks, as being thus least likely to attract attention in that part of the world where their appearance was common, many members of the different fraternities, both in Wales and on the borders, frequently making visits to consult with Brother Vychan and his pious community in their solitary and secluded abode. But upon one thing Prince David insisted, and that was, that he should no longer accompany the Baron and his party.

"Do you," he said, in reply to the chieftain's entreaties that he would not leave them, "provide for the safety of yourself and your children. I should only endanger them and you, without benefit to myself, by continuing with you. Walwyn says he will accompany me, and we may yet elude the vigilance of these blood-thirsty wretches, and gain a place of safety, whence we may treat with the tyrant and bring him to terms if we can. Heaven only knows," he added solemnly, "how that may be ; but whether we ever meet again on earth or not, my friends, the service you have rendered me shall never be forgotten ; and in my prayers will you one and all be constantly remembered. David of Wales can now offer no other return for all your devotion."

And so it was arranged that the Baron, with his son and daughter, accompanied only by Brother Vychan, who protested that nothing should induce him to leave them till he had seen them in security, should proceed forthwith to the castle of the nearest chief, who would be able to afford them protection ; and that the prince and Walwyn, whose only care

was to prove, by his devotion to the royal fugitive, how deeply he lamented the consequences of his own past folly and indiscretion, should endeavour to reach, as speedily as might be, some town or fortress which had not yet submitted to the Conqueror, and where David might yet be able to summon his barons around him. Father Edwal and Roderic it was agreed should remain at the monastery for some time longer, and that then the latter at least should follow in the wake of his lord, and join him wherever he might direct.

To recruit their strength and prepare for the coming journey, Eva and Vendigaid, at the earnest entreaty of Brother Vychan, were induced to seek that repose which their young and tender frames so much needed. When all was ready for the departure, however, they were summoned by the Baron; and once more habited as a monk, her brother being disguised in the dress of a simple peasant boy, the young girl, supported by her father, left the monastery and set forth on her perilous and anxious pilgrimage. The parting between the Tewdyr and Prince David was deeply

affecting to both ; but each expressed strongly—though perhaps neither felt it as probable—their hope of meeting again ere long under happier circumstances, and with brighter prospects. Then pressing Eva's hand respectfully and cordially to his lips, and bidding Vendigaid keep "good watch over such a treasure," the prince, followed by Walwyn, turned aside and took the way which led in the direction pointed out to him by the brotherhood, apart from that pursued by the Tewdyr. As the little group, consisting of the Baron, the old monk, and their young companions, disappeared in the distance, David turned to Walwyn, exclaiming, "And so it is fated that I must part from all in this life—I know it—I feel it—never to see them or to meet again!"

His words were prophetic. With those true friends he never was to meet again on earth.

## CHAPTER II.

## JOAN OF ACRES.

FIVE months had elapsed since the occurrence of the events narrated in our last chapter, and it was early in the month of August that we introduce our readers once more to the Castle of Rhuddlan and its inhabitants. The sweet soft air was penetrating freely into an apartment, the open windows of which led out on to the battlements of the fortress ; and near one of these two ladies were seated. A large embroidery frame stood near, on which both had apparently been employed ; but this had been pushed aside, and each appeared fully occupied by the tenour of her own thoughts, occasionally showing their nature by some casual remark. In the elder of the two—not that there was much apparent difference in their respective ages—our reader would have recognized the Countess Maud (as she

was commonly called), the wife of John de Giffard, Lord of Brimmesfield, whom she had married after the death of Longespee, her first husband, the third and last Earl of Salisbury of his House. Concerning this marriage a strange tale of violence was told—of abduction on the part of the baron, and of an appeal to King Henry, in the latter end of whose reign it took place, on that of the indignant lady ; but some—and those most likely to be well informed on the subject—hinted that the abduction, if such it could be called, was effected with the full consent of the noble widow ; and that the complaint afterwards made by her to the sovereign was intended as a blind to conceal her acquiescence in a step without which it is more than probable that the leave of the King, then so necessary in all unions between the higher vassals of the crown, would not have been given : whereas, on the plea of having been forcibly carried off, she was acquitted of blame, and the royal displeasure appeased by the imposition of a heavy fine upon the offending baron. Certainly no disagreement in after years had tended to confirm the idea of any



previous want of congeniality between them ; and the three lovely children to whom she had given birth during the six years which followed this her second marriage were never taught by their noble mother to look up to their father with any other feelings than those which emanated from her own bosom towards him—namely, of respect and love : and these seemed as dear and precious in her sight as was the sole fruit of her union with her first lord—the Lady Margaret Longespee, now recently become the bride of Henry de Lacy, the valiant and chivalrous Earl of Lincoln.

As has before been hinted, however, the early associations and friendship formed by the Countess for the family and person of Llewellyn had of late years been much tried and brought into painful contrast with the part her present husband was called upon to take in the war between that unfortunate prince and his royal master. It had, however, been Maud's endeavour throughout to maintain her duty towards her sovereign and a regard for his interests, without sacrificing her own predisposition in favour of his rival's cause ;

and she felt that the very prominence of the position De Giffard occupied in the councils of the English king was most likely to promote her power of usefulness in behalf of those whose misfortunes rendered them in peculiar need of any help she might be able to afford. Her well known inclination to befriend the unhappy prince had induced David to communicate with her on the subject of his escape, and that of his orphan niece, beyond the reach of danger, soon after their first retreat into the mountain fastnesses of the north. But this embassy, which had been entrusted to Father Edwal and Roderic, the better to ensure its secrecy and despatch, had been productive of anything but good; for not only was the Countess unable to afford them assistance at the time, but their mission and its purport having, she had reason to fear, transpired, though how she was at a loss to imagine, she had advised them hurriedly to withdraw from the English capital. That her fears were not without foundation, was fully proved by the discovery which succeeded, of the prince's retreat, and the endeavours made to seize his person, and

that of the young Guendolen, in the Tewdyr's Castle. The events which followed upon this enterprise now formed the subject of conversation—or rather of occasional remark, for it was a topic on which neither felt inclined to give expression to their entire thoughts—between the Countess and her companion, the Lady Edeline, who, together with her royal charge, the Princess Joan, was at present resident in the Welsh fortress.\*

“And the Baron Tewdyr ap Gronw,” observed the latter, after a pause of some moments duration, “whose castle was destroyed by Lord Nevill and his party, when Prince David and the little Guendolen were supposed to be concealed there, and who escaped with his family at the time. Know you what has since become of him?”

“I heard some time ago,” answered the Countess, “that he had separated from the prince shortly after the fatal night on which the home of his fathers was ransacked and burnt to the ground. How they managed to effect their escape at the time, I know not, nor ever could conceive; as

\* See Appendix, Note IX.

Lord Nevill always declares that, to his certain knowledge, the baron and the prince were both in the castle at the time he entered it. Nay, that he even saw them himself a few hours before ; and that they could not possibly have left it without his knowledge between that time and the moment when the gates were opened, and he and his people took possession of the place."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Edeline, in accents of surprise ; "mean you, that the young lord openly revealed himself and his purpose to the baron? and that no resistance was offered to his entrance into the castle? I do not understand that ; as I always thought there had been a good deal of fighting on the occasion, and that the whole thing was a surprise on the part of the English."

"You do not know the whole story, then," replied the other : "and now I remember, you were not at Windsor at the time Lord Nevill arrived with the news from Wales. How it was that the King became aware of David's place of refuge, I do not know, though I have my suspicions on that head also ; but the commands issued to Lord

Nevill were to give no intimation of his approach, and to enter the castle by stratagem, if possible ; so that the inhabitants should have no warning, and no opportunity of escape."

"And I know why these mysterious orders were given," exclaimed a voice from behind the Countess's chair ; and, stepping forward, the Princess Joan, who had entered the room unobserved, arrested, with a kiss and a roguish smile, the ejaculation of surprise which fell from her lips ; then seating herself on a low stool at the Countess's feet, and looking up into her face, added : "But do not let me interrupt you. You were telling Edeline all about that gallant exploit of my Lord Nevill's, when he surprised a lot of people in their beds, and carried off a baby and her nurse as prisoners. I always tease him about it, whenever I have the opportunity ; although I believe the whole thing was done much against his own inclination. But, go on ; I like to hear all about it ; and I will afterwards tell you something I know, which, I dare say, you do not."

"But, my dear princess," remonstrated the gou-

vernante, "what are you about? Placing yourself on the ground in that fashion! Do remember who you are, and conduct yourself in a more decorous manner."

"Will you be so very good, my dear Edeline, as to forget for once in your life that I am a princess," answered her royal charge, without altering her position. "For the next half hour, I intend to be only your wilful spoiled little Joan; and so you must just let me have my own way as usual."

Lady Edeline sighed, and shook her head hopelessly at the young delinquent; then addressing the Countess, who had been listening with a smile to the altercation between her and the princess, begged of her to continue her narrative.

"Lord Nevill having received his instructions from King Edward," proceeded the Countess, "set out at once for Wales, and having penetrated into the northern mountains, soon found himself, with his men, in the neighbourhood of the Tewdyr's castle, without, as he imagined, any intelligence of his approach having transpired. However, as there had been plenty of time to allow of the

departure of the prince and his little niece from thence ere he arrived, his first care was to ascertain the fact of their still being the Tewdyr's guests. For this purpose, he assumed the guise of a monk."

"A monk!" interrupted the young princess jestingly. "You don't mean that! Imagine him as a monk, with a cowl on! I should have found him out directly." And she laughed merrily at the idea.

"In this disguise," continued the Countess, "he approached the castle, and enquired of the inhabitants of the adjoining hamlet as to the number and rank of its inmates. From their answers, he soon satisfied himself as to the continuance of Prince David and Llewellyn's orphan child amongst them; and by accident, he shortly afterwards encountered the former in company with the baron, returning home apparently from a walk on the mountains—thus leaving no doubt on his mind as to their identity."

"Yes," observed Joan, "he knew them both at once, he said, having often seen them before. But

if you remember, he also met the Baron's lovely daughter, who escaped with her father and the prince, so that he never saw her again; but I do not think he will forget her soon, as he has done nothing since but rave about her beauty."

"I remember the Tewdyr's daughter when she was quite a little thing," resumed the Countess. "Her mother was a great friend of mine at one time. Yes, she escaped with her father. I fancy they took refuge with some neighbouring baron, and doubtless he will tender his submission ere long to the King, if he has not already done so; and then they will no longer be under any necessity for concealment. But, as I was saying, when Lord Nevill had ascertained beyond doubt the fact of Prince David's presence in the Tewdyr's castle, he lost no time in making his preparations for an assault upon, or rather an entry into it; and this was effected, I am told, in the following manner. One of his party had, during the day time,—for it was under cover of nightfall that the surprise took place,—introduced himself on the plea of former acquaintanceship with the porter of the



castle into its precincts, and having drugged some beverage which he affected to share with the unsuspecting janitor, he took from him the keys of the various entrances into the building ; and Lord Nevill and the rest of his party being in readiness without, at an appointed time he admitted them into the interior. For some little time they met with no difficulties, I believe, and were in great hopes that, owing to the success of this first manœuvre, the rest of their plan would succeed equally well ; this, was to proceed directly to the apartments of Prince David, of the little princess, the baron, and his family ; and, ere any alarm could be given or resistance offered, to seize them and convey them away as prisoners to King Edward. Why these precautions should have been adopted when the party who accompanied the young lord far outnumbered the band of household retainers and others then residing at the Tewdyr's castle, and could have easily overpowered them even had any resistance been made, as I before said, I do not understand ; but so it was ; and doubtless all would have proceeded satisfactorily had not an

unexpected obstacle suddenly presented itself. The man—Rogers I think his name was—who had by his artifice procured the entrance of the others into the castle, had made himself perfectly acquainted with the various windings of the building, but some notice of their approach had, it seems, already transpired; and when they advanced towards a door which led to the inner and upper apartments, they found it strongly barricaded, and after forcing it, the Tewdyr's retainers appeared on all sides, and contested every inch of their further progress. The struggle, however, could not have lasted long, and would soon, I imagine, have terminated in the success of the English, had not an alarm of fire, which proved to be too well founded, been given, and the greatest confusion and disorder instantly ensued. It was the result of an accident however, and not, as you have I suppose been misinformed, by any direction of Nevill's that this happened; and his only care thereupon was to secure some of those who were the objects of his search, and retreat with them as speedily as possible. The prince, the baron, and

his daughter, as you know, had vanished—how, or by what means, I cannot tell—whether in the confusion which followed the outbreak of the fire, or immediately on the first alarm of attack being given. But the young lord himself encountered the little Guendolen, in the arms of a soldier, and her nurse, in a gallery of the castle, and obtaining possession of the princess—but not, I believe, until he had slain the soldier who was endeavouring to save her—he made the best of his way out of the burning pile. Unable to restrain the fury and madness of his men, who were enraged and disappointed of their other prey, he departed himself, followed by as many of his party as he could rally round him, and bearing off as prisoners the little Guendolen, her nurse, and Iolo, the old bard, who was supposed to know how, or whither, the Tewdyr and Prince David had made their escape. The rest of the English, after destroying the huts of the peasantry who dwelt near the castle, and committing every kind of outrage, followed in course of time, and so ended the affair. I think you know all that followed?”

“Yes!” replied Lady Edeline. “When we came here, in June, I heard of the seizure of the prince—betrayed by one of his own people I believe—and shortly after he was brought here by order of the king, and remained imprisoned for a short time previous to being sent to Chester. The poor little princess, and her nurse—I never shall forget when she was brought to Edward in her cradle—I fancy the Queen had something to do with that arrangement, as being more likely to excite his compassion for the poor little innocent. He would not look at her at first; and then, when the princess royal gently drew back the coverlid, and showed that the babe (for truly she was but little else), was asleep, and looking so peaceful and calm—though so near her greatest enemy—he was softened, and would not say what should be done with her at once; but ordered that she should remain here until he determined otherwise concerning her.”

“And here she is still,” exclaimed the princess Joan, rising from her seat as she spoke; “the dearest little pet of a thing that ever breathed. I

was so glad when we came back this time to find her still here, and her nurse, Mary her name is—you know she can speak quite plainly now—and that funny old bard, who has at last got over his aversion for me, I think, and allows me sometimes to speak to him about his old lord and his family; although he is not always in a gracious mood, and is often inclined, I believe, to impute all the misfortunes that have befallen the House of Tewdyr, to each individual English man, woman, or child, he meets with, and hates the whole race of us accordingly.”

“It is something new to hear you identify yourself so completely with the English race,” said her *gouvernante*, smiling. “I can scarcely believe it is my little Spanish Joan who is speaking.”

“Well! for the King of England’s daughter, I think I am quite unpatriotic enough,” rejoined the young princess; “but of late I have got more accustomed to believe myself an English born subject; and although I often think with affection of Spain and all its dear belongings, I am not

a little proud of my own country at the same time."

"And quite right it is that you should be," observed the Countess. "It is only when her sons disgrace themselves by deeds of outrage or violence that we need be ashamed of them. But now, my wild princess, I see you are impatient to be gone; and if you go out, let me charge you not to go beyond the precincts of the castle unattended, and to be in again before it is late; as you know you are sent here on account of your health, and the Queen will not be pleased with Lady Edeline or myself if we let you run any risk through your imprudence."

"Do not fear that, my good lady," answered Joan gaily, as she proceeded towards the door of the apartment; "only remember you were sent here on account of your health just as much as I was; and I am sure it is very bad for people not to be out much in the open air this lovely weather. But oh!" she exclaimed, hurrying back again towards the Countess; "I forgot to tell you what it was I knew respecting the motives for the

secrecy which was enjoined upon Lord Nevill when he was sent off to the mountains in quest of Prince David last spring." Then seating herself once more at the Countess's feet, she continued—"You remember when that old Welsh friar came to see you at the Tower? Well, he was accompanied by another man, who did not look as if he had worn the cowl so long as his reverend brother, and Lord Mortimer's suspicions were aroused by his manner once or twice I think,—at any rate his attention was drawn towards them; and some conversation must have been overheard between these two, the tenour of which his lordship deemed fit should be made known to our kingly parent. Accordingly, directions were issued (I am sure of this, for I heard uncle Lancaster speaking of it to Queen Blanche one night in the Hall of Antiochus) that these good men should be detained as prisoners; but when search came to be made for them, lo! and behold, they were gone. I remember too that it was on Candlemas Day, when we were all going to Westminster, with Alphonso, to present the Welsh relics at S. Edward's shrine.

Ralph de Monthermer was telling me all about it, and made me laugh so at his description of Lord Mortimer's rage, when he found the birds had flown, that I could scarcely hold my taper, and we were just going into chapel you know in procession, which made my mother and Madame Edeline, there, look very much shocked at me. And what had come to Lord Mortimer's knowledge was, that Prince David and the little Guendolen were both in the Tewdyr's castle, somewhere in North Wales; and he knew, so he told my father,—remember I heard uncle Lancaster telling all about it, though he thought I was too busy with his good wife's chatelaine to be attending to anything he said,—that if that was the case he was sure no open attack or attempt to seize them would be of any avail, because, however slight a resistance might be made, sufficient time would be given to allow of their making an escape by some secret passage, which he knew led from the castle out upon the mountains—how he happened to know I don't pretend to say, but that was what it was—and, in consequence, Lord Nevill



was desired to give them no alarm, or any possible time for doing anything of the kind. However, you know how it turned out, and that some at least of the party got off, and no doubt by this very means which Lord Mortimer was afraid of."

The Countess, who had listened attentively to the above narration, took the young princess's hand in hers as she paused, and said—"I suspected as much when I saw that man Rogers, whom I knew for one of Lord Mortimer's followers, and confidential employées, accompany Lord Nevill's party from the Tower; but I had already warned Father Edwal, the friar to whom you alluded, and who came from Wales purposely to consult me on important and private business, and so they had had time for a fair start. I remember noticing how Rogers loitered about the corridor leading to my apartments whilst Father Edwal was with me; and doubtless it was he who overheard something mentioned by him to his companion, who was no other than the Tewdyr's own squire, and no monk at all, as you justly suspected, Joan; and there-upon communicated his suspicions or information,

thus acquired, to his master, who immediately hastened to the king. Oh, yes! I understand it all now; and can only rejoice that a plan so cleverly devised to entrap the unwary should have failed of success; although, alas! the prince's escape was only for a time." And she sighed heavily as she paused.

"Ah! poor prince!" exclaimed Joan, springing up and kissing the Countess's forehead; "his probable fate always makes me melancholy when I think of it. So I shall fly away, now that I have told you my story, and forget all such sad things for a time if I can."

"Is the day fixed for Prince David's trial?" inquired Lady Edeline, as Joan left the room.

"I believe it is," answered the Countess thoughtfully. "Eleven earls, and one hundred barons, have been commissioned to try him as a subject of England. You know he received, only a short time before the late outbreak, both a barony and a pension from the King; and I fear it will go much against him in consequence."\*

"Besides," added her companion, "the part he

\* See Appendix, Note X.

took in the attack upon Hawarden Castle on the eve of Palm Sunday last year, will not be forgotten by his judges, especially if your cousin De Clifford is to be one of them."

The Countess did not reply; but rising from her seat walked slowly towards the window, and stepping out upon the battlement, she stood for a moment looking down upon the terrace below, on which, beneath the shelter of some trees, she perceived the Princess Joan sauntering by the side of an old man of striking appearance, in whom our readers would at once have recognized Iolo, the Tewdyr's ancient bard. Beckoning the Lady Edeline to approach, the Countess remained for some moments contemplating the two figures as they appeared and disappeared beneath the trees below. The young princess was evidently engaged in animated converse with her aged companion, who seemed to listen to and reply to her interrogations and remarks with pleased attention.

"Dear child!" observed the *gouvernante*, as with interest she regarded the movements of her royal charge; "how often I think of what her

course through life may be, and pray for her constant well-doing. I cannot tell you how much relieved I was—although it may seem wrong to say so—when I heard of the death of Prince Hartman, and that in consequence the imperial crown of Germany was not destined to grace her brows. I am so much happier in the thought of her as the wife of an English nobleman, and one so worthy of her in every way as the Earl of Gloucester.”

“And is that really to be then?” replied the Countess. “I knew of the king’s wish to attach him more firmly to the interests of the crown; but that the child’s marriage with one old enough to be her grandfather, I might almost say, had been finally agreed upon, I was indeed scarcely prepared to hear.”

“’Tis nevertheless settled,” rejoined Lady Edeline; “and when one considers that her fate might have been much worse—that, like her sister, the Lady Eleanora, she might have been affianced, for political reasons, to a foreign prince, whom she had never seen and perchance might never love, we can

but rejoice in the prospect before her of becoming the wife of one who at least will not take her from among her own people ; and who, by his years, is qualified, at any rate, to protect her youth and inexperience."

"Ah ! you are right to look upon the matter in its most favourable light. If the King is determined to unite her with Gloucester, who of course cannot be indifferent to so splendid an alliance for himself, one may indeed regard the marriage as likely to take place ; and," continued the Countess earnestly, "I quite agree with you that it is a great thing for the poor child to escape any obligation to leave the country. I know how much her sister dreads the thought of this banishment—as she calls it—to Arragon ; although, and I suspect I am not singular in the opinion, I sometimes think that she never will be the wife of the Infante Don Alfonso." As she spoke, the Countess fixed on her companion an interrogating look.

"Why ? How mean you ?" exclaimed Lady Edeline. "Were the espousals by proxy not solemnized a year ago, and a formal intimation of the

same transmitted to King Edward by the court of Arragon? and now that the diadem of Sicily appears added to that of his Spanish monarchy, the alliance with Don Pedro is one, methinks, the King of England need not despise !”

“Nay, I meant not to affirm positively that there was any disinclination on the part of Edward towards completing the nuptials,” hastily responded the Countess. “But you know this very business of the Sicilian war, is not the most likely matter to incline him more favourably towards them. The deposed king is his uncle by marriage, and it is, therefore, but natural to suppose that feelings of personal regard should induce him to look coldly on a nearer alliance with his kinsman’s foe.”

But as the Spanish lady could not bring herself to see how any one could regard a lifetime in her native land as a banishment, and as her patriotic notions were somewhat offended by any doubt as to the desirability of connection with a Prince of Spain, she changed the subject by exclaiming, “See yonder! It is the little Welsh lady and her attendant who are approaching; Joan has already

perceived and is going towards them ; let us descend to the terrace, and join them there."

The Countess assented willingly, and reentering the castle the two ladies descended by a winding stair to the outer court from which a postern led out upon the broad terrace, skirting one side of the building. Through the same door had the Princess Joan passed but a short time previously, after leaving them ; and perceiving the old bard at some little distance, seated as was his wont beneath one of the wide spreading trees which shaded the further end of the walk, she had hurried towards him and soon engaged him in converse upon his favourite topic, the house and home of the Tewdyr. Although confined to the precincts of the castle, Iolo was allowed a certain liberty, owing to the kind interest taken in him and his fellow prisoners, the young Guendolen and her nurse Mary, by Queen Eleanor, when she found them at Rhuddlan on her arrival there for the first time after their seizure. He had found himself unconsciously at first, but then willingly, drawn towards the wild but engaging English princess,

who by her position and more frequent residence in the castle than the others of her family, had been able to shew him much kindness and attention. This conduct, although received with becoming gratitude on the part of the old man, had been viewed with a sort of doubting mistrust at first, which altogether vanished as upon longer acquaintance he became convinced of the sincerity and truth of her kindly feelings towards him. Unlike his 'own child' Eva, in many respects, the gay and artless princess had nevertheless soon won greatly upon his affections, and constantly might they now be seen wandering together in the grounds of the castle, or sitting in some chamber of the fortress, conversing upon Wales and its people—its fortunes, past, present and to come, though the glow which animated the old man's cheek when he spoke of the former would die away and his voice falter, as the thought of these latter presented itself to his mind. And then it would be her part to cheer him up, and tell of the many great and good things her royal parents intended to do for their newly acquired subjects, and their



country. And if Alphonso ever became their prince, "Then indeed you will be happy," she would exclaim; "for he is goodness and gentleness itself. Oh! you will all love him so much; you could not help it!"

Oftentimes, however, when thus endeavouring to induce him to look upon the brighter side of things, she would be annoyed to find him completely inattentive, and apparently lost in thought, whilst he would mutter to himself, "Our lawful prince—our native prince—will wear proud Edward's crown! and David still lives!"

It was the mention of this unfortunate prince's name that now attracted Joan's attention.

"That reminds me, Iolo," she exclaimed eagerly, "I have never heard from you the full particulars of all that happened at the Tewdyr's castle on the night on which Prince David made his escape you know, but on which you and the little princess were taken prisoners. Now, do tell me all about it, will you? and how it was you were seized when all the others managed to escape. I always thought it so very cowardly of them to leave that

poor little infant to her fate as they did, and when the place was on fire too, so that it was really a good thing that Lord Nevill *did* find her and carry her off, as otherwise she might very likely have been burnt to death, which is shocking to think of! So just come and walk up and down with me here, under the trees, and tell me all about it."

"Ah! that will I, readily," returned the old man. "For never can I forget the least thing connected with the events of that fatal night. Woe is me, that I should have ever lived to see the home of the Tewdyr destroyed, and he and his children wanderers upon the face of the earth. Were it not that I still look for the fulfilment of Merlin's prophecy,—that I still wait for the restoration of my people's and my prince's rights; it were indeed time that these grey hairs were laid in the dust!" and murmuring to himself, the old bard seemed to forget the presence of his companion; but she speedily recalled his attention. "Tell me," she continued, "how you yourself were taken prisoner, and what you know about the escape of the others."

“ Ah ! ” answered Iolo with a sigh, “ once satisfied that my dear and noble master with his precious child and the prince, and, as I thought, the young princess also were in safety, I troubled little about myself ; and whilst the attack was waging fiercely around me, I sought the chapel of the castle, and kneeling there before the altar, I prayed for the welfare of those so dear to me, and for confusion—pardon me, lady, for confusion to their enemies ; and there I should have been content to die had they found me. But when the fire broke out, and the alarm was given, I became concerned for the safety of the poor women, not dreaming but that the Royal infant had been taken away by my Lord with the others ; and hastening towards their apartments, I met them flying, shrieking and terrified, in all directions. From them I learnt that the Lady Guendolen and her nurse were still in the castle ; but where, or in what situation, owing to the confusion that prevailed, it was impossible to say. I was turning to seek for them, therefore, heedless of the encroaching flames, which now burst forth on all sides, when I found myself

suddenly surrounded by a party of the English soldiery, who were hastily retreating from the upper apartments to the court below. Before I could offer the slightest resistance, one of them felled me with a blow to the ground, and I should doubtless have been dispatched then and there, had not—as I afterwards learnt—one of the number, more humane than his fellows, compassionated my grey hairs, and bearing me out into the open air, I recovered to find myself placed on horseback behind one of Lord Nevill's followers, to whom I was securely fastened, and in this way I was conveyed, with my fellow captives, from the castle, which, burning and ransacked, was left to its fate."

"And the little Princess, and Mary her nurse, tell me about them?" pursued Joan, taking the old man's hand in hers and pressing it kindly, as if to atone for the hardships he had encountered at the hands of her father's vassals.

"Here they come, to answer for themselves," said Iolo, who at that moment perceived the daughter of Llewellyn, and her attendant, approaching from the distance. "Ask Mary, and she will

tell you what befell her, and her royal charge, better than I can, who was not an eye-witness of all that passed."

And turning her head in the direction indicated by the venerable bard, Joan likewise recognized the orphan captive and her companion, and immediately hurried forward to meet them. Taking the little Guendolen in her arms, she kissed her tenderly, and called her 'her pet and her darling,' as the sweet child returned her caress; then bearing her off to a seat near at hand, she motioned Mary to approach, and repeated the request she had made to Iolo. "Tell me, will you, how you were taken prisoner with this pretty innocent, the night when the Tewdyr's castle was destroyed, and Lord Nevill carried you off? I do not ask from idle curiosity only; but I am really much interested in the history, and Iolo advised me to apply to you myself."

The Welshwoman did not instantly reply. Her lips quivered, and her cheek grew pale, as she listened to the princess's request. But then, with an apparent effort, she recovered herself, and

answered, "The memory of every the least occurrence of that night must ever cleave to me, gracious lady; and if your kind heart moves you to take an interest in the relation of what occurred immediately connected with my precious charge and myself, I will gladly do my best to recount it to you." And then, at a sign from Joan, who impatiently awaited the recital, Mary, commencing by informing her of how she and the Lady Eva had that morning met Lord Nevill in his disguise on the mountain side, proceeded to narrate the succeeding events so well known to our readers, and concluded with a description of her own precipitous flight with the infant Guendolen from the apartment where they had taken refuge, upon hearing from Meyrick of the burning of the castle; of how they had encountered the young English nobleman himself as they were flying across the gallery which overlooked the great hall at one end, and by which they hoped to have gained a small spiral staircase leading immediately down into the outer ward; and of how Lord Nevill, having felled the soldier with a blow, he being unable to offer any

effectual resistance owing to his alarm for the safety of the princess whom he bore in his arms, had instantly seized the latter ; and directing some of his soldiers, many of whom had followed close upon him, to look to Mary herself, had speedily conveyed them beyond the castle walls, and, together with Iolo, had brought them by hurried journeys to their present abode. "And here," she added, with scarce repressed sobs, "I should be content to remain with my child, as long as we are permitted to be together, so good as everyone is to us, and yourself in particular, my gracious princess, if I could but learn that my noble master and his beloved children were in safety elsewhere."

As she uttered these words the party was increased by the approach of the Countess Maud and the Lady Edeline, who overheard them as they came up ; and the Countess, addressing the speaker, said, "You may comfort yourself, my good woman, on their behalf, as, if not already under the protection of the King, it is certain that the Baron Tewdyr, like many others, will shortly claim it for

himself, his son, and his daughter, and then you may hope to see them once more."

Mary looked at her in speechless gratitude; she could not reply; but clasping the Princess Guendolen in her arms, as Joan arose and held her towards her, she kissed her again and again, in a kind of ecstasy, murmuring, "Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

"How well that woman speaks English!" observed Lady Edeline to the Countess,—as shortly afterwards they moved on, accompanied by Joan, who walked by the latter's side, leaving Iolo and the nurse to congratulate one another on the good news they had just learned,—“we do not often hear it in these parts among the natives.”

"Yes," observed Joan ere the Countess could reply. "But Mary lived a good deal in England at one time, I believe, and her mother, I think she told me, was English; and so that would account for her being so conversant with the language."

"She would be a valuable personal attendant," said the Countess musingly; and they walked on in silence.



Some days after this, towards the hour of sunset, when, as was her wont, Joan, accompanied by Iolo, was leaning over the turreted edge of one of the towers of the castle, her attention was attracted by the appearance of a band of horsemen at some little distance, who seemed wending their way towards the principal entrance of the fortress. In front of the party rode a page, bearing a banner, on which, as they drew nearer, the princess clearly perceived the outline of the royal lions of England. Calling the attention of the bard to this, she exclaimed, "Why! who can it be, I wonder? I was not aware that any visitors were expected from the Border!—and see! the page wears the Clare livery—can it be? Yes, it is Ralph de Monthermer, and that is the Earl of Gloucester behind him. Haste, Iolo, and inform the Countess of their approach. But stay. Who is that riding by the earl's side—a boy; he is speaking to the earl, who stoops down to hear what he says. Why, Iolo! is it possible? I declare it is Phonsey himself!" And with a cry of delight, the young princess sprang towards the doorway of the tower, and

running down the winding stairs, she paused not till she arrived at a low door which led into the outer court. As she reached this spot, a loud alarum at the gateway of the castle, announced the arrival of the party she had seen approaching. Forgetful of the strangeness of her conduct, and of all beholders, she hurried forward, thinking only of the joy she felt at thus meeting unexpectedly with her brother again. The travellers were dismounting, and the Prince in the act of replying to the hearty welcome of the ancient warder, who, together with a number of domestics and other inhabitants of the castle, had assembled on the first rumour of his arrival, as Joan rushed forward, and flinging her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Oh! my darling Alphonsey, I am so glad to see you! But what brings you here?" preventing his reply, at the same time, by the closeness and vehemence of her embrace. Somewhat embarrassed by the warmth of her proceedings, and the number of spectators around, Alphonso gently disengaged himself from his sister's grasp, and then kissing her fondly on the cheek, replied,

"This is an unexpected pleasure, is it not? Yet I thought you would have been forewarned of our approach, as we despatched a messenger before starting on our way this morning, to acquaint you with it; but being a stranger in these parts, I suppose he has mistaken his way. However, we must now go in, and deliver all the messages we are charged with from Windsor, to the Countess Maud and Lady Edeline; and then," he added, in a low tone, "we can converse more at our ease than we can here, dear Joan. But," he continued aloud, "have you no greeting to bestow upon our good friend and fellow-traveller, my Lord of Gloucester?" and turning towards the earl, who had smilingly contemplated the meeting of the royal brother and sister, he placed Joan's hand in his, saying, "There, my lord, you must excuse her apparent oversight on the score of the suddenness and surprise of our arrival."

Smiling and blushing, Joan shook the good-natured noble heartily by the hand, and then turning towards his page, who stood close beside him, she exclaimed, "Ah, Ralph! I did not see

you before either—that is, I recognized you in the distance when I was on the top of the eastern tower just now, but I could not remember any one after that, till I had welcomed my brother.”

“Ralph will easily forgive you,” said the Earl of Gloucester, who now, accompanied by the rest of the party, was moving towards the entrance of the castle; “he thinks so much about the least notice you bestow upon him, that I am sure the knowledge of your having espied him from afar will be happiness enough for weeks to come. Won’t it, Ralph?” And, as he spoke, he turned towards the youth, who, blushing and confused, murmured some inaudible response, and retreated to the rear of the crowd to avoid further notice. Joan followed him with her looks, however, and would have called to him to return, had not Alphonso taken her by the hand at this juncture, and led her into the hall of the castle. Here the Countess Maud, Lady Edeline, the governor of the fortress and most of its other inhabitants had by this time assembled to receive the prince, who, having returned their salutations and delivered a

message from the King to the governor, proceeded towards the inner apartments of the castle, accompanied by his sister, the Earl of Gloucester, and a few others.

"Who is that?" he inquired of Joan, as they passed out from the great hall, and motioning towards the figure of a Welsh bard, who stood amongst a group near the door, and seemed to regard him with peculiar fixedness and attention.

"Oh! that is Iolo—my friend—our prisoner, that is. I will tell you all about him presently," was the hasty reply, as, nodding and smiling to Iolo, the princess followed her brother into a chamber, where, dismissing all their attendants, Gloucester, the Countess Maud, and Lady Edeline retired to the further end of the apartment, whilst the royal brother and sister seated themselves on a low couch, and after another long and tender embrace began to converse together.

"I should scarcely have known her highness again," observed the earl to the princess's gouvernante, as he regarded her from the other end of room. "Her staid demeanour does great credit

to your instructions and *surveillance* during the last few weeks—that is to say, if her general comportment is equally *comme il faut*.”

“Oh, my lord, I am afraid it is not so indeed,” answered Lady Edeline smiling, “as you may suppose from the unceremonious manner in which she hastened to receive your lordship and the prince her brother but now at the castle gate. Nevertheless, on the whole, I do not think I ought much to complain.”

“Ah! she did in truth appear delighted to see us—or, rather, the prince,” said the earl, correcting himself, “for I fear my presence had not much to do with the joyfulness of the surprise,” and he gazed thoughtfully upon the childish form of her who was destined to become at a future day his bride.

The Countess and Lady Edeline exchanged glances. Turning to the former, Gloucester continued :—“And how was my fair cousin of Lincoln the last time you heard of her, my Lady Countess?—Well, I trust, and not yet wearied of her married life?”

With a smile and a sigh, the Countess answered : —“ Quite well, my lord, I am thankful to say, and quite happy too ; her sister, Kate, who has been staying with her at Pontefract, returns to me shortly, I hope, and she will bring fresh tidings of their well-doing, no doubt. But Margaret seems to be separated from me by too great a distance, and I am scarcely reconciled as yet to the void her absence occasions.” And again the mother sighed as she thought upon her eldest and well-beloved child, for so many years her inseparable companion and great comfort, now the joy no longer of her fond heart alone, but of another also, who claimed a yet more undivided sway over her person and affections.

“And now, ere it be time for us to attend the governor in the great hall, where refreshments, I imagine, are being prepared for us, let me tell you all I have to say about England and its news in general, and the court and its concerns in particular,” said the Earl ; whilst seating himself beside the Lady Maud, he continued to converse with her in low and earnest tones, until summoned to

the hall of the castle to partake of the substantial fare provided by the care of the governor for the newly arrived guests and their retinue.

In the mean time, at the further end of the chamber, the young prince and princess had been as busily engaged in conversation as their elders. Alphonso had so many messages of affection to deliver from the Queen and his sisters to Joan; and she had much to narrate of what had passed since they last had met, especially as regarded her newly-acquired interests, the Welsh captives then confined in the castle. "Come with me," she exclaimed in the midst of her animated discourse, rising and taking her brother by the hand; "come with me quickly, and I will show you this dear little Guendolen and her nurse. She has not yet gone to sleep, I dare say; and if she has, she will not mind my waking her to look at you, for I have talked to her about you every day, and I know she longs to see you." And leading the way, she proceeded hastily to the apartments occupied by Mary and her royal charge.

Some half hour afterwards, when there was



an inquiry as to what had become of the prince, his presence being required at the repast below, Lady Edeline found him and his sister—the children of Edward of England—bending over the cot of the young Guendolen,—Llewellyn's orphan heir,—and gazing with delight upon her lovely features, as she responded with infantine glee to their caresses and expressions of endearment. The sight caused her to pause on the threshold of the chamber, and gaze in momentary wonder at so curious a spectacle.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE RESCUE.

ONE of Alphonso's first thoughts on awaking the following morning, was of the Welshman Lloyd, whom he had left a prisoner in the castle on quitting it last, with his royal parents, for the metropolis of England. Of the squire's subsequent fate he had not been clearly informed ; saving that his own earnest entreaties, joined with those of his mother, had obtained an alleviation of his captivity, and that he had consequently been allowed greater freedom of exercise than at first.

It struck him, however, that he had not seen him amongst those who greeted his arrival the night before ; and summoning a page he bade him inquire of the governor whereabouts the squire's chamber lay, that he might visit him forthwith. The boy speedily returned with answer that the

prisoner had been conveyed from the castle to Chester by orders of the King, at the same time as David of Wales had been removed thither, as it was deemed probable that his evidence might prove useful at the latter's approaching trial.

On joining the governor and the Earl of Gloucester at breakfast in the great hall below, the young prince learnt further that he would not in all likelihood be detained long in England, and that whilst there his treatment would not be of any very rigorous description. Reassured on that head, Alphonso, having finished his meal, inquired for his sister; and being informed that she had gone forth about half an hour before, as was her wont, for a morning stroll in the woods, he called Ralph de Monthermer to accompany him, and sallied out in quest of her. Taking his favourite path through the trees which skirted the forest, the prince hurried along, conversing gaily with his companion, and enjoying the freshness of the sweet morning air as it gently fanned his cheek.

They had not gone far ere they espied Joan in the distance, walking with an old and venerable

looking man, whom Alphonso at once recognized as the Welsh bard who had attracted his notice the previous evening in the castle. Advancing towards them, he called to his sister, who instantly hastened to meet him, and soon they were amicably walking together side by side, her arm thrown round his neck and his encircling her waist. Thinking that the young pair might wish to be alone, so much as they must have to talk over of private and personal interest to them both, Iolo fell back, and for a moment hesitated whether to follow them in the distance or not ; but his doubts did not last long, as De Monthermer, who also had loitered behind to allow of the young prince's meeting alone with his sister, perceiving what was passing in the old man's thoughts, hastened forward, and approaching him, said, "Come, my friend, since it will not do for us to lose sight of the young people entirely, we will follow them at a respectful distance, and as we go along you shall tell me some of your famous Welsh legends, and I will be an attentive listener, I promise you."

Pleased by the frank and open manner of the youth, and amused by his off-handed kind of request, the venerable bard smilingly complied, and as they walked along recounted to his intelligent and delighted auditor many a tale of Cymry valour and Celtic prowess. At length, as they neared the extremity of the forest which opened out upon the hill country beyond, Prince Alphonso paused; and turning towards the page and his companion beckoned them forward. "Here," he said, "do you return to the castle, Ralph, with the Lady Joan; she says the Countess of Salisbury will be expecting her shortly, and you must escort her safely to her presence; and you, my friend," he added, turning with a winning smile to Iolo, "if you do not mind doing so, will go with me by another path towards my favourite bower in the wood, and we will return to the castle together afterwards. Will you come?"

"With pleasure, your highness," answered the bard. "I will follow wherever you lead the way."

"Then do you return home with Ralph, dear

Joan," continued the prince; "and you may expect to see us again in about an hour's time."

"And mind you *do* come back then," returned the young princess; "for if you begin talking and wandering about with Iolo, I think you will never leave off;" and waving a gay adieu with her hand, she tripped away, followed by the page.

Watching her slight figure as it disappeared in the distance, Alphonso then turned to the old bard, saying, "I have so much to talk to you about. My sister has been telling me your history, and how you were brought here a prisoner by Lord Nevill at the same time as the little princess of Wales. Tell me," he added suddenly, taking the old man by the hand, and looking earnestly in his face, "do you hate the English *very much*?"

Iolo gazed fixedly on the bright upturned eager face before him, and replied—"If your people were all like you, my lord, and like yon sweet lady, your sister, I would answer readily, I love them. But—" and he turned away, as if to hide the emotion which overpowered him.

"Ah!" continued Alphonso, laying his hand on

the other's arm, and speaking quickly and excitedly ;  
" You think them cruel—hard-hearted—monsters  
of rapine and violence ! Is it not so ? And my  
father—the King—you deem him a very tyrant,  
and detest him accordingly. Speak ! is it not so ? "

" Do not ask me ! You are his son. May you  
never, never be like him in aught in which you do  
not resemble him now," was the answer, as the  
bard laid his hand tremblingly on the head of the  
royal boy.

" Ah ! you do him injustice, indeed you do,"  
exclaimed Alphonso, his eyes filling with tears ;  
" he means well to you and all your race. He  
would but have you submit quietly to his arms,  
and then see what a glorious and mighty nation  
and people you would become ! But do not let us  
talk of this now," he continued hastily ; " I would  
have you tell me of your country's lore and her  
fame of old—of her knights—her heroes—and,  
above all, her bards. Joan says you know about  
them all—and you have so often told her of them—  
will you do so now to me, as we go along ? "

" Right willingly, fair sir," answered the old

man ; "if you would indeed care to hear of the mighty deeds and noble achievements of the sons of Cambria of old, I will do my best to recount them to you ; and if, perchance, I weary you by the length or tediousness of my recital, you will stop me, and tell me when you have heard enough."

"Go on—do not fear," replied the prince, and composing himself into an attitude of attention, he walked on by the old man's side, who, commencing his favourite topic, was soon engrossed in the interest of the tales he recounted. After wandering on thus for the space of about half an hour, they came at length upon the very spot where, months before, as our readers may remember, in his agony of grief over the miseries of Wales and her unhappy people, the heir of England had passionately vowed to help and befriend them by every means in his power. Here a rustic seat had since been placed, and throwing himself upon it, Alphonso motioned the bard to place himself beside him, and observed : "I will tell you presently why I would rather listen to these glorious tales from you here, on this very spot,



than anywhere besides : do you continue now with your narrative, I will not interrupt you again." Iolo complied, and proceeded accordingly.

It was a strange and a pleasing sight, in sooth, could any one have contemplated those two, as they sat there in that secluded spot. The royal boy,—his countenance lit up by animation, eagerly drinking in every word which fell from the lips of his aged companion,—his velvet cap and plume, which had fallen from the seat where he had flung it, lying at his feet, and thus allowing the luxuriant curls to flow unrestrained over his noble brow, and the richness of his noble apparel contrasting with the sombre hues of the other's dress, whose venerable appearance, and snowy head and beard, were not less striking than the more pleasing lineaments of the young prince. Fit types they were, could anyone thus have seen them, of their races and their age—the young Plantagenet and the aged Celt,—the conqueror and the conquered. And there was one who *did* behold them as they sat there.

Concealed by the trees which surrounded the

spot, and spell-bound, as it were, by the interest of the bard's narrative, stood a man habited in the garb of a Welsh soldier, who, having been attracted to the spot by the sound of his voice, had, on first perceiving the speaker, been apparently transported with joy, and refrained from advancing and discovering himself only till the latter paused. Then, with a loud shout, he sprang forward, and seized him by the arm, crying :—

“Iolo ! It is I ! Meyrick—come to deliver you ! Fly with me at once ! All is in readiness, and it is indeed a mercy that you are here alone and so far from the castle. I cannot stop now to explain, but will do so as we go along ; only come at once, there is no time to lose !”

At the first sound of the new comer's voice, both Iolo and the prince had sprung to their feet ; and now, as soon as astonishment would allow him to speak the former exclaimed :—

“Meyrick ! Can I believe my senses !—and here ! But what mean you ? I cannot fly—it is impossible.”

“Impossible !” returned the other, who was in-

deed our old friend, Meyrick ; "how can that be ? Are you not alone, unguarded, and far from the enemy ? I tell you I have everything prepared. What is there to prevent you ?"

"Meyrick," repeated the old man, gravely, "urge me not ; I tell you again I cannot, must not follow you. If I were indeed alone, and you see I am not, honour alone would prevent my accompanying you. My word is pledged not to attempt an escape."

"Not alone ! Ah ! I see !" was the hasty rejoinder. "But who is this youngster that he should deter you—he is but a child, although he looks so fierce. You would not mind him ?"

"Sirrah !" cried Alphonso, who during the above dialogue had remained standing in speechless astonishment, but now advanced angrily towards the soldier, "Know you who I am ? How dare you intrude here, and attempt to entice this old man away, when he is the King of England's prisoner. Begone, I say, and do not venture here again on your peril. Do you hear me ?"

Regarding him with an air of half ridicule, half

contempt, Meyrick turned from the prince without reply, and was again about to address the old bard in terms of entreaty and remonstrance, when the latter, taking him by the arm, led him aside, saying—

“No more!—it is useless! That is the young prince himself, King Edward’s son. Bethink you if this demeanour is becoming towards one of his rank. I consider myself as his prisoner, and again repeat I am in honour bound to remain, even though, as you say, I might escape without hindrance this very moment.”

As he spoke, the soldier, advancing towards Alphonso, bent on one knee, saying—“Forgive me, sir. I knew not of whom I spoke but now, or in whose presence I was standing; still, let me entreat of you to free this old man of his engagement and promise, since nothing I can say will avail. You can give him his liberty—you, the son of the king, and I will at once convey him hence. Speak but the word, and I will for ever bless you!”

“Rise, my friend,” answered Alphonso, firmly.  
“I cannot, if I would, comply with your request.

But do not fear, I am Iolo's friend, and the friend of all true Welshmen ; therefore, rest assured that when the time comes I will do my best to procure his freedom, and in the meantime you do but endanger your own safety in remaining here ; therefore I advise you at once to depart, and that speedily."

"Yes," said the bard, seeing that Meyrick still hesitated ; "the prince is right ; further solicitation is useless, and you do but expose yourself to peril in thus remaining here ; therefore go and secure your own safety while there is time by flight."

"And am I then to return to my young master without you?" ejaculated the soldier, "and tell him that you might have come with me, and you would not, and to the Lady Eva and say that nothing——"

"What !" interrupted the old bard anxiously, "What do I hear ! My young lord—the child Vendigaid, and his sister—return to them ? Do you come from them ? Oh ! tell me where—where are they ?" and with trembling hands and falter-

ing voice he laid hold upon Meyrick's arm, adding :  
"Speak ! the noble Tewdyr ! and his children—  
my children, where, where have you left them ?"

"In the ruined castle of Dyserth," answered Meyrick, "where they are even now expecting your appearance. It is not an hour's ride from here,—think of what their disappointment will be when I return without you."

"An hour's ride from hence ! Is it possible ?" repeated Iolo abstractedly. "How came they there ? Can it be safe for them to be so near the stronghold of the English ? Ah ! what would I give to see their sweet faces but for an instant, to give them my blessing, and to hear their own voices once more ;" then, as if recollecting himself, he added in a firmer tone and turning towards Meyrick : "But no ! it cannot be ! you must return as you came, and tell them Iolo might have broken his pledge and accompanied you, but that his honour is still dearer to him than his life."

"So be it then," said Meyrick, moving sadly away ; "I will urge you no more. I shall have but a sorry welcome on my return without you ;

but I can say that no entreaties of mine would avail, and, therefore, that I was obliged to leave you as you desired."

"Stay!" cried Alphonso, springing forward, and laying his hand on the soldier's arm as he said these words—"Iolo is right to maintain his resolve of not attempting an escape. But nevertheless, if, as you say, his young lord, the Baron Tewdyr's son, and his sister, the Lady Eva, both of whom I know he loves better than his life, are near at hand, and anxiously expecting him, let him go—let him see them—and what is more, I will go with you also ; so that," he continued, addressing the old bard, who stood regarding him with a half-bewildered, half-delighted expression, "I shall not lose sight of you till I return with you safely to the castle, which we can do afterwards, at our leisure. What say you? Is this a good thought of mine? Shall it be so?"

"Heaven bless you, my child!" was all the old man could reply, as he laid his trembling hand on the prince's head, and looked his thankfulness and joy.

"Then quickly to horse," exclaimed Alphonso turning to Meyrick, who had listened with delighted surprise to his proposition. "You said that all was in readiness for your instant departure. Let us mount at once, therefore, and you will show us the way."

"I have two horses here, my lord," said Meyrick. "I will bring them at once, as they are only fastened to yon tree; but if there are three of us I hardly see how we shall manage——" and he hesitated and looked inquiringly at Iolo and the prince.

"That matter is soon settled," explained the latter. "Iolo shall ride on one, and you shall take me up on the other; and now let us be off," he added, as the soldier instantly hurried away in quest of the steeds. In another moment he returned with them, assisted the old bard and the prince to mount, and then, springing into the saddle behind the latter, led the way through the wood by an intricate path in a contrary direction to that in which lay the castle.

As they rode along Iolo and the young prince



both plied their companion with various queries respecting his search for the former, and elicited from him the following details—that being in the neighbourhood, and knowing of the bard's detention at Rhuddlan Castle, the young Tewdyr and sister had formed the idea of procuring his liberation if possible ; and accordingly, having despatched Meyrick to watch for an opportunity of communicating their designs to the object of them, they had themselves proceeded to the ruined remains of an ancient castle not far distant from the place where Meyrick had surprised them, and were awaiting with anxiety and impatience the issue of the enterprise, whatever it might be. Indeed, it was only in compliance with the urgent entreaties and remonstrances of Father Edwal and Roderic who accompanied them, that Vendigaid had been withheld from venturing himself nearer to the English fortress. Meyrick himself had been led in the direction of the secluded corner in the forest, where he had discovered the prince and Iolo, by a peasant boy whom he had encountered on his way, and who had seen them go that way shortly be-

fore, and by his description of the old bard had satisfied Meyrick that he was well acquainted with his person, and could not be mistaken in him. This boy he had left in charge with the horses at some little distance, whilst he advanced to reconnoitre alone, when near the spot where he supposed, from the sound of voices, that they must be, and there he had found them as we have described.

But now we must leave the prince and his companions for awhile, and turn our attention to what was passing at the same time elsewhere.

The Princess Joan, accompanied by Ralph de Monthermer, after parting with Alphonso and Iolo in the wood, had hastened back to the castle, where she had promised the Countess Maud to be at a certain hour. As they drew near the drawbridge of the fortress, they were astonished to see signs of a recent arrival in the shape of sundry men-at-arms, on horseback and on foot, who were assembled beneath the gateway, and within the courtyard beyond, and appeared to have caused great commotion in the place. Hurrying past the groups which had formed round the entrance,

Joan passed quickly through a side door which led towards the Countess's apartments, and then bidding Ralph go and inquire what was the meaning of this sudden reinforcement of troops, she hastened onwards to the Countess's chamber, which, on entering, however, she found deserted. Turning to seek for its owner elsewhere, she heard her own name pronounced in accents of relief, and beheld her *gouvernante*, the Lady Edeline, advancing along the corridor.

"Oh, my dear child!" exclaimed the latter, "I am so glad to see you, for I did not know what might have happened; and the Countess was so much alarmed, she has gone herself to seek for you. Where have you been? When did you return?"

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Joan, seeing that her worthy *gouvernante* was in a state of nervous excitement. "Has anything wonderful occurred? You look quite frightened, and as if you wondered to see me safe and alive again! What is the meaning of this new arrival below? Is there any fresh news from England?"

"Oh! have you not heard? do you not know?"

was the answer, as the poor lady sunk almost breathless into a chair. "It is so dreadful! so shocking!"

"But *what* is dreadful? *what* is shocking?" exclaimed Joan impatiently, and beginning to feel much alarmed. "Speak, dear Edeline, and do not bewilder me with mysteries."

"What! has no one told you of the meaning of all this arrival and commotion? and about this fearful edict!" and she gazed up into the princess's face with a look of incredulity.

"I tell you, I know nothing," answered Joan, almost angrily; "nothing about the soldiers, or the edict. I have only just this moment returned from my walk, and have not seen any one who could tell me about them."

"And were you not with the old bard? the old man Iolo? I was afraid, when I heard that he had gone out into the forest, that you had, as usual, joined him, and I cannot yet get over the fright the idea put me into."

"But why? what was there to frighten you in the notion? I certainly did meet with Iolo, and

had a long walk with him, and there was no harm in my doing so, was there?"

"Oh! but you know, if they had found him with you it would have been dreadful, and these soldiers they are such rough, shocking creatures; but you look quite pale—as if you were going to faint, my dear child. I should not have told you, I was afraid you would be as much horrified as I was,"—and starting up, the good lady approached Joan, who, pale and trembling, could scarcely stand, and was going to lead her to a seat, when the other shook her off, exclaiming:

"Oh! tell me! Do not torture me with these incomprehensible words. What do you mean? Iolo! who would harm him? What can anyone want with him? Countess," she continued,—turning suddenly towards the Lady Maud, who at that moment entered the room,—“there is something beneath all this. Keep me not longer in suspense, I entreat you. What is it? What does it all mean?"

"It means this, my child," answered the Countess gently, taking her by the hand, and speaking with

forced calmness—"a troop of soldiery has but now arrived at the castle, bearing an order from the King—though I can scarce believe it myself—that all the Welsh bards, who are supposed by their songs and patriotism to be dangerous inciters of the people, are to be put to death; and old Iolo, who was supposed to be within the castle, but who cannot be found anywhere, will, I am afraid, fall a victim to the horrible decree; unless— But stay, my child. Where are you going? What would you do?" Joan waited to hear no more. She rushed violently from the apartment—down the corridor and staircase, and towards the court below. Bewildered—horrified—she scarce knew what she did, or what she meant to do—one thing only she seemed clearly to realize, and that was the necessity of saving Iolo, her innocent, her venerable friend, at all hazards, at all costs, and that instantly. As she was on the point of rushing out into the courtyard, with the intention of seeking for him herself in the forest, she was met by De Monthermer, who hastily entered the door as she arrived before it. Laying her hand on his

arm, she cried convulsively, "Speak, Ralph. What has happened? Speak."

He saw that she knew all.

"I was coming to find you," he answered, "and tell you this horrible news; but I perceive that you have already heard——"

"Oh, yes! I know. I have heard all about it. But, Iolo! what of him?"

"I hardly know—he may have escaped," replied the page hastily; "but he is no longer in the forest, where they were about to seek him. The commander of this butchering force encountered a peasant boy as he was about to enter the wood but now, and gathered from him, in answer to their questions if he had seen aught of the bard, that he had led a stranger on horseback in quest of him to a spot in the wood, where he had been found in company with a young lord—meaning the prince, no doubt—but shortly before; and that he had overheard a conversation between them, which led him to suppose that they had all gone off to the ruined castle of Dyserth, not far distant, and to which he offered to lead them, and there

they have gone in pursuit of him; though who this stranger can be, who was seeking the old man, or whether the boy was speaking truth, it is difficult to say; but so it is—and now, what to advise, that is the question?”


“You know the way to these ruins; lose not a moment, Ralph,” answered Joan as firmly and rapidly as her emotion would allow; “choose the swiftest horse you can find, and by another route try if you can reach the place before these monsters. Warn them! save him! whatever you do, and fly, for there is not a moment to spare.”

Ralph waited to hear no more, but disappeared as the princess ceased speaking; and in a few minutes he was on his way, galloping towards the spot to which the English soldiers were already hastening, and where he hoped to find the old bard, and apprise him of his danger before they could arrive.

Joan watched him mounting with trembling eagerness—saw him depart, and then sank down on the nearest seat to the window at which she stood in a kind of stupor. The Countess, who, greatly alarmed



had followed her on her first hasty disappearance, and had overheard the latter part of her conversation with De Monthermer, now stood beside her, and by gentle words and soothing manner endeavoured to comfort and recall her to herself. Feeling that she could do no more, that the issue of events must now be left in higher hands, the poor girl gradually became calmer and more collected, and at length suffered herself to be led upstairs by the Countess, and when seated again on a low couch by the side of the latter in her apartment, she was able to talk the matter over quietly and considerately—to realize by degrees the frightful danger in which her old friend was placed—to wonder at the cruel policy which could dictate so barbarous and unheard of an edict—to wonder still more who the stranger could be, who had been led to the spot in the forest where her brother and the bard had doubtless gone on leaving her that morning, and who had then gone off with them to the ruins of Dyserth,—why or wherefore, she could not imagine, unless it was that he was a friend, come to warn him of his danger, and in that case she thought they



would never have sought refuge at so short a distance. And then, when thought and conjecture only bewildered her the more, she proposed to the Countess and Lady Edeline, that they should proceed with her to the chapel of the castle, and there, kneeling before the image of the Blessed Virgin, pray for the safety of him in whom they were so much interested, and with this pious suggestion they readily complied.

In the meanwhile, the troop of English soldiery, led by the boy whom our readers will already have perceived was the same that had guided Meyrick to the place in the wood where he had found Iolo and Prince Alphonso, were pursuing their way towards the ruins indicated, as the place where they were likely to find the object of their search.

The leader of the band--a fierce and cruel man, well fitted to undertake so barbarous an office, as the extirpation of all the unhappy bards who might be found in that part of the country, his orders being imperative and conferring absolute power--had promised the boy a handsome reward if he should lead them aright, and ere long they neared the spot, to which, moreover they were

guided by sounds which could not be mistaken, namely, the voice, wild and melodious, of the ancient bard himself, chanting, in the peculiar doggerel of his tribe, one of the well known songs of his race. The ruined castle, of which only the walls, and the fragment of a tower, remained, was situated on a slight declivity, surrounded by trees, and, therefore, not until they were close upon the spot was their approach perceived, or did they themselves behold the whole of the party there assembled.

The first person they saw was the old bard, who sat prominently forward on a ledge of stone which projected from a part of the ruins, and who was evidently committing the very offence with which his brotherhood were accused, at the request and for the edification of the others of the party. This consisted of an elderly person in monastic attire ; a boy of about fourteen, dressed in the habit of a nobleman's son, who was standing near and gazing fondly upon the countenance of the venerable bard ; two men in armour ; and, to their surprise, a young and graceful maiden, who stood near the priest. There was also another—a boy of some-

what similar age and height to the former, but whose apparel was of a somewhat richer and more sumptuous a texture—who stood a little in the background, and being partly concealed by a projection of one of the walls, was not, therefore, at once perceived by the English party.

For a few moments the English soldiery remained in silent contemplation of the group; then, with loud shouts, they rushed down upon them.

The scene which ensued it were impossible to describe,—the surprise, agony, and despair, which, in an inconceivably small space of time, filled the breasts of those surrounded few. Roderic and Meyrick, who had sprung to their feet, and grasped their swords on the first alarm, were instantly overpowered and disarmed. Father Edwal—for, as our readers will have surmised, the priest was none other than he—who had instantly approached the lady and placed himself before her in an attitude of defence, was, out of respect for his office, suffered to go unmolested; but Vendigaid, whose proximity to the special object of their search exposed him to the immediate notice of the enemy, was seized and

bound hand and foot ere he could offer the slightest resistance. Astonishment, indignation, and alarm, were the predominant emotions which filled the hearts of most of the attacked party ; but the bard himself seemed unmoved, unconscious of fear or perturbation. Raising his venerable form to its height, and gazing calmly and fixedly upon the ruffians, who now held him in their grasp, it seemed as though the very majesty of his glance must overawe them as he stood ; and apparently undecided as to what was next to be done, the men who had first rushed upon him, though not relaxing their hold, looked askance at their leader, as if to know how far they might proceed in their work of violence and blood.

"'Tis he ! 'tis he !" cried the latter exultingly. "We have the rascally traitor secured at length. Hold him steady awhile, my men, whilst I read the edict of my gracious lord and master the King, for the benefit of these his friends, and the abettors of his treason, whom we shall consider it our duty to convey forthwith to the custody of the governor at Rhuddlan Castle, to whom they will further

answer for themselves."—And drawing forth a paper from his bosom, he read, in stentorian tones, the cruel order of the English King to exterminate and slay with the sword every member of the bardic tribe, who, by their wonted songs and legends, were, it was alleged, the means of alienating from him the hearts of his newly acquired subjects.\* "And now, my brave fellows," he concluded, folding up the paper and replacing it in his vest, "let me see which of you will first display his loyalty and obedience to our sovereign lord's command by striking down yon hoary traitor, who stands there as if he heeded not the words we have just spoken, or feared the punishment which is his due."

Iolo indeed remained as though he were unconscious of his imminent peril, or of the meaning of the fearful words he had just heard; his eyes were raised to heaven, his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and so singularly striking was his aspect, that the dastardly wretches who surrounded him, hesitated ere they moved to obey the commands of their leader. But at an

\* See Appendix, Note XI.

impatient gesture and exclamation from the latter, one of them rushed forward and raising his weapon aloft, was about to plunge it into the old man's breast, when suddenly a shriek of horror rent the air, and a form interposed itself between him and his victim.

It was Prince Alphonso, who had hitherto remained unnoticed by the soldiery, standing, as he had done, a little apart from the other members of the party they had surrounded,—who had beheld with horror and consternation what passed, who had listened with agonized incredulity to the barbarous edict of his royal father, and who now with one bound sprang forward, and with uplifted arms flung himself between the person of the bard and impending death.

“Hold! monster, hold!” he cried, in accents of indignation and command. “What madness, what wickedness is this? Is it the life of this innocent, this venerable old man, whose grey hairs at least you might respect, that ye want? You shall murder me first, ere a drop of his blood be shed,”—and with eyes flashing fire, and crimsoned cheek,

he stood, waving the soldier back with one arm and the other thrown round Iolo's form.

Astonishment for a moment seemed to paralyze the movements of the spectators ; then, with a fierce and angry oath, the English captain exclaimed :—

“What means this? Who is this boy? Seize him, I say! It is one of these rascally Welsh nobles' cubs, I'll be bound! although he does mouth the English so glibly. What! afraid of a child? Then stand aside! let me see if I cannot move him out of my way!” and with angry strides he advanced towards the prince.

“Stand back!” exclaimed the latter, moving a step forward to meet him, and speaking loudly, and with authoritative mien; “you know not who or what I am. Beware! If you lay one finger upon me, it is as much as your life is worth. I am the Prince of England! King Edward's son!”

The officer paused, and gazed on the noble and excited boy with an air half affrighted, half incredulous; then, recovering his self-possession, he cried :—

“That is likely, certainly! that the Prince of



England would be consorting with the enemies and rebellious vassals of his father's crown? No! no! my young sir! Who, or what you are, it matters not. I will not believe anything so absurd as that! so I warn you, unless you stand out of the way, I strike!"

But now there arose a murmuring amongst the men; they, none of them, had ever seen or were acquainted with the person of the prince, but there was an air of truth about Alphonso's look and manner which carried conviction with it as he spoke; and one of them, advancing, placed himself between him and the officer, saying—

"Hold, captain! Perhaps the lad speaks the truth; and if he is the king's son, you will indeed have cause to rue the day you laid hands upon him. Be not over hasty, whatever you do."

"One of these Welsh fellows," exclaimed another, coming forward, and addressing the officer, "says that that is in truth the young prince; and that he came here with the old man, for whose safe return to the castle he held himself responsible.

I advise you, sir, to be careful how you act in this business."

"Nonsense!" was the angry rejoinder, "the rascal is making a fool of you; but he will find, and so shall they all, that I am not to be trifled with; therefore, young sir," added the officer, again turning to Alphonso, "if you will not move we will see if we cannot make you;" and he was about to lay violent hands on the Prince, when a sudden commotion arose amongst his men: there was a shout—an exclamation of surprise and indignation—and he felt himself suddenly and forcibly thrust aside, and at the same moment met the angry and astonished gaze of Ralph de Monthermer. The horse from which the page had sprung stood panting at his side, and his whole appearance denoted the haste with which he had come. Both stood for a moment regarding each other in silence, then turning towards the prince, and bending low his head, Ralph exclaimed,

"It surely cannot be, that this unmannerly ruffian should have been in the act of raising his hand against your highness! Had I not

seen him with my own eyes I could not have believed such a thing possible."

"Nevertheless, Ralph, 'tis true," answered Alphonso, calmly, "but do not think of that at present; these good fellows know *you*, I dare say, although *I* am a stranger to them, and they will believe you when you assure them that I am no other than I have asserted myself to be—"

"What!" cried De Monthermer,—turning to the men, who now, silent and abashed, stood around with an air of confusion,—“do you not know the person of your prince? At least you will take *my* word for it that he is no other than the son of your King?"

His flashing eye and angry mien, young as he was, seemed to awe those rude soldiers, who, cowed and abashed, hung their heads, muttering—“We did not know—we did not think—and our captain did not believe it.”

“Never mind, never mind, now,” interrupted Alphonso, stepping forward! “I forgive you all readily, and am quite sure of this, that you meant no intentional insult. But as for you, sir,” he

continued,—turning to the officer, who stood crest-fallen at a little distance, the sudden appearance of the Earl of Gloucester's page having filled him with consternation and alarm, his person being well known to them all, and his confirmation of the young prince's own assertion of his dignity placing the matter beyond a doubt,—“as for you, sir, I shall leave your conduct to speak for itself; you will return with me to the castle, and may consider your mission accomplished as regards the capture of this old man, for whose custody I hold myself responsible; and I will undertake to relieve you of any care concerning these other persons also. As I am sure,” he added, addressing Father Edwal and his companions, “you will not object to accompany me back to Rhuddlan, where I will promise you a meet and honourable reception. Will you trust me, gentle lady?” and he took Eva's hand in his as he spoke.

The trembling agitated girl, who during the whole scene had leant half fainting in the priest's arms, murmured an almost inaudible assent, and then, supported by Father Edwal and Vendigaid,

she suffered herself to be placed on the animal which had borne her to the spot; and the rest of the cavalcade having formed, Prince Alphonso, mounted on the horse which had brought De Monthermer so opportunely upon the scene of action, and riding on her right, whilst the page took up his position on the left—it moved slowly off in the direction of the castle.

And Iolo! what of him? How must he have felt when the form of the young and noble prince alone interposed between him and, to all appearance, immediate death?

At first, so absorbed was he in mental prayer, and so entirely had he withdrawn his thoughts, as it were, from what was passing around him, to that Land of Spirits and of the Blessed—that unknown Land of which he so soon expected to find himself a denizen, that he had apparently been unaware of the interposition which had been made in his favour. The summons to instant death had scarcely surprised him or taken him unawares. He was fully conscious of the feeling of animosity entertained by the English monarch towards his

peculiar tribe ; to die in his country's cause had been long his expectation, and so ever prepared was he to yield his life in her service, that the despot death could have no terrors for him. But as the moments fled by, and he was still spared—as one delay after another occurred, and finally, the arrival of De Monthermer interfered to ward off the pending blow, his senses seemed to return. In an ecstasy of devotion he sunk on his knees, and offered an audible and touching thanksgiving to Heaven, for this merciful interposition in his favour. Many of those present—and we will not say that the young prince did not look for it somewhat himself—expected to see him give vent to his gratitude towards the preserver of his life, when he arose from the posture of adoration ; but, on the contrary, he seemed studiously to avoid meeting the latter's eye ; and as soon as the procession had formed, he fell back between the priest and Roderic—who, together with the other prisoners, had by Alphonso's orders been set free, on giving their word not to attempt an escape—maintaining an unbroken silence as they passed along.

In front, as we have already said, rode Eva, the Prince, and Ralph de Monthermer. Behind them came Vendigaid and Meyrick; then followed the English officer and his men in twos and threes; and lastly, the venerable bard, the priest, and the Tewdyr's squire brought up the rear.

To Eva and Vendigaid the events of the last few hours were as yet almost a dream. In the morning they had set forth, accompanied by Father Edwal and Roderic, under the guidance of Meyrick, to whom that part of the country was familiar, for the place of rendezvous; where, full of happy, joyous thoughts and expectations, they had awaited the return of the latter from his search in quest of Iolo. From authentic sources they had learnt of his detention at Rhuddlan, and also of his being allowed considerable liberty and privileges; and they were aware of the fact, that the young Guendolen, and Mary, their beloved nurse, were also detained in the fortress. The possibility of effecting *their* liberation, however, never entered their imaginations; they felt too well convinced of the precautions that would be taken on the part of those who

surrounded them to prevent any escape. But when, after moving in company with their Father from place to place, now seeking shelter and hospitality from one friendly castle, and now from another, they at length found themselves at no great distance from Rhuddlan—the idea presented itself, and was immediately seized upon with avidity, that they should attempt, if possible, the rescue of their old friend and servant the Bard.

The Baron himself, at the time fixed upon for their enterprise, was absent on important business, the exact nature of which was unknown to his children. And one great incitement to them to lose no further time in the matter, was the knowledge of how great would be his surprise and pleasure at meeting with his faithful vassal again on his return. Father Edwal had at first considerably demurred at the notion of taking Eva with them to the ruins of Dyserth ; but her arguments and entreaties to be allowed to join the party had at length prevailed ; and in the highest spirits, each being resolved to anticipate only a successful issue to their undertaking, they had set forth.



What followed, our readers already know. The delight of the brother and sister, on again beholding Iolo's familiar form and features, knew no bounds; though their astonishment on hearing who his youthful companion was, was only equalled by their grief at the resolution the bard expressed of returning with him to the castle. The Prince, however, did his best to comfort and reassure them, and indeed engaged himself, as far as might be, to procure the old bard's liberty, as soon as an opportunity offered for his doing so. Charmed by the ease and graciousness of his bearing, the others forgot that it was the son of the terrific Edward who stood before them; and the evident affection and regard which he bore towards their old friend, completed the favourable impression which his first appearance had made. Together with him they had just joined, in begging for one of their favourite songs: alas! so fatally forbidden,—though all unknown to them,—from the bard, and he was in the act of complying with their request, when the English officer and his ruffianly troop surprised them, as we have described.

Now, as they rode along, the feelings of the brother and sister were strangely mingled. Apparently enveloped in the meshes of an unforeseen danger, they could not clearly see what might be the probable issue of that which had now befallen them. The goodwill and courtesy of the young prince partially reassured them and inclined them to hope for the best ; but now and then the furtive glances, which the one stole at the other, betrayed minds but ill at ease.

At length they approached the castle, and Eva and Vendigaid forgot their individual cares for a moment, in contemplation of the mighty fortress before them, the stronghold of English power and influence in that part of the land. The prince, who had been endeavouring to engage his fair companion in conversation as they rode along, also relapsed into silence ; and as the whole party approached the gateway, Ralph de Monthermer rode in advance, and preceded them across the draw-bridge into the outer court of the building, where he desired a guard instantly to acquaint the governor and the Earl of Gloucester with their return.

Then dismounting from his horse, which he gave in charge of an attendant, he turned to assist Eva to do likewise, but the Prince had already forestalled him, and now advanced towards the entrance of the great hall, leading the fair girl by the hand, and closely followed by Vendigaid, Father Edwal, and the others of their party. Passing through the hall, which was filled by various groups of soldiers, and others, who respectfully drew back as Alphonso appeared, the latter led the way to a private apartment beyond, where in another moment they were joined by the governor and Gloucester. These listened with respectful attention as the Prince narrated to them the events which had taken place. As he paused, the Earl turned to Eva and her brother, exclaiming—

“These, then, are the children of my old friend and former companion in arms, Tewdyr ap Gronw! Happy am I, fair lady,” he continued, taking Eva’s hand and pressing it to his lips, “to be able to greet you with good tidings. You have been brought here in a state of honourable captivity. You are free! This paper which I hold in my hand

is the signed declaration of submission, which is about to be forwarded to the King, of most of the Welsh Barons—your father amongst the number. You are at liberty, therefore, to depart hence as soon as it pleases you to do so.” A cry from Vendigaid interrupted the English noble as he spoke. Another moment the boy had sprung forward and received the sinking form of his sister in his arms.

This transition from anxiety to joy, from care and oppression to freedom and happiness, had been too much for her, and she had fainted.

When she recovered it was to find herself tended by her brother and Prince Alphonso, who uttered an exclamation of gladness and relief when she again opened her eyes in a state of consciousness; whilst bending over her was the kind and gracious form she remembered faintly to have seen in years gone by, of the Countess Maud, who tenderly inquired “how she felt?” as she gazed half-wonderingly upon her. And then, who can describe the pleasure which thrilled her soul, as in another moment she beheld the face of her beloved nurse

by her side, and felt the warm embrace of the little Guendolen as she pressed her to her heart. She had no eyes then for more than these, otherwise she would have beheld a young girl, who was standing near the Prince, and gazing with interest upon her, turn away and hide her face on his shoulder to conceal the tears which filled her eyes, whispering—"Oh! Phonsey, how glad—how very glad I am."

## CHAPTER IV.

## CARNARVON.

CARNARVON CASTLE, perhaps the most stately and magnificent of all the mighty fortresses which Edward the First erected in order to overawe his newly acquired subjects, and enable him to maintain his authority and power in the north of Wales, was, on the close of a spring day in the year 1284, the scene of great interest and excitement.

The village below the castle was filled by groups of English and Welsh retainers of the nobility of both countries, accommodation for whom could not be found in the fortress; which, indeed, could scarce contain the chiefs alone, who, by order of the King—himself at Rhuddlan—were assembling hourly and had been arriving during the past few days in considerable numbers. The Welsh Barons, who had but recently tendered their unwilling

submissions to Edward, held themselves aloof, as did also their followers, from the English lords and their attendants, whilst the latter eyed the native 'barbarians,' as they in half subdued whispers called them, with looks of mingled scorn and derision. That some act of open hostility would have manifested itself ere long, between the two so lately contending parties, seemed more than probable, had not the Earls of Lancaster and Cornwall, two English princes of the blood, who had escorted Queen Eleanor to the castle not long before, and who were both aware of the course of policy Edward intended to pursue, exerted themselves to the utmost to preserve at least a semblance of order and unanimity between these new and ill-consorted associates.

The probable reason for thus mustering the principal leaders of both armies in this particular locality, and at this especial time, formed the chief subject of discourse amongst the various groups, which had formed themselves in different parts of the village, and along the road leading to the castle, every person leaving which was instantly

---

accosted with—"How speeds her Grace?" for it was well-known that Queen Eleanor was hourly expecting her *accouchement*.

It was the eve of S. Mark—the vesper bells had long since rung out from the neighbouring churches and chapels, where prayers were being unceasingly offered for the Queen—and the shades of night were beginning to steal—

"O'er village and plain,  
O'er castle and cot.

By degrees, the loiterers near the gates of the fortress, began to move either into the building itself, or away from it, as occasion might serve, or their position warrant. Following some of those who passed under the massive gateway, and thence into the court beyond, we will, with our reader's permission, conduct them inside the walls of the building, and, using our privilege of penetrating when and where we will, introduce them at once into a small chamber adjoining the royal apartments.

At first it might seem as though the room were unoccupied, so dim was the light which penetrated



through the narrow lancet window, and so silent were the two figures which it disclosed to view. And those figures? who and what were they?

The one was that of a young girl of about twelve years of age, who was seated on a low stool near the door, at which she was intently listening, and in whose features, could they have approached near enough, our readers would have recognized those of the Princess Joan. The other was that of a much younger child, seemingly about two years old, who was nestled on her lap, her little arms thrown round the other's neck, and her tiny head concealed in the folds of her dress. This little one—more than half asleep, and therefore so quiet—was Joan's youngest sister, the Princess Elizabeth.

A quarter of an hour had thus passed in silence, Joan fearing to disturb, by the least movement, the peaceful unconsciousness of the little sleeper; when suddenly footsteps were heard advancing along the corridor leading to the chamber, and a figure presented itself at the doorway. It was that of Margaret de Burgh, the personal attendant of the infantine

princess. Perceiving, by a sign from Joan, that her charge was asleep, she approached softly, and taking her from the other's arms without awaking her, she whispered—"Thanks, dear princess, you have been very good to keep her quiet so long. I was detained longer than I expected, and was afraid you would be uneasy at my absence. A few minutes ago I heard Prince Alphonso inquiring for you—I think you will find him in the gallery below."

Joan did not reply, but thanked the speaker with a smile, and then pressing a soft kiss upon the forehead of her little sister, she stole silently from the room. As she passed along the corridor, which led to the staircase, down which she must descend to reach the gallery, where she expected to find her brother, the princess paused at a door on one side, before which hung a heavy curtain. For a moment she stood and listened attentively, then pressing her hand to her heart, she sighed, and hurried on her way. That door led to the chamber in which, surrounded by her anxious attendants, lay the sick Queen, and from that chamber, at

least for the present, her loving little daughter was excluded.

Entering the gallery, Joan saw Alphonso at the further end, and hurrying up to him, she laid her hand on his shoulder. He was alone, and apparently lost in thought, but started round with an exclamation of pleasure on feeling her touch.

"I have been looking for you," he exclaimed eagerly ; and then modulating his voice, he added, "I have been thinking of something I wished to ask you about."

"What is it?" inquired the princess, smilingly. The answer was given in a very low tone—so low that Joan had to ask him to repeat it before she quite comprehended its import—then she said, gravely, taking her brother by the hand.

"Yes,—certainly. Let us go at once."

"But," continued Alphonso, detaining her as she moved to depart, "you understand—it must be *till we hear*?"

The princess threw her arms round her brother's neck, and kissed him fondly, as she answered. "We will not cease till the Countess Maud herself

brings us word ; it was a happy thought, dear Phonsey, and our prayers must be heard."

The royal boy returned her embrace with emotion ; then smiling, he said, "Go now then, dear, and tell the countess what we wish. I will await your return here."

The hours passed on. Evening deepened into night, and the night too drew to an end. As the first morning's rays on the Feast of St. Mark entered the windows of the chapel attached to the castle, they fell upon two kneeling figures near the altar. They were those of Alphonso and his sister, who had there passed the night in prayer for their mother, and now, wearied and pale, they still knelt—still uttered their fervent supplications on her behalf. But scarce had the first rays of dawn thrown light upon their youthful forms, than a third person softly entered the chapel and approached the royal pair. It was the Countess Maud, herself showing signs of a lengthened and anxious watch, but now a smile played round her lips.

"Give praise, my children," she said, laying a hand on each ; "the worst is over. Her Grace is

doing well, and a little brother is by her side." A smothered cry of intense joy and thankfulness broke involuntarily from the lips of her hearers; then bending low they gave vent to their feelings of gratitude to Him who had thus heard and answered their pious orisons.

They then arose, and each placed a hand on the Countess's arm.

"Let us go to her," they said.

"Nay! still a little patience," was the answer as she led them forth from the chapel. "You shall be admitted to the chamber as soon as the doctors will allow her Grace to see you. But any excitement now would be bad for her; and, besides, those little pale faces would frighten her were she to see them. Indeed, I much fear that I did wrong in thus letting you watch during the night; and I must insist that you instantly retire to rest."

"But the baby—our little brother—we may see him," they both exclaimed entreatingly.

"Yes, if you wish it, I will take you; only you must promise that one glimpse will suffice, and then you will go to your apartments."

"We promise," was the reply. And they followed her to the chamber, where their new-born infant brother—afterwards King Edward the Second—lay in his cradle.

It was the ante-room to that in which he had so shortly before first seen the light of day—in which his first feeble cry had broken on his royal mother's ear—in which that royal mother, now no longer suffering, was sleeping as softly and peacefully as himself.\*

A number of persons surrounded the cradle in which reposed his infantine form ; but as soon as the prince and princess appeared in the doorway, accompanied by the Countess, these all drew back, and advancing, they each bent over in turn and pressed their first kiss upon the brow of the unconscious little one. Joan was too exhausted to do more. Turning to the Countess Maud, she suffered herself to be led from the apartment, and almost, ere she had gained her chamber, her eyelids had closed in sleep.

Having seen both her and Alphonso really enjoy-

\* See Appendix, Note XII.

ing that repose of which they stood so much in need, the Countess Maud, again reproaching herself for having allowed them to prevail on her to sanction the unequal watch which their young and ardent minds, so strongly imbued with filial love and devotion, had prompted, took her way once more to the apartment in which the infant prince was sleeping. Passing through the group which surrounded the door opening into the Queen's chamber, she whispered to the Lady Edeline, who was standing near the foot of the royal bed, whereupon the latter, approaching the head of the couch, near which stood a couple of youthful maidens, touched one gently on the shoulder, who, turning, disclosed the features of Sybil de Lona. A few words in her ear from the Spanish *gouvernante*, and a sign from the Countess, drew her from the spot; and approaching the latter, she said, in a low voice, "I will come with you now, if I may," and then followed her from the room.

The Countess led the way to her own chamber, at the end of a corridor, at some little distance from the royal apartments, and then, turning to

Sybil, she pressed a kiss on her forehead, saying, "You are fairly worn out, my child. I desire you will at once lie down, and not stir until I give permission."

The young girl smiled wearily, for she was indeed exhausted by the length and anxiety of the painful watch, which she, in common with the Queen's other ladies, had kept during so many hours, and laying herself down on the couch to which the Countess led her, she composed herself to sleep.

When she again opened her eyes, the Countess was still by her side, and the light of the sun pouring in at the windows. But, although bright and genial, the season was by no means so advanced as to make the fire, which burnt cheerfully on the hearth, at all unpleasant. Near it the Countess had placed a small table, on which stood materials for her matutinal meal; nor was she satisfied until she saw her young friend comfortably established on a low chair by its side; then, drawing her embroidery frame near, she sat herself down before it, saying, "And now, whilst you eat



your breakfast, I will talk to you about several little things I have not had time to mention hitherto."

"Yes," answered Sybil; "our time has been so much occupied in attendance upon our royal mistress, since our arrival here, that we have not had a moment for quiet conversation; and there is so much I wish to speak to you about, dear Countess. First of all, let me ask you about this Welsh nurse, Mary, whom you have installed near the person of the royal infant. The Queen was inquiring of us respecting her last evening; and I knew nothing more than that she was a native of Carnarvon, and had recently returned to the place, sent for, I imagine, by you; but how you first heard of her, or what made you recommend her so strongly, I was unaware."

"If Lady Edeline had been there, she could have told you, and informed the Queen concerning her," said the Countess. "I believe her to be a most excellent creature; and one of the principal reasons I had for wishing her to be about her Grace's person and that of the infant prince just now was,

that she understands and speaks English as well as her native tongue, and you know the people she has to deal with do not comprehend a syllable of Welsh ; so that it is really a great advantage, considering the King's expressed desire that a Welsh-woman should be selected for the office of superintendent in the royal nursery."

"The Queen will certainly be pleased if that is the case," returned Sybil ; "and now I do remember hearing Lady Edeline speak about her as though she had known something of her previous history. Was it my imagination, or did I hear her say she had been nurse to the little Welsh princess Guendolen, at one time?"

"You most likely heard Lady Edeline say so," said the Countess ; "as when we arrived at Rhuddlan Castle, last August, we found her there in attendance upon the dear child ; and after we left she remained there some time, I believe. Indeed, I rather fancy she accompanied her orphan charge to England, and only left her when forced to do so by the rules of the convent in which she was placed. I have not spoken to her since her

arrival here, or else I had much wished to ask her concerning the poor little thing."

"It was to Sempringham she was taken, I think," observed Sybil, after a pause; "and her cousin, Prince David's little daughter, was placed there at the same time, if I remember aright."

"Yes," said the Countess; "poor orphaned children, they are there together; it may be for life,"\* and she sighed heavily.

Presently Sybil inquired in a low voice—

"Is it true that when Prince David was at Rhuddlan, and besought an interview with the King, that he refused to see him?"

"It is but too true," was the answer. "Edward was afraid—so I believe—that if he once consented to an interview with the unhappy prince, he might be moved to compassion; and was, therefore, firm in his resolve not to grant him an audience."

"And that was?"——

"In June," continued the Countess, "soon after his seizure by the English troops. He was then conveyed to Chester, and thence to Shrewsbury, as you know. What there befell him will become, in

\* See Appendix, Note XIII.

future generations, a matter of history, and remain for ever an indelible stain upon the honour and character of that nation which could thus revenge itself on the last of a noble race, whose only crime was, that he preferred the cause of his country's liberty and independence to vowing allegiance to a foreign prince."

"Countess," said Sybil, with a sad smile, "you are speaking treason. If the King were to hear you——"

"He would hear the truth!" exclaimed the indignant lady; "as he has heard it before this from Maud de Longespée. Edward may command my respect as a king; but he can never more have that place in my regard which formerly he held. No merciless conqueror could retain that!"

And the remembrance of the *merciless* treatment which the unfortunate prince had indeed experienced at the hands of the English monarch caused a shudder to run through both those tender hearts.\* Knowing how painfully such thoughts always affected the Countess, Sybil endeavoured to lead the conversation upon other subjects.

\* See Appendix, Note XIV.

"How sorry you must have been," she said presently, "to part with your little Kate, when you left Rhuddlan. I was so pleased to hear that she had paid you such a nice little visit."

"Dear child!" answered the Countess musingly; "it was indeed a delight to me to have her; but when we received orders to join her Grace here, and the number of persons who were to accompany the princess Joan was limited, I had no choice but to send her again to her eldest sister's in England; where, however, I hope to meet her, and my two other darlings, as soon as we return there, if the Queen will excuse my attendance at court for a while; which I think she will readily do, when she knows the reason of my application for leave."

"Her own mother's heart will make her feel for you, I know," said Sybil. "How rejoiced she always is to meet her own children again, whenever they are parted for any length of time."

"She is indeed! It would be well if every mother in the land were to equal her in the love and devotion she bears to her offspring. And it is touching to see the way in which they reciprocate

the feeling. Did you know of the vigil which Prince Alphonso and his sister observed last night, on behalf of their mother?"

"No! I have not heard of it. A vigil do you say? You do not mean that they watched the whole night through?"

"They did for the greater part of it; on their knees before the Blessed Sacrament. It was the prince's thought; and you know how of late he has influenced his sister in everything. So that he has but to propose a thing, and she immediately acts upon it."

"Poor children!" said Sybil; "how worn out they must have been. It certainly was not an advisable thing for them to do, as far as their own health and strength are concerned; and yet one can hardly find the heart to blame them for an act so touching in itself. The Queen will, I am sure, be deeply affected when she hears of it."

"She will!" answered the Countess. "I was to carry them word the instant the little one was born; and you may be sure I lost no time in hurrying to them with the intelligence when I

became acquainted with it myself. Exhausted though they were, they would not go to rest until they had seen the sweet babe in his cradle."

Sybil, who had long ere this finished her breakfast, now arose, and approaching the Countess, bent over her frame to examine the tapestry work on which she was engaged. "You have been marvellously industrious, my dear Countess," said she, "during the last few days; considering the little time you can have had for your work, and the vast progress you have made since I saw it last."

"Ah! my dear child, you are mistaken," returned the Countess. "I have not been so clever as you imagine. All that you see here, and there, and there," she continued, pointing to different places on the surface of the silk, "was not done by me, but by my young friend, Eva, of whom you have so often heard me speak; and who has been amusing herself and helping me at the same time, by working for me at intervals ever since she arrived here. She and her brother, you know, by the Queen's express desire, came at the same time as ourselves. But that reminds me that you have

not yet seen her or made her acquaintance. Come with me and we will find her. I wish much that you should know each other. And I am sure you will like her."

As she spoke, the Countess rose from her seat, and placing her embroidery frame aside, prepared to leave the room with her companion.

"She was at Rhuddlan during the greater part of your stay there, was she not?" inquired Sybil, as together they quitted the apartment, and took the way towards that part of the castle in which Eva's chamber was situate. "I remember hearing some strange story about the manner in which she and her little brother were brought there; and that the young prince became very fond of the latter, and so could not bear them to leave again. Was it not something of that kind?"

"Yes!" returned the Countess. "But it is a long story altogether. That reminds me, however, that she will be able to tell you everything you may want to know about this Welsh nurse we were speaking of, as she originally lived with the Baron Tewdwr's family; and when they were



young, both Eva and her brother were under her care. But here we are at the door of her apartment, and you can ask her all about it yourself”

On entering the chamber, however, no Eva was to be found; and a servant informed them that she believed the young lady had gone with her brother on to the roof of one of the towers. “As I heard them say,” she added, “that there they might see any persons approaching the castle from a distance.”

“Yes! and distinguish their father, the Baron, should he be on his road hither,” said the Countess to Sybil, as they moved away. “I know they are counting the moments to his arrival; it is so long now since they met. But come! we will go and seek them, wherever they are.”

And so Eva and Vendigaid were then at Carnarvon? We left them, in the last chapter, at Rhuddlan—alone, amongst strangers, and not there by their own free will or inclinations. But there they had remained by their father’s express desire, and under the special protection of the Countess Maud, who was much pleased to find herself thus

thrown in contact with the children of her old friend the Lady Anghared. The Baron was detained for various reasons from coming to fetch them away himself as soon as he expected; and the young prince soon became so much attached to Vendigaid, and his sister to the gentle Eva, that they could neither of them bear the idea of parting from their new friends. Consequently, as time wore on, it found them still inmates of the royal fortress; nor was the presence there of the little princess Guendolen, Iolo, and Mary, any the less conducive towards making their stay within its walls an agreeable one to themselves. But as the winter approached, and the orphan Welsh princess was, by King Edward's orders, conveyed to a convent in England,—whither, however, Mary accompanied her, nor left her until absolutely compelled,—her departure for a time caused them to feel very sorrowful; and Eva began to look forward impatiently to again re-joining her beloved parent. The weeks passed on, however, Christmas was already close at hand, and they were still at Rhuddlan, without any more

certain prospect of seeing him shortly than before. But the determination of King Edward to pass the festive season within the walls of the castle brought affairs to a crisis ; and under the protection of Father Edwal, who had remained with them at Rhuddlan, Eva and her brother set forth on their return to the abode of the Welsh baron with whom they had been staying when left by their father. Prince Alphonso had been much grieved at the thoughts of this separation from his beloved Vendigaid ; but it was impossible for them to remain until the arrival of the court, as there would not be room in the fortress to accommodate a greater number of persons than invariably attended the sovereigns ; and it was agreed, that if the princess Joan still remained at Rhuddlan after the departure of her royal parents, which it was thought probable she might do, for the benefit of her health, they should return again after the court had left. It was a dull Christmas for the brother and sister themselves, as the baron was still unable to join them as he had hoped ; and for their sakes it was that he pressed their return to the castle of

Rhuddlan as soon as it was possible for them to do so. And there, towards the end of January, they again found themselves in company with the Princess Joan, the Countess Maud, and Lady Edeline. The health of the princess still continuing delicate, however, the Queen, who had returned to Rhuddlan,—her own state of health at this time rendering it unadvisable for her to accompany Edward in his journeyings from place to place in his newly acquired dominions,—thought fit to send her to Carnarvon Castle, then newly erected on the western coast; and thither she accordingly repaired, accompanied by the Countess Maud and Lady Edeline. By the Queen's especial desire, the children of the Baron Tewdyr also attended the princess on her journey; and it was intimated to them that at Carnarvon they would probably meet their father, as he, together with many other of the Welsh chieftains, had been summoned to a conference with the English King, who, although then in the south, was intending to proceed northward shortly. Prince Alphonso had left Rhuddlan with the Earl of Gloucester soon after Christmas,

but had joined the Queen again previous to her departure for Carnarvon, where he had, together with the little Princess Elizabeth, the Earls of Lancaster and Cornwall, and a brilliant retinue, accompanied her early in the spring, and the two friends, the son of the English King and of the Welsh chieftain, had met again with mutual delight. King Edward had heard of their intimacy and highly approved of it; the near equality in age, and the fact of Vendigaid's being the son of one of those barons he was so anxious then to conciliate and reconcile to his own measures, caused him to look favourably upon the friendship thus formed by the prince.

Proceeding along a passage, and up a spiral staircase, the Countess and Sybil soon arrived at the top of the tower on which Eva and her brother now stood. They were not, however, alone, but, by the side of the Tewdyr's fair daughter, stood the Princess Joan, and leaning over the battlements, with his arm thrown round Vendigaid's neck, was Prince Alphonso. Standing a little apart from these four, and contemplating them with an eye

of affectionate admiration, the new comers beheld the figure of a bard, whom the Countess at once recognized as Iolo, who had accompanied the son and daughter of his lord from Rhuddlan to Carnarvon, at the special request of Alphonso, who, from the day on which he had saved the old man's life, seemed never happy when he was out of his sight.

An exclamation from the princess, of "Oh! here is the Countess, Phonsey!" caused her brother to look round; and instantly approaching the lady, to whisper a request that she would speak to him alone for a few minutes. The Countess smiled and answered, "Certainly, if you will but let me first introduce my friend Sybil de Lona to the Lady Eva Tewdyr, whose acquaintance I am anxious she should make;" then taking Sybil's hand, and placing it in that of Eva, who looked up smilingly as she spoke, the Countess added, "I have often spoken to you of each other, and now have brought you together."

"And we shall be friends, I hope?" said Sybil, pressing Eva's hand warmly within her own.

"I am sure of it," was the rejoinder.

The mutual compact was sealed by a kiss.

"Now, my child, I will attend to you," said the Countess, turning to Alphonso; and together they re-entered the castle.

"Do you know what it is Alphonso has gone to ask her about?" inquired the Princess Joan of Eva as soon as they had withdrawn.

"No, indeed!" was the reply; "unless it has something to do with what Vendie and the Prince were talking together about so mysteriously just now."

"Yes!" exclaimed Vendigaid, who had overheard his sister's words; "the Prince and I have arranged it all between us, and he has only gone to get the Countess to settle it with the Queen."

"But what is it then?" said Sybil, smilingly turning to him. "My woman's curiosity is quite anxious to know."

"Ah! I daresay," answered the boy with a roguish look; "but it is another matter whether I choose to gratify it or not."

"Vendie!" said Eva, shaking her finger at him;

"shame on your rudeness! I daresay it is nothing of any great consequence," she added, turning to Sybil.

"I will tell you," exclaimed the Princess Joan; "and I think you will say it is something of great importance when you know what it is. You have heard us speak of Griffith Lloyd, the poor Prince Llewellyn's squire, who was imprisoned at one time at Rhuddlan, and after that was sent to Chester, where he remained till after Prince David's execution. Well! My mother and Alphonso, between them, have procured his liberation, on certain conditions, and he is to arrive here to-day with Sir Adam de Frankton," and the princess stole a glance at Sybil, who coloured violently as she spoke; "but what we wish to accomplish, if possible," she continued, speaking with great earnestness, "is, that he should receive a full and free pardon from the King; and we think there is now a chance of our obtaining it for him in this way. You know that our cousin Edmund, and a party of people, are going to start presently with the news of the baby's birth to Rhuddlan, where I



believe my father now is, or was to be, by this time. He has promised to reward handsomely whoever will bring him the intelligence first; and if the bearer is one who has laboured under the royal displeasure for any reason, he is to be restored to favour at once. So Alphonso and I have thought that if we can manage it, it would be very delightful if Lloyd could himself be the messenger who will carry the glad tidings to the King. The others, of course, would accompany him, but only one person can be the first to speak, and then he would be pardoned at once, you may be sure," and the young princess looked up inquiringly at the faces of her hearers as she paused.

"But a Welshmen," said Iolo, "stepping forward, and laying his hand on her shoulder. "Are you sure that King Edward meant the promise to extend to him?"

"Oh, of course! *Whoever* it is that first brings him word. That is what I was told," answered Joan quickly.

"Then, if so, it was indeed a blessed thought

of your's and the dear prince's," said the old man, with emotion ; " only one thing misgives me, however, and that is, will the squire himself agree to the proposal think you ?"

" Ah !" replied Joan ; " that has been our only doubt. But he is so devoted to Alphonso and my mother, that I believe, if they wished it, that would be quite sufficient to induce him to set aside any disinclination he might himself feel. However, that of course we can only surmise, until he arrives to confirm the idea."

" And here," cried Vendigaid, who, during the above colloquy, had resumed his post at the battlements, and continued to gaze down upon the road below, " I declare I think he comes. One, two, three ; there are four men on horseback, and one of them is Father Edwal, I am certain. You know he was to go with Sir Adam from Rhuddlan to fetch him, and Meyrick too. Oh, yes ! They are come !" And without another word the excited boy ran down the stairs which led from the tower, to meet the travellers on their arrival below.

The princess and her companions had advanced

to the edge of the tower as he spoke ; and gazing down they too recognized the approaching figures as those whom they expected. Eva could not be mistaken in the persons of Father Edwal and Meyrick. Joan at once distinguished the squire, as being one of the two who rode foremost of the group ; and Sybil's beating heart told her that she could not be deceived as to the identity of the knight who rode by his side.

"They are all there," observed Iolo, after reconnoitering the party attentively ; "and my young lord is already at the gate awaiting their approach. Certainly I must descend and welcome them also. But ladies," he added, "you will not continue standing here in the cold ; let me humbly counsel you to re-enter the castle, for it is not summer weather yet, you know, although it is so fine."

Assuring him, with a smile, that they were about to move, Joan took Eva's hand and they passed under the doorway of the tower together ; but Sybil yet lingered to wave a sign of recognition to him whose upturned wandering glance had met

her eager gaze a moment before. That done, she, too, hastily followed the others.

When the old bard arrived at the gateway of the castle, he found that the young knight and his companions had already dismounted from their steeds, and together, with Vendigaid, had entered a side door which led to a suite of rooms adjoining the great hall on the ground floor of the building. Following them as directed by one of the warders at the gate, and guided by the sound of the young Tewdyr's voice, he presently found himself in a small chamber, in which Father Edwal and the Welsh squire were seated; the former with his hand fondly resting on the curly head of Vendigaid, who stood by his side and was besieging the travellers with questions to which he scarcely awaited an answer. De Frankton, however, was not visible. On seeing Iolo, the good priest immediately arose and came forward to bestow a cordial greeting on his old friend; then turning to Lloyd, who beheld with astonishment one of the proscribed race within the walls of the abode of English royalty, he said, "This is Iolo, the Tewdyr's

household bard! No stranger should he be to the squire of the great Llewellyn!"

Silently the old man held out his hand to the other, who pressed it warmly within his own, then he said, "But you, my son, must doubtless feel surprised at seeing such as I am, here. Know then, that to the son of the Plantagenet I owe my life; and that life must henceforth be passed, so long as it may be prolonged to me, near the person of my preserver."

"I had indeed heard of the manner in which the young prince interposed to preserve your life from danger," answered Lloyd; "and to his service I wonder not at your wishing henceforth to devote it. Moreover, but of this I know not how far it may be true, it was told me, that to his earnest entreaty and remonstrance it was owing that the decree of death, promulgated against the members of your tribe, was mainly altered and tempered in its nature, insomuch, that from an order for their destruction wherever they might be found, it was changed into one forbidding all 'irregular and wandering minstrels,' and such like, to be coun-

tenanced, as disturbers of the people and inciters to mischief.\* Was this so?"

"It was indeed," replied Iolo, with emotion. "Nor is this the only good office performed by him on their behalf, for which the Welsh will ever have cause to praise his name."

"And so you will think too," said Vendigaid to the squire, "if he can arrange a little scheme which he has in his head at this moment with regard to yourself."

"But it needs not that, my young lord," answered Lloyd, with a smile at the boy's eagerness, "to make me feel personally grateful to his highness. He has already given me proofs of his kindness, and of the goodwill both he and his queenly mother bear towards me. And that reminds me," he continued, turning to Iolo, "to inquire how fares her Grace this morning. We heard of the birth of the young prince as we rode along."

"She comports herself right bravely, I am told," replied the bard; "and this very hour, methinks, a gallant train is to ride with the news to Rhuddlan, where the King awaits the same, no doubt, with much impatience."

\* See Appendix, Note XV.

At this moment, Meyrick, who had hitherto been engaged in attending to the horses which the travellers had ridden, entered the apartment, and both Vendigaid and Iolo expressed themselves rejoiced at seeing him once more; then addressing the former, he said, "I think they are inquiring for you, my lord, in various directions; and if I understood rightly, it is the young prince who is in quest of you."

"Is he, indeed?" exclaimed Vendigaid; "then I will go in search of him," and exchanging a glance of intelligence with Iolo, he quitted the chamber.

"Ah! little did I think to see the day when the son of my old master should be the chosen friend and companion of the young Prince of England," said the bard, as he gazed after the retreating figure of the boy. "But still less did I look forward to the time when I too, the sworn enemy of the Saxon and all his race, should become the devoted servant of that same young prince, and that I may truly call myself now," he added, turning to his companions; "nor need I blush to do so."

"It seems strange indeed," returned the squire ;  
"but not more so than that I, the personal friend  
and follower of Llewellyn himself, should now feel  
myself so drawn towards the son of his deadly  
foe."

"And that I," said Father Edwal, "the sole  
witness of our beloved prince's last moments, or  
rather of those which preceded his last moments ;  
upon whose head a reward was set by Lord  
Mortimer himself when he heard that a friar had  
presumed to minister to the spiritual wants of  
the excommunicate monarch : that I should pre-  
sent myself thus boldly beneath the walls of this  
mighty fortress, encouraged by the assurance of  
Queen Eleanor's own favour and protection, does  
seem wondrous indeed."

"It was no fault of mine though," said a voice  
behind the worthy priest, which caused him to  
start, and looking round, to behold the person of  
the knight who had accompanied them on the  
journey. "It was no fault of mine, good father,"  
continued De Frankton smilingly, laying his hand  
on the other's shoulder, "that you did not visit



one of the royal fortresses of the King of England sooner than you saw fit to do so. For you managed to effect your escape, with Prince David and your other companions, so cleverly, from the spot where the noble Prince of Wales lay, that I had no chance of securing you a prisoner when I rode up to the body and found only this gallant fellow by its side." As he spoke he turned to Lloyd, adding, "I have come to request that you will follow me to the presence of the Earl of Lancaster, who is desirous of speaking with you on a certain matter, of which you will be presently informed. He awaits us in an apartment overhead." And leading the way, De Frankton quitted the chamber, followed by the squire, who inwardly wondered as to what the prince could desire with him thus immediately after his arrival.

Proceeding up a winding staircase, and along a corridor, Sir Adam stopped before a curtained doorway, near which stood a page, who, on their approach, drew back the hanging. Passing through a small ante-room, into which this led, the knight drew aside a curtain which hung at the further

end, and followed by Griffith, entered the chamber beyond. Near a table before the fire, which burned in a low grate in the wall, was seated a man of about forty years of age. His rich habiliments denoted him a person of high rank, and his thoughtful commanding brow impressed the beholder with a feeling of involuntary respect. Occasionally, however, the fire which flashed beneath his dark eyebrows betrayed the existence of that temper which was almost a heritage in the House of Plantagenet; and which would, at times, disturb that composure which otherwise characterised the actions of Edmund Earl of Lancaster, the second and youngest surviving son of King Henry III.

Lloyd had beheld the prince once before at the court of England, and recognized him immediately. At some little distance from the King's brother, leaning against the wall, stood a younger man, dressed as if for a journey; and who, at the moment De Frankton and the squire entered, was bending his head to address the third person who formed the group—a youth who looked up eagerly as they appeared. It was Prince Alphonso.

Advancing towards the table, Sir Adam bowed low, saying, "I have brought the gentleman with me, your highness."

The earl, whose eyes had been bent on the glowing embers before him, looked up quickly.

"So. This is the young man of whom we have heard so much. One Griffith Lloyd, I believe," he said, regarding the squire with a scrutinizing air, "who was by the late Prince Llewellyn of Wales when he died ; was then taken prisoner, and conveyed to Rhuddlan Castle ; but, owing to the gracious interposition of the Queen, has been liberated on his parole, and has but now arrived at Carnarvon ?"

The squire bowed, but did not reply.

Continuing to regard him with an air of interrogation, the earl proceeded. "And he it is whom, to ensure his full pardon and restoration to favour in the eyes of the King, her grace would have us now select for the office of carrying to our Royal brother at Rhuddlan Castle the news of the birth of our infant nephew. Methinks he is not slightly honoured. What say you, cousin of Cornwall ?"

The young man, who was whispering with Prince Alphonso, looked up and answered, "Oh! decidedly; I consider it a most special and gratifying mark of her grace's favour."

On hearing these words, Lloyd gazed from one to the other in astonishment. "Me!" he stammered. "Is it possible that her grace intends—has thought"—

"Yes, yes," cried Alphonso, springing forward and taking one of the squire's hands in his with an air of joyful congratulation. "It is all settled now. Uncle Lancaster has given his consent, and we are to start at once. You are sure to be pardoned, and then,"—he added, sinking his voice so that it should meet the ear of Lloyd alone,—“and then you will no longer think of my royal sire as formerly.”

Scarcely able to believe the purport of these words, the squire repeated in amazement, "But I, your highness, so lately under the cloud of the King's severe displeasure; it will but exasperate him—the appearance of such boldness on my part!"

"Nevertheless you have heard how it is to be,"

said the Earl of Lancaster, rising from his seat and motioning him to retire ; "and now, as the time is drawing near which is fixed for your departure, you had best make whatever preparations for the same you may find necessary."

"And, Alphonso, you are coming with us, are you not?" inquired the Earl of Cornwall, addressing his young cousin. "If so, remember I do not wait for anyone beyond two of the clock ;" and he laid his hand smilingly on the boy's arm as he spoke.

"Do not fear ; I will be ready," was the answer ; "and Vendigaid ap Tewdyr goes with us: so I will go now and see that he is prepared to start." Followed by Sir Adam and Lloyd, he then quitted the room. As soon as they had crossed the antechamber, and were once more in the corridor beyond, the knight turned towards the latter, and grasping him warmly by the hand, said, "I congratulate you, my friend. Your pardon with the King is now assured. To him the most welcome of messengers will be the once who first brings him word of the birth of a *son* in Carnarvon Castle.

You start! But remember, this little one will always be able to say he was a *Welshman born*."

The squire gazed earnestly on the speaker, and then turned away his head, murmuring, "I understand. There was more in this seemingly *accidental* accouchement of Queen Eleanor at Carnarvon than may at first have appeared. And I—the chosen friend and follower of the great and good Llewellyn—am to be the bearer of that news to King Edward which will make him rejoice in the success of a deep laid and artful scheme. Sir," he added, turning to De Frankton, "on second thoughts, I think it will be impossible for me to accept the office which her grace has been pleased to offer me. At first, the kindness of the intention which prompted the offer, and of which I was deeply sensible, prevented me from seeing how much I should gratify the Conqueror of Wales by the intelligence. The memory of my dying master is yet too strong upon me to allow of my thus voluntarily pandering to the pleasure of his foe."

"Silence, man," rejoined Sir Adam hastily, at the same time leading the other by a private door

into a part of the building where they might converse with less chance of being overheard. "You are speaking without consideration. What is it that the Queen and Prince Alphonso ask of you? (for I will not conceal it from you that it is mainly owing to his solicitation that the offer has been made at all). They wish you to be the messenger who will convey news to King Edward which he will gladly hear—most gladly hear, I tell you. And who of the many persons in this castle and neighbourhood but would have thought themselves honoured most exceedingly by being so chosen. Why have they done this, do you suppose? Only because they were anxious for your own sake that you should be received into favour with the sovereign. And wherefore do you object to acting as they would have you? Because you fancy that the dictates of honour and regard for the memory of your late master, who, when he lived, was opposed in arms to Edward, forbid your undertaking the duty. Do you shut your eyes to the fact that the dynasty of Llewellyn is at an end—his race extinct, or nearly so; and that every Welsh

chieftain of importance, many of whom, when he lived, were as devoted to him as yourself, have yielded in their submission to the new monarch of your land? Do you not see that in thus opposing yourself to the wishes of your royal friends, you are acting both ungraciously towards them and unjustly towards yourself? And in refusing to accept the almost certain pardon and countenance of the King, for the sake of an imaginary tribute of respect to the memory of your deceased prince, you are acting under a delusive notion of patriotic zeal, and in variance with the matured judgment of those equally devoted and chivalrous Welshmen who have at length consented to acknowledge the power and authority of the King of England."

"Say no more. It is enough," answered Lloyd hastily. "I will go. To the Queen Eleanor and her royal son I owe more than life, for they have made the remainder of my days endurable to me; and to refuse them obedience in even the smallest matter were to show myself ungrateful indeed. In an hour's time I will be ready to start with the earl."



"That is right. I knew you would say so when you thought it over calmly," exclaimed Sir Adam joyfully. "I am going with you, and so we shall meet again bye and bye."

So saying, he left the squire and took the way towards his own apartments. Before reaching them, however, he paused; and then, after a moment's thought, took a turning which led in a contrary direction; and hastening down a long corridor and up a staircase, which brought him to a gallery into which opened the doors of various apartments, he paused before one, and gently knocked. A voice gave the desired permission to enter, and he immediately found himself in the presence of the Countess Maud, and also—as he had hoped—in that of the fair Sybil, who, as usual, was seated with her broidery frame near her friend.

"I thought I should find you here," said the knight, addressing the Countess with a smile; "and as my Lord of Cornwall is impatient to start for Rhuddlan as soon as may be, I have come to bid you farewell." But as he spoke, although

his words were apparently addressed to the Countess, his eye rested on the person of the young girl, who, with a start and expression of dismay, looked up hastily from her work on hearing these words. "Going again! so soon after you have come," she exclaimed. "Oh! De Frankton, it is impossible."

"It is shabby treatment, indeed, to say the least of it," said the Countess. "But I will do you the justice to believe you would not leave us so soon of your own accord."

"That indeed I would not," answered the young knight eagerly. "But the Earl of Lancaster will have it that I accompany the party to Rhuddlan; and when duty calls you know I must obey, however unwillingly, dearest," he added in a low tone, as he bent over Sybil's frame.

"Well, then, if it must be so, I have no doubt you two will find plenty to converse about during the short time there is to spare," said the Countess goodnaturedly, looking towards the young couple; "and so-I will leave you here awhile, whilst I go to see whether my presence is not required near

the person of my royal mistress. If we should not meet again, Sir Adam, farewell ;” and, extending her hand to the knight, who pressed it to his lips with chivalric devotion, she quitted the room. As she did so she encountered in the corridor Margaret De Burgh, the personal attendant of the young princess Elizabeth, with her royal charge in her arms. “Give her to me, Margaret,” said the Countess ; “I am going to the Queen, and I will take her with me for a kiss.”

Then taking the smiling little one, she continued with her on her way to the royal apartments. At the door of the Queen’s chamber she beheld Eva and her brother standing hand in hand, as if in expectation of some one.

“We are waiting for Prince Alphonso,” said the former, in answer to an interrogatory look from the Countess ; “Vendigaid is going with him to Rhuddlan, and he is taking leave of the Queen.” At that moment the door of the chamber opened and the royal boy appeared.

“Here I am,” he exclaimed, in a hushed voice ; then closing the door behind him, he added,

“goodbye, Countess! we shall soon be off. Give me a kiss, baby. Ah! but we must not call you baby now, you know.” And then, as the lady and the little one passed into the presence of the invalid Queen, he seized Vendigaid by the hand, and led him hastily away, followed by Eva, saying, “Come and let us find Joan, and then we will stay together till they come for us and tell us when it is time to start.”

Hurrying along the corridor, and down another short passage, they arrived at the door of a small chamber, entering which, they found the princess and her *gouvernante* seated in the recess of a window. The former sprang forward with an exclamation of joy,—“Oh! how long you have been,” she said, “I thought you were never coming, and Edeline would not let me go to look for you. Now then, Eva, we will station ourselves all together at this window and watch the preparations below. The brothers will not have so much of our society within the next few days, so they had better make the most of it now.”

Half-an-hour subsequently, a royal train issued

from the portals of the castle, and, winding through the village and its crowd of gazing inhabitants, took its way towards Rhuddlan. Foremost, on two graceful palfreys, rode the young prince and his friend the son of the Tewdyr, conversing gaily as they went. Then followed the Earl of Cornwall, mounted on a richly-barbed steed, and returning haughtily the salutations of the people as he passed; behind whom came Sir Adam de Frankton and the Welsh squire; whilst a goodly retinue of gentlemen and men-at-arms brought up the rear.

## CHAPTER V.

## HOPES REALIZED.

KING EDWARD sat in the hall of Rhuddlan Castle; near him stood the Earls of Gloucester and Lincoln. At the further end of the vast chamber a few pages and men-at-arms were grouped around the great entrance door, which was kept partly open, so that the faintest sound could be heard by them in the court beyond. Occasionally these whispered to one another as they glanced at the monarch and his companions, or fancied they could distinguish sounds of an arrival, but they were at too great a distance to hear the half-muttered ejaculations of the King, as he brooded over the hearth, and every now and then stirred the burning embers impatiently with his foot. It was towards the close of that day which had seen the birth of his infant son at Carnarvon, and every moment he looked for

the messenger who should bring him news of the event.

As the hours passed on, however, and the shades of night approached, the hopes which had obtained ascendancy during the early part of the day waxed gradually fainter and fainter; and now it was that in spite of himself the monarch was compelled to allow that he might have to wait another day ere the news he so ardently longed for reached him.

"And yet I felt so sure we should hear before the day was over. S. Mark's day I reckoned it would be at the furthest," he said, in a half soliloquy, and partly addressing his noble attendant, the Earl of Gloucester, who knew what was passing in the royal mind, and of the reasons for which the birth of a prince was so earnestly desired by the politic and wily sovereign.

"There are yet some hours ere the Feast of the Evangelist will have run its course; perchance, my liege, the messenger dispatched from Carnarvon is even now within hail of the castle walls."

"Ah!" exclaimed Edward with renewed energy,

"think you it may be so? But," he continued, his voice once more sinking into a tone of despondency, "if that were the case, the beacon which I had commanded to be lit on an eminence about a mile from this on the western road, would have announced his approach. No! I begin to think we shall hear nothing now ere to-morrow's dawn."

There was a momentary silence. Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, Edward exclaimed, "My lord of Lincoln, did you not tell me that the prisoner Lloyd—the young fellow in whom our Queen and the Prince interested themselves some time ago, when he was first brought here by Mortimer after the affair of Builth—had, according to the wishes expressed by them in his behalf, been ordered to proceed from Chester to Carnarvon, there to await our further pleasure concerning him?"

"Even so, sire," replied the Earl.

"He was a likely youth," continued the king, musingly, "I remember him well when at our Court of Windsor, some years ago." Then, as if



some unpleasant recollection had occurred to his mind upon which he did not choose to dwell, he added, hastily, "Remind us, when at Carnarvon, where it is our intention to betake ourselves as soon as we receive word concerning the intelligence for which we so anxiously look, that the young man be brought before us. It is not our wish, if he is becomingly inclined, to visit him with further punishment. Methinks these uncouth mountain Barons give us not that meed of praise for clemency and forbearance, which some would make us believe our due ; and perhaps the extension of our favour towards the Squire of the Prince Llewellyn himself, may incline them to think more favourably concerning us."

As he spoke, one of the pages advanced from the further end of the apartment, and the King, turning at the sound, exclaimed "Ah ! De Monthermer ! What say you ? Are there signs of an approach ?"

"Word has just been brought from the gate, sire," answered Ralph, for he it was, "that the signal has been discerned along the Carnarvon road. Is it your grace's pleasure that the draw-bridge be lowered ?"

"It is," replied Edward eagerly ; then, starting to his feet, he added, "Let the messenger be brought hither the moment he arrives, and desire the officers and gentlemen without to attend us forthwith. We will receive him with becoming honour."

Although no unnecessary loss of time had occurred after the party had started from Carnarvon, bearing the intelligence which was thus eagerly awaited at Rhuddlan, it was getting very late ere they approached the environs of the latter fortress. Commanding a halt, the Earl of Cornwall then desired Lloyd to ride forward, accompanied only by two men at arms ; and, together with the young prince and the rest of the party, he himself prepared to follow more leisurely. With a beating heart and mingled sensations, the squire obeyed, and had not proceeded far ere he encountered the party who, by the King's orders, had been awaiting his appearance at this distance from Rhuddlan ; and who no sooner perceived him, than having obtained a hasty answer in the affirmative to the shout of "from Carnarvon?" they set light

to the pile which was to serve as a beacon to the inhabitants of the castle, who, from the walls and towers, were eagerly watching for its blaze.

At every step the squire now encountered groups of English soldiery, and numbers of the peasantry around, who, gesticulating and shouting, accompanied him on his way; but, pursuant to orders, he paused not for an instant till he arrived at the gateway of the castle, which, on the last occasion, he had entered as a prisoner. There were, however, but few present who could recognize him, and they did not attempt to scrutinize the features of the messenger so eagerly awaited by the King, whose orders were, that he should be conducted immediately to his presence in the great hall of the castle. Dismounting from his horse, therefore, preceded by those who were waiting to lead him to the King, and followed by a number of others impatient to hear the news, he found himself in a few moments surrounded by the nobles and members of the English court, in the presence of the sovereign.

Half bewildered and breathless he knelt before

the King, who instantly inquired,—“The Queen? How fares her Grace?”

“As well as your highness can desire,” answered the squire; “as is also the young prince, her Grace’s infant son, who saw light this morning at four of the clock.”

At these words a murmur of exultation ran through the apartment, and the words—“a prince! a prince!” which instantly passed from mouth to mouth, were caught up and repeated in the court without, amid shouts of gratulation and joy.

With trembling emotion the King put his hand before his face, so great was the feeling of thankfulness and delight which overwhelmed him; then lifting his head proudly, and glancing around, with an air of dignity, he exclaimed: “Thank heaven indeed for this great and happy news! And you, brave sir, who have thus greeted us with the intelligence we so earnestly longed to hear, tell us, that we may reward you as you deserve, what is your name? for, as we perceive, you are yet an aspirant for the honour of knighthood, we are resolved that you shall not remain so an hour

longer. Nor shall we thus alone mark our sense of gratitude to you for the same good service."

The Welshman heard as though he heard not. Could it be possible that he—but now the prisoner in bonds of the very monarch before whom he knelt—should be about to receive at his hands that honour which he, in common with every other of his degree, looked forward to as the greatest he could acquire. In a moment the thought that this had been foreseen by the Queen and Prince Alphonso, when they selected him for the task of conveying the great news to the English monarch, flashed across his mind, and almost deprived him of the power of utterance. Raising his eyes, however to those of the King, which were now bent earnestly and inquiringly upon him, he answered, "My name, sire, is Griffith Lloyd. I was——"

"Enough! enough!" hastily exclaimed Edward, with a look partly of astonishment and partly of satisfaction. "You are a Welshman. That is an additional cause of pleasure to us in thus rewarding you. If our mind misgives us not, this is not the first time we have seen you either; and a

brave and trusty squire we always heard and believed you to be. Young man, give me your sword."

Then, taking the weapon which was instantly tendered by the squire, he added, touching him lightly with it on the shoulder, "Sir Griffith Lloyd, we dub thee knight in the name of Saint George, our Lady, and the Holy Trinity. Arise."

The antecedents of the brave squire were known to but a few of those then present ; but those few, among whom were the Earls of Gloucester and Lincoln, exchanged glances of surprise and interrogation the one with the other.

As the new made knight arose from his knees, a deafening shout of applause rang through the vast chamber, and cries of "Long live the King!" "Long live the new born Prince!" and "Long live Sir Griffith Lloyd!" were echoed and re-echoed both within and without the Castle walls. When the din had somewhat subsided, the Earl of Lincoln, advancing towards Edward, observed in a low tone, "Methinks, sire, it is somewhat strange that of all the knights and gentlemen at present

within the castle and neighbourhood of Carnarvon your noble brother should have selected to be the bearer of this great news to your highness, one who but now was a prisoner, and under the ban of your royal displeasure."

The King fixed upon him a meaning look, and answered in the same tone of voice, "Twas not so done by Lancaster without a purpose; nevertheless, we will question him ourself on this matter. Sir Knight," he continued, addressing Lloyd, who had withdrawn a little to one side, and now stood among the group which surrounded the monarch. "Your stay, if we remember aright, at Carnarvon cannot have been one of long duration. How long had you been at the castle previous to your quitting it as the bearer of these glad tidings to ourself?"

"I only arrived there this day, sire," answered Lloyd, the colour slightly mounting to his cheek, "and received almost immediate orders to start with my Lord of Cornwall and the Prince on my way hither from the Earl of Lancaster himself."

"Thou mayest deem thyself highly honoured

then, by my troth," exclaimed Lincoln, gazing enquiringly around, as if to note what impression had been made by the knight's reply. "Perchance the noble Earl may have given some reason for thus preferring thee?"

"His Highness informed me that I was selected for the office by her Grace's express commands," rejoined Lloyd, somewhat haughtily. "More, I know not, 'twas enough for me to hear and to obey;" and he returned the English noble's look with one as proud as his own.

"An' it were the Queen's desire that were sufficient, as he says," exclaimed Edward. "But what say you?—my Lord of Cornwall and the Prince, our son, are they also on the road? How is it you arrived not together?"

"By the Earl's orders, I preceded the rest of the party as we drew near the castle, sire," answered Lloyd. "But if not already arrived, methinks they must by this time be at no great distance."

"And here indeed we are!" exclaimed a voice. Then, advancing through the crowd which opened on all sides to admit of a free passage to the spot



where Edward stood, the Earl of Cornwall appeared, followed by Prince Alphonso, Vendigaid, and De Frankton, together with others of his train. "It was the Queen's wish, sire," continued the young Earl, "that we should allow the worthy Squire to carry on the news before us, but now we hasten to offer our personal congratulations and devoirs on the event."

Holding out his hand to the speaker, the King answered, "Right glad are we to see you, good cousin of Cornwall—and I shall look to hear more from you anon, of various matters, in our privy chamber. My son!" he added, turning to Alphonso, who now approached, "this is an unlooked-for pleasure." Then embracing him tenderly, he continued, addressing those around him, "My lords, we will now retire, and learn from the Princes more concerning the well-doing of our beloved consort and her infant son. Gloucester, do you attend us."

Followed by Alphonso and a few others, Edward then left the hall, and took the way towards his own apartments.

The moment the royal party had withdrawn, each person gave vent, without restraint, to their own sentiments with regard to the intelligence just received, and as to the manner in which the bearer of it had been rewarded. Touching Lloyd on the shoulder, De Frankton beckoned him to follow, and, accompanied by Vendigaid, they threaded their way through the crowd together, and passing from the hall by a side door, they soon found themselves in a chamber where they could converse at ease and in privacy. Desiring an attendant to bring them refreshments, the English knight then turned to the Welshman and congratulated him cordially. "The Queen will be pleased to hear of this," he said, seating himself by Lloyd's side, on a couch near the wall. "And as for Prince Alphonso, he seemed ready to jump up to the ceiling with delight when Ralph de Monthermer told us what had occurred, though I suspect both he and his royal mother foresaw some such result to the affair when they first proposed you for the office. And certes Edward could not have done a more politic thing anyhow; for, of a surety, the Welsh chieftains will

be gratified when they hear of it, seeing that one of their own body, as it were, has been preferred to an Englishman in the matter. But how is it, my friend? You look more downcast than overjoyed about it all, I declare !”

“Nay, it is a folly, I am aware,” answered Lloyd, assuming, with an apparent effort, a more cheerful air. “But I little thought in former days, when following my beloved lord to the field against the arms of England, that I should ever win my spurs thus from the hand of England’s King.”

“Still, my friend,” said De Frankton eagerly, “that need not distress you. Llewellyn had the welfare of his country at heart ; her honour and prosperity were ever, so far as I could learn, to him dearer if possible than his own ; and now, if he could himself be cognisant of what has passed, he would be the first to rejoice in that which has for ever bound you his faithful vassal to the cause of the prince whom Heaven has chosen to succeed him in the government and rule of the land. Edward has noble and knightly qualities in sooth, could you but see them ; and to serve under the

banner of the Plantagenets is what no man need blush for."

"It is but natural for you to think and speak as you do," replied Lloyd; "to me Edward of England can never be as Llewellyn was; nor can I, so long as the Princess Guendolen lives, consider his authority as otherwise than usurped in these her lawful dominions. But Queen Eleanor and the young prince have been to me most kind and faithful friends; and gratitude to them alone would prevent my openly opposing myself for the future to the power which it seems indeed the will of Providence to establish, at least for the present, in this country."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Vendigaid, who had been listening with interest to the conversation between the two knights, "when Prince Alphonso is Prince of Wales, I do not think we shall any of us have cause to complain; and I for one shall deem him a worthy successor of Llewellyn. It may be," he added, with a look of intelligence, "that he assumes that title sooner than we expect; for only this morning, before we left Carnarvon,

I overheard the Earl of Hereford saying to someone else he was talking with in the courtyard, 'You may rely upon it that the King will find these good people a prince of their own before he leaves them finally ; and *his son* would not be the least likely person for him to fix upon ;' and by that of course he meant Prince Alphonso."

The young men did not reply, but gazed smilingly on the boy as he came to this conclusion ; and then exchanged glances with each other as they sat down to the meal which, by this time, had been provided for them.

They had not been long thus engaged when Meyrick, who had accompanied the party from Carnarvon, entered the apartment in quest of Vendigaid, with a message that as soon as Prince Alphonso could effect his retreat from the banquet which his royal father had commanded instantly to be prepared for him and the Earl of Cornwall, and which was served in one of the King's private apartments, he begged the young lord would attend him in his own chamber. Returning a hasty assent to the summons, Vendigaid proceeded

as speedily as possible to finish his own share in the repast, and then, springing up, bade good night to his companions, and took the way to Alphonso's private apartment, which immediately adjoined that appropriated by the young prince's especial desire to his own use. A bright fire was blazing in the chimney as he entered ; and drawing a chair towards it, Vendigaid desired a page to inform him immediately on the prince's approach. Then, seating himself comfortably, he began to ruminate on the different events of the day and of the probability which presented itself of his soon meeting with his father, who, together with a number of the Welsh chieftains and several English nobles, he had been told was expected to arrive at the castle early on the following morning. But the effects of his long journey soon began to make themselves felt, and ere long his meditations gradually assumed a disconnected shape, and at length his eyes closed in sleep. How long he remained thus in a state of unconsciousness, he was unaware ; but starting suddenly from his slumber, he found his respiration checked by a light silk

kerchief which had been thrown over his face. Removing it with an ejaculation of surprise, he beheld the young prince seated quietly before him on the opposite side of the fire place, and awaiting with a smile of intelligence the moment of his awaking. On beholding Vendigaid's half-startled look of perplexity and astonishment, Alphonso could not restrain himself, but laughed immoderately.

"Forgive me, Tewdyr," he said at last, recovering himself with an effort; "but I could not resist the temptation. When I came in you looked so regularly fast asleep, that I thought it would be cruel to arouse you, and so I threw that over your face to keep the light off, and have been waiting the moment for your discovering it ever since."

"Indeed, prince," stammered Vendigaid confusedly; "I had no idea of going to sleep when I sat down here to await your appearance; and I desired Ivor instantly to warn me of your approach—it was very neglectful of him—I——"

"Nay, you must not be angry with him," said Alphonso; "he was about to disturb you, but I

would not allow it. However, as I daresay you are very tired, and will be glad to go to bed, and to have a good long sleep in real earnest, I will not ask you to sit here parleying with me as I intended, but will send you off at once. Curiously enough, I don't feel the least sleepy in spite of our long ride, and so I shall just get down one of my precious manuscripts and amuse myself with it till I feel inclined to go to bed. So don't let me postpone your rest, Vendigaid."

"But I assure you I am quite fresh again now," answered the other eagerly; "my little nap has quite satisfied me, and I can sit up with you, if you will allow me, as long as you please."

"Well! if that is the case then," rejoined the young prince, "we will draw our chairs a little closer together, and I will put off my studies till another time; there was something I wanted to talk to you about really very much."

Accordingly, kindling a fresh blaze, and dismissing the page who stood near the door, saying, "he should require no further attendance that night," the young prince laid his hand caress-



ingly on the shoulder of his companion, and said, "You know we return to Carnarvon to-morrow?"

"Do we?" answered Vendigaid. "I thought it likely, perhaps, but did not know for certain."

"Yes!" continued the other, speaking with some little hesitation; "and, as you have heard, there is to be a great meeting of all the Welsh barons and chieftains there shortly."

"I knew of their being summoned to attend the King from all parts. But—Do you mean that there is any *particular* reason for their assembling thus?" inquired Vendigaid, looking anxiously at the prince.

"Should you be very much surprised to hear there was?" rejoined the latter.

"Not at all; there may be fifty reasons why the King may wish to see and be seen by his——" Vendigaid paused and gazed intently on the fire.

"His new subjects, you were going to say; but the words do not sound seemly to your Welsh ears, eh, Vendigaid?" said Alphonso, smiling. "But you are mistaken; my father does not intend

to force these mountain chiefs to acknowledge him as their sovereign, or to submit to his yoke."

The Welsh boy started, and regarded the speaker with a look of incredulous surprise.

"You are astonished, I see," continued the prince. "What will you say when I tell you that my father purposes to give them a prince of their own, who will not be, in their eyes, so unworthy a successor of the great Llewellyn as himself?" and Alphonso coloured, and his voice slightly faltered as he spoke.

"A prince of their own!" exclaimed Vendigaid. "How were that possible? David, the last of his race, is no more," he added indignantly; "and who is it the King of England deems worthy of succeeding to his proud inheritance?"

"What would you say, were I to answer—his son?" inquired Alphonso, gazing earnestly into the face of the other.

"His son!—you!—you, my prince, my friend!" cried Vendigaid, with a sensation of joyful relief and surprise. "Ah! that would indeed be good news for us all!"

"Stay, stay ; not so fast," exclaimed Alphonso ;  
"I said not that I myself was intended for the  
office. You forget I am no longer the King's *only*  
son."

Vendigaid sprang to his feet with an involuntary  
ejaculation of—"Impossible ! the infant at Carnar-  
von, who was born this very day ! You cannot  
mean that *he* is to be our prince ?"

"Now sit down quietly," answered Alphonso,  
"and I will tell you all I know about it. It is my  
little brother, notwithstanding your look of incre-  
dularity, who is destined to wield the sceptre of this  
land ; and this evening, I have been told, it is my  
father's intention to present him to the barons at  
Carnarvon, when they are all met together, as  
their future sovereign, and their *native* prince."

"Their *native* prince," repeated Vendigaid  
slowly. "He is indeed a native of Wales ; but  
think you our lordly barons and warlike chiefs  
will accept an infant ruler thus at the hands of  
King Edward. Rather will they not be filled with  
anger and indignation at the idea ?"

"I hope not, I trust not," answered Prince Al-

phonso, musingly, "for so it is to be. But this, remember, I have told you in confidence. Shortly, what is now known but to a few, will be announced to all. Till then, you must keep your information secret. My father is now anxious to return to England as soon as possible ; and no unnecessary time, therefore, will be lost in making his intentions known to those whom they most nearly concern. Now that I have given you something to think about for the remainder of the night, you had better go to bed and sleep on it ; otherwise you will not feel inclined to rise up early, when we ought to be starting, as I hear we are to do on the morrow."

The courtyard of the castle presented a gay and brilliant spectacle on the following morning, when, after the matter of breakfast had been discussed, the King, accompanied by his son and his cousin the Earl of Cornwall, and attended by a long train of nobles and others, prepared to set out for Carnarvon. Richly caparisoned steeds stood waiting for their riders in every direction ; and the gorgeous liveries of the English nobility and of the

Court, as pages and domestics hurried across from point to point of the castle-yard, shewed in lively contrast with the sombre and heavy looking accoutrements of the soldiery. Near a private door which led to the royal apartments, stood the palfreys intended for the use of Prince Alphonso and of Vendigaid, who, as generally understood, was now always to be near the person of the former on these occasions. At length, by the additional commotion which seemed to prevail, it was evident that Edward was about to start; and presently he appeared in the great doorway of the castle, attended by the Earls of Cornwall, Gloucester, and Lincoln, and the noble steed which was destined for his use was led forward for him to mount. Almost at the same moment Alphonso, accompanied by Vendigaid, De Frankton, and several other young courtiers, appeared at the side entrance before alluded to; and, springing lightly into his saddle, the former stood awaiting the signal which would notify the moment for his advancing towards his royal father's side, when the front part of the procession had been duly formed. Ere

this was given, however, and just as the King had seated himself on his restive charger, and was addressing a few words of casual observation to the Earl of Gloucester, a slight commotion was visible at the entrance of the castle yard, and, riding hastily forward, a large body of nobles and men-at-arms appeared, who had apparently but just arrived from a distance. Attracted by the stir in the direction of the gateway, Edward on turning recognized advancing towards him several well known faces, and others with which he was not so familiar, but whom he at once perceived to be a fresh number of both English and Welsh barons, arriving in obedience to his summons.

“Ah! my Lord Mortimer,” he cried, as that nobleman rode up to him with a low obeisance, “you are just in time to accompany us to Carnarvon. We had expected to have seen you ere this; but nevertheless you are heartily welcome. And who are these others you have with you?” he added in a low tone; “some of our recently submitted chieftains?”

“Even so, your Grace,” answered the General,

bowing. "He whom you see to the right is the Lord of Hendwr, and on his left rides the Baron Tewdyr ap Gronw; both of whom we encountered but an hour since, on their way hither in obedience to your royal commands."

"It is well," returned the King. "We will receive and give separate audience to each of our noble friends on our arrival at Carnarvon. At present, we are anxious to set forth without delay; therefore give word, my Lord of Lincoln,"—he continued, turning to the latter nobleman,—"*that places be assigned them in our train befitting their rank, and also that we will forthwith set forward.*"

So saying, he turned his horse's head, and, followed by his long and glittering retinue, rode slowly forth from the courtyard and took the way towards Carnarvon.

By his side rode Prince Alphonso; but this time without his constant friend and companion. No sooner had Vendigaid perceived his father amongst the new comers, than, riding hastily up to him, he had attracted the Baron's attention by the words "Father, it is I, Vendigaid," and together they

had withdrawn towards the rear of the long and diversified train which followed the King, in order to converse more freely and at their ease. The delight of both at so unexpected a meeting was great; and for a space, as they rode along side by side, there was so much to do in the way of asking questions and receiving answers on both sides as to how each had fared since they last had met, that there seemed no time for observations of any other kind. It was now many months since the Tewdyr had seen his children; and, although looking forward to meeting them again on his arrival at Carnarvon, he had of course not anticipated the likelihood of beholding Vendigaid thus at Rhuddlan. But when all the anxious father's inquiries respecting his beloved Eva and her well doing had been satisfied, he then found time to learn how it was that his son was thus at so different a spot from where he had expected to find him. The news of the birth of the infant prince at Carnarvon had been already received by the travellers when at some distance from the castle; and therefore that they should find the King preparing to set forward



for that place did not surprise them. His son, however, the Baron had expected to find with his sister, and was therefore astonished to meet him thus at Rhuddlan. Vendigaid then explained how it was that he had accompanied the young prince the day before on his journey with the news to the King; how Griffith Lloyd, Prince Llewellyn's own esquire, had taken word first of all to Edward of that which he longed to hear, and how he had thereupon received from the delighted monarch the honour of knighthood, with promise of further reward. And so much and so interesting was all the matter which he had to pour into his father's ear as they went along, that it seemed as though he could not talk fast enough, or find words to convey all he wished.

"And Mary, and Iolo, what of them?" inquired the Baron, when, fairly out of breath, Vendigaid at length paused. "Are they both at Carnarvon?"

"Oh, yes!" was the eager reply. "Mary, you know, is quite a great person now. She is head nurse to the infant prince; that was the Countess Maud's doing, I believe, from what I heard Eva say about it the other day. And as for Iolo, I

don't suppose he will ever consent to leave Prince Alphonso, wherever he may be; so you may be sure he is at Carnarvon. You heard all about that, I suppose, father?"

"About what, my boy?"

"About the prince's saving Iolo's life, when that horrible edict for exterminating the bards was sent out, you know, and——"

"Not so loud, my son," interrupted the Tewdyr, his brow darkening and his eye glancing around as he spoke. "Yes, I know to what you allude; I heard of it at the time from Meyrick, when he returned to us. But you do not mean that Iolo—the faithful and attached servant of our house, who remembers me when I was a lad of your own age—that he can have transferred his allegiance to another, and that other the son of——. But what am I saying? 'Tis true I have submitted to the power of the King, in obedience to the wishes of others, and in compliance with the entreaties of those to whom I believe the welfare and honour of our land to be as dear as to myself, yet that *he*—Iolo—should have done so, unbiassed, uncompelled, does seem indeed marvellous!"

“ You do not know Prince Alphonso, or you would not say so, father,” answered Vendigaid. “ I think at the first—immediately after it happened, I mean—when it would only have been natural for Iolo to have shewn some feeling of gratitude and emotion, he must have been divided in his own mind between his hatred of the English and his regard for their young prince ; and I suppose he felt as though he could not reconcile his love for Wales with the feelings of amity he entertained for the latter. At all events, it was some time before he appeared by his manner to be in the least influenced by what had happened. But one day Eva, I think it was, had a conversation with him : what she said, I don’t know, but the result was that the next time Iolo saw the prince he almost fell down on his knees before him, vowing eternal devotion ; and from that hour to this he has evinced the deepest gratitude.”

The Tewdyr did not make any immediate rejoinder, as his son paused, but rode on for a little way in silence. Then he said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, “ We shall see by and bye ;”

and as if wishing to change the subject, he added, turning to Vendigaid, "But what said you about the good lady whom they call the Countess Maud? Has she recommended Mary to the English Court? How was that?"

"Why, you know," answered Vendigaid, "she was at Rhuddlan last August with the Princess Joan, when Mary was there with our little Guendolen, and that was when she knew her first, I suppose; and then when Eva and I came, she used to join us when we were talking with them, and when Mary went away to England with the dear little princess to that horrid convent, wherever it is,—I declare when I am a man the first thing I will do, is to go and let her out,—the Countess, who was always very fond indeed of her, said she would take care that Mary never wanted a friend, whatever happened; and then she sent for her to Carnarvon, I believe; and that is all I know about it."

Again the Baron fell into a fit of musing, from which he was aroused after a time by Vendigaid's exclaiming, "But, father, you have never said

what has become of Roderic ; I thought he was with you, and that he would have accompanied you ?”

“And so it was intended that he should,” replied the Tewdyr ; “but, owing to a change in our plans, it was determined that he should proceed straight on to Carnarvon, whilst I went with the Baron Madoc to Rhuddlan, thinking that the King might be intending to remain there yet a few days longer. So you will doubtless see him when we arrive, Vendigaid ; and another old friend, too. Can you guess who I mean ?”

The boy looked up into his father’s face with an air of puzzled inquiry for a moment, then exclaimed joyfully, “I know ! it’s Brother Vychan ! Dear, good Brother Vychan ! and has he brought Gelert with him ?”

“Not so fast, young sir,” answered the Baron, smiling ; “I did not say you were right, although I must confess you are so. But as to Gelert, no. I fancy his feelings of patriotism would not allow of his approaching so near the stronghold of the enemy.” And the smile died away from his lips as he spoke.

Drawing a little closer to his father's side, Vendigaid looked up into his face, and said in a low tone, "Do you know *why* it is, father, that King Edward has summoned this great meeting of all the Barons just now? I think *I* know something, which if I *might* tell you—only I promised not—that is, Prince Alphonso told me I was not to repeat it till——"

"Then, my boy," hastily interposed the Baron, "whatever it may be, keep it to yourself. To a man of honour, it is the same thing whether he has pledged his word to secrecy, or whether it has been taken for granted that he was to be trusted without any such pledge being required. But nevertheless," he added, as at this moment they came to a halt, "I think I know somewhat of that to which you allude; at all events, I have my own suspicions of the King's reasons for what he has done, and time will soon shew if they are correct."

A sudden rencontre with a large party of English soldiers and officers, among whom was Prince Richard Plantagenet, the Earl of Cornwall's brother,

and cousin of the King, who were also on their road to Carnarvon, had caused the royal train to halt on its way ; and the greater number of these falling back to the rear of the now considerably augmented cavalcade, occasioned a change in the position of the Baron Tewdyr and his son, and of those immediately around them. The former thus found himself near to the Earl of Gloucester, in former days an intimate and valued friend, though of late years the fortunes of war had placed them in frequent opposition, and if they had chanced to meet, it was more likely to be as opponents in the field than as aught else ; so now each took the opportunity of renewing their old familiar intercourse. A message from Alphonso had also summoned Vendigaid to his side ; and, during the remainder of the journey, the two friends rode together at some little distance from the party which immediately surrounded the King.

In the course of a few hours the whole *cortège* arrived in sight of the massive walls and frowning towers of Carnarvon Castle.

Avoiding the eager throng which pressed after

Edward and the princes into the principal apartments of the fortress, the Tewdyr, guided by Vendigaid, sought, as soon as the whole party had dismounted at the castle gate, for that part of the building where he was most likely to find his daughter ; and accordingly, after traversing several corridors, and ascending one or two winding staircases, which led him in a contrary direction to that pursued by the bulk of those who had newly arrived, the Baron found himself in a small chamber, the door of which his young guide threw open with an air of satisfaction, exclaiming, "Here she is, most likely !"

But the person who started round on hearing his voice, and then advanced to meet them, was Sybil de Lona, who smilingly said to Vendigaid :

"Your sister has but this moment left the room. We heard of the arrival of the King, and she was so impatient to behold her father that she would not remain here till it could be ascertained if he was of the party ; and so she and the Countess Maud have gone together to find out. But I imagine," continued the fair speaker, blushing, and



looking at the Baron as she spoke, "that if she had restrained her impatience, she would sooner have attained the object of her wishes."

"Your surmise is correct, sweet lady," answered the Tewdyr, as he gazed on her with admiration: "but, if I mistake not," he added, as the sound of approaching footsteps and of voices was heard in the passage beyond, "they have traced us hither."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Eva, who, springing forward, threw her arms round his neck, and was strained in silence to his bosom. When she again raised her eyes to gaze on the countenance of her beloved father, Sybil and the Countess Maud, who had entered the room with her, had withdrawn, thinking that so soon after their reunion, the Baron and his children might wish to be left alone.

"Who is that lovely girl?" inquired the former, when the first few moments had elapsed; "one of the Queen's English maidens, I suppose?"

"You mean Sybil de Lona, do you not?" answered Eva, smiling. "She is one of Queen

Eleanor's maids of honour, and a great friend of the Countess Maud's. They were both sitting here with me just now, when the Princess Joan ran in to say that you had all arrived."


"And that was the Countess who came in for a moment and then went away again, was it not?" continued the Baron. "She was a very intimate friend of your dear mother's in years long gone by. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing her frequently during my stay at Carnarvon."

"Yes, dear father, I have no doubt you will," replied Eva, leading him to a seat, and placing herself behind him, while Vendigaid took up his position on a low stool at his feet; "but now we must have you for a time all to ourselves, and no one else must claim any share of your attention for the next half hour at least."

That evening, the little chamber in which the Welsh chieftain, his son and daughter, were thus happily assembled, witnessed a curious gathering, considering that under the same roof dwelt the Monarch of England, his Queen and court, and also, that English troops garrisoned the fortress.

The baron and his children had been joined, after the party below had broken up for the night, by the Countess Maud and Sybil ; whilst, in addition to these, might be seen conversing together in low and earnest tones, Father Edwal, and our old friend, Brother Vychan, who, as intimated by the Tewdyr to his son, had preceded him in company with Roderic, and had arrived a few hours previous to themselves. The young squire and Iolo stood side by side a little apart from the group which had gathered immediately round the baron, who sat conversing with the Countess, whilst Eva and Vendigaid, on either side of Sybil, broke off occasionally from their laughing conversation with her, to ask or answer some question of their noble father, he gazing at them the while with looks of pride and affection.

“And so Iolo, my friend, I hear we are no longer to look upon you as one of ourselves,” said the Tewdyr, turning suddenly towards the old bard, who started on being thus addressed. “Since this young English prince has thrown his charm round you, nothing else will serve, I am told, but that you remain for ever by his side.”



"My dear lord, you are mistaken," hastily responded Iolo; "the Prince Alphonso has indeed every claim upon my gratitude and devotion; but I do not consider myself as any the less a part of your household belongings; and you wrong me much if you deem I could ever wish it to be otherwise."

"Nay! nay!" said the baron; "I never doubted the constancy of your attachment to our house, good Iolo; I only meant you to understand that I could not but regard any transfer of allegiance, though only in appearance, from ourselves to another, without a strong feeling of jealousy. But as to this young prince—can any one explain to me what it is that makes all who have been thrown in contact with him speak so warmly in his favour? Vendie here can talk and think of nothing else."

"Wait, father, till you know him yourself," cried Vendigaid, springing to his feet. "He was telling me to-day, as we came along, how glad he was that you had arrived just as we were starting from Rhuddlan, so as to join us so pleasantly. He was particularly glad, he said, to see you at

last, as he knew how great a friend you had been of Prince Llewellyn's, and he had often wished to see you."

The Tewdyr did not immediately respond to this ebullition on Vendigaid's part, but after a slight pause, said,—

"That is to me one of the strangest things of all; how this young prince, and, as I understand, his mother, Queen Eleanor, can reconcile the strong interest which they seem to take in all that relates to our beloved Llewellyn, or in any way connected with his memory, and the part which King Edward always took against him."

"But you must remember," observed the Countess Maud, "that for a long time the Lady Eleanor de Montfort resided at Windsor with the Queen, and whilst there, a friendship was formed between the two which no lapse of years, or change of circumstances, could afterwards alter. The love felt for her when she became Llewellyn's bride was sufficient to bespeak regard for her royal husband, and personal acquaintance with the latter soon ripened this feeling into a warmer one."

"But surely Prince Alphonso must have been too young to feel much regard for either the Lady Eleanor or the noble Llewellyn," said the baron ; "and, therefore, any feelings of interest he can have for them must be in consequence of what his mother may have told him about them, rather than from any personal recollection he can have himself of either."

"He was always a remarkably forward child for his age," answered the Countess ; "and was six years old when he last saw the Lady Eleanor—then Princess of Wales—and her husband. But of course what he has learnt from the Queen has much to do with the regard he cherishes for their memory."

A message from the royal apartments, summoning the Countess to the Queen's presence at this juncture, caused the little party to break up, and the baron was left alone with his two children during the remainder of the time which elapsed before they separated for the night.

The next morning Eva was seated, as was now her daily habit, in the Countess Maud's apartment,

busily plying her needle at the embroidery frame of the latter, when a merry laugh was heard at her elbow, and turning, she beheld the Princess Joan, who instantly seized both her hands, and declared she should not work another stitch. "I ran away from Edeline to look for you," said the mad-cap princess, again laughing merrily; "and have been standing behind you for the last ten minutes, admiring your patience and industry. I wonder what the said good dame would say to me if I were only half as good! But now," she added, seizing the frame, and hurrying it off to a corner of the room, "you shall leave off and attend to me, for I have a grand piece of news for you. Can you guess what it is?"

"But, my dear princess," said Eva, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, though in spite of herself she could not help feeling amused at the determined manner in which the latter was disposing of her employment, "I shall get into disgrace with Lady Edeline, as well as you, if she finds you here talking with me, when you ought to be with her."

"Oh! but you don't understand," exclaimed the

princess, taking her by both hands, and leading her to a seat in the window. "She is otherwise engaged, having been sent for by the Queen, and so she does not want me really, and I may just as well be here with you, as sitting by myself waiting for her return ; and, besides, I am dying to tell you this news. Don't you want to know what it is?"

"Well, perhaps I may confess to a little curiosity," answered Eva, smiling. "What is it?"

"Ah! that is right," said the young princess, clapping her hands. "I like to see people really curious about a thing ; so now I will tell you. Our little baby brother is to be christened to-night ; his name is to be Edward, and I am to represent my mother, and hold him during the ceremony. Won't that be grand?"

"This has been suddenly determined on, I suppose, in consequence of the King's arrival," said Eva. "It will certainly be a beautiful sight, and I hope there will be a corner in the chapel for me, somewhere."

"To be sure," exclaimed Joan, starting up and



kissing her on the forehead. "And now that I have told you, I shall fly off and look for Alphonso, as I don't think he knows yet." So saying, she hurried away.

The chapel of the castle presented indeed that evening a most striking and solemn spectacle. King Edward, surrounded by all his court and a large number of armed attendants, stood on one side of the stone font, which was placed in front of the altar. On the other side of it appeared the venerable form of the Bishop of Bangor in his episcopal vestments, holding in his arms the infant prince, who then and there received, as he was plunged in those life-giving waters, the name of his illustrious father.

The sacrament over, the whole party adjourned to the great hall of the castle, the new-born Christian and his attendants alone excepted, he having been carried at once from the chapel to the chamber of his royal mother, there to receive her fervent and prayerful blessing. Standing under a raised dais at one end of the apartment, the King then addressed the assembled auditors,

more especially the members of the Welsh nobility who stood around, in the following words :

“It is our intention shortly to return to England ; indeed, as soon as our beloved consort is sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey. As I consider, however, it only right and becoming that the principality should not be left without a recognised head in my absence, I purpose, ere I leave, nominating one, as your future prince and suzerain, who is a native of your own land, who never spoke a word of English, and who never did harm to man, woman, or child.” Then, bowing to the audience, he withdrew, followed by his own attendants, and leaving the rest of the assemblage lost in feelings of amazement and delight.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE INFANT SUZERAIN.

THE suddenness of the announcement recorded in the last chapter, and the abrupt manner in which the King had retired after making it, gave rise to innumerable conjectures, and many exclamations of astonishment. "Who could it be?" and "When should they know?" these words were repeated from mouth to mouth, but few appeared able to reply satisfactorily to the inquiry. Some, with an air of intelligence, shook their heads and kept their own counsel; but the greater number of the Welsh chiefs and barons abandoned themselves, without restraint, to feelings of gratification. "No Englishman;" that was one comfort. That neither the Earls of Lancaster or Cornwall would be appointed, as had been feared, Deputy-Governor of the principality during Edward's absence, was a

subject of vast contentment. But which of those who might be deemed eligible amongst themselves had been chosen, one and all felt unable to determine. And thus, with wearisome conjecture and idle suppositions, the various courtiers and persons who thronged the castle of Carnarvon, passed the remaining hours of the night on which the intentions of the English monarch had been communicated to them.

The next morning the question arose, "When would the formal presentation to the people of their new sovereign take place?" and this at length grew so clamorous and importunate that the Earl of Lancaster was deputed publicly to inform the inhabitants of the fortress and village that the very earliest possible day on which the Queen could be present would be fixed on for the ceremony; and in the meantime the strictest secrecy was observed on the part of those who were acquainted with what was about to happen; so that the remotest suspicion of the truth never flashed across the minds of those most interested in the matter.

The eventful day at length dawned which was to give to the Cymri their new prince—their future suzerain ; and at an early hour the high road which led up to the castle gates, and each approach to it, was crowded to excess by persons of every grade, eager to obtain if it were but a glimpse of the individual to be nominated by the King. Celt and Saxon seemed, for the time being, to forget their mutual animosity, and each one pressed upon his neighbour without ceremony, only careful to obtain for himself a good view of the interior of the wide gateway, beneath the vast portico of which a temporary dais had been raised of sufficient height to allow of any persons on its summit being clearly discernible from afar.

As the hour of noon approached, two horsemen might have been seen wending their way slowly along the road which led from the western coast to the village of Carnarvon ; and great was their surprise as they drew nearer to find how silent and deserted an aspect the place presented. Not a soul was to be seen, not a sound heard, the clattering of their horses' hoofs, as they rode along, alone

reverberating in the stillness which prevailed around. Suddenly a shout as of thunder rent the air. It proceeded from the open space in front of the castle gates ; and spurring on in that direction the knights (for such they were) came almost immediately in sight of the multitude assembled on the spot. The younger of the two, in whose handsome features our readers would have recognised those of Lord Nevill, turned to the other, as for a moment they reined in their steeds, exclaiming, "Why! Walwyn! what can be the meaning of this?"

His companion, who was no other than our old friend, though in somewhat different guise to that in which we saw him last, answered, "I know not. Let us ride on slowly, and discover if we can."

Finding it impossible, however, to advance far into the crowd on horseback, they both dismounted; and, leaving their steeds in charge of a youth, who sprang forward at their bidding, with directions to hold them till their return, the young men hastened forward, as well as the obstructions in their path would permit, and at length found

themselves sufficiently near the gateway to obtain a clear view of what was passing within.

Under a canopy of red velvet fringed with gold lace, in front of a chair of state placed on the dais already mentioned, stood the King attired in a coat of mail, a crimson surcoat of velvet powdered with golden lions, and a rich velvet train trimmed with ermine, which was fastened on his right shoulder by a jewel of immense value. His left foot rested on a crimson velvet cushion, and his left hand grasped the jewelled hilt of his heavy sword, whilst with his right he was in the act of motioning towards a group which was formed on the left, a little below the highest step of the platform.

The most prominent figure among this part of the assemblage was that of Queen Eleanor, now for the first time sufficiently recovered to appear in public since her illness. She was dressed in a robe of blue velvet, opening in front to discover an under garment of white satin, covered with lace; a richly embroidered train of cloth of gold fell from her shoulders, and her headdress was profusely ornamented with pearls, beneath which

---

the dark masses of her beautiful hair showed in striking contrast to the fairness and delicacy of her soft complexion. In her arms she held her infant son, and on his sweet countenance her eyes were resting with a proud and tender gaze. The babe was enveloped in a costly mantle of lace, and on him every eye seemed bent. Surrounding Eleanor was a group of female figures, in one of whom Walwyn instantly recognised the fair daughter of the Tewdyr, the Lady Eva, who was standing on the right hand of the Queen, and was aiding her at the moment to support the robe of the young prince. An involuntary exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips on beholding her. Immediately behind Eva, stood Sybil de Lona; next to her, the Lady Edeline; and then, more to the Queen's left, was the Countess Maud; and close to her mother's side the Princess Joan. These latter Walwyn did not know by sight, but attracted by the meaning look of the young princess, as she gazed smilingly on some one opposite the royal party, he followed her glance, and was again surprised and bewildered at recognising the



persons of Iolo, the Tewdyr's venerable bard, and of the chieftain's son, the young Lord Vendigaid, who were standing together on one side, and the latter of whom, meeting the princess's eye, returned her glance with one as intelligent as her own; then turning to the bard, he began to accost him eagerly. Behind the Queen and her ladies stood a number of courtiers and armed men: whilst to the right of the King, and not far from the chair of state, appeared the Bishop of Bangor in his mitre, and holding his pastoral staff in his hand, attended by numerous priests and acolytes. These partly concealed from view the stalwart form of the Earl of Lancaster, who, together with the Earl of Cornwall, and his brother, Prince Richard, was conversing with Prince Alphonso at intervals, or else regarding with eager gaze the assembled multitude, and showing, by the forced compression of the lips, how much restraint was self-imposed to maintain the gravity and composure necessary for the occasion. Within the boundary which separated the crowd without from those beneath the gateway, were a number of Welsh chieftains, who

seemed to view the proceedings with feelings of mingled perplexity and interest. Three sides of the enclosure were surrounded by a double guard of soldiery ; and moving to and fro amongst these were a number of the English nobility, amongst whom our readers would have recognized the Earls of Gloucester and Lincoln, and Lord Mortimer. Partly withdrawn from those who stood near the platform, was a group not at once perceived by Walwyn, but towards which he strove to force his way when it met his eye, consisting of the well-known forms of the Baron Tewdyr ap Gronw, Sir Griffith Lloyd,—albeit Walwyn was unaware of his having attained to the honour of knighthood,—Father Edwal, and Brother Vychan ; whilst behind them again he perceived, or thought he perceived, the faces of Roderic and Meyrick. So vast an assemblage, comprising, as it did, so many who were the least likely to be thus associated together when last he beheld them, filled the breast of the good knight with feelings of wonder and amazement.

Simultaneously with those of Walwyn, the eyes

of Lord Nevill had fallen upon those of the Tewdyr's daughter, and the exclamation of surprise uttered by his friend was fully echoed by him, for such grace and beauty, combined with so much simplicity and yet nobleness of bearing, he thought he had surely never yet witnessed ; and turning to Walwyn he whispered hastily, his admiring gaze still fixed upon the gentle Eva, "Know you her name? Who is she? What is she? that divine creature on the Queen's right? It cannot surely be—and yet the likeness is wonderful! Tell me, is she the Tewdyr's daughter?"

But ere an answer could be returned, the silence, which had for a space fallen on the surrounding multitude, who had barely recovered from the astonishment and almost undefinable state of mind into which they had been thrown by the action which had accompanied the King's last words, was again broken. When first the gates of the castle had been thrown back, about half an hour before, and the royal party grouped within had met the gaze of the eager crowd without, all-impatient as they were to hear the expected announcement and

behold their future prince, their feelings of joy and exultation were so great, that it was some time ere Edward could obtain silence, or make his voice heard above the deafening shouts which saluted him on all sides. At length, having obtained some degree of order, he proceeded to address them. Explaining how that, having now, as he trusted, restored peace to the whole land, and having had the satisfaction of beholding the native chiefs and their retainers associated in friendly intercourse with their English brethren, he had determined, ere leaving them to return to his own country and people, to nominate, as their future prince and independent sovereign, one who was a native of their own land, and whose 'life and conversation no man was able to stain.' Their former race of princes, as they were aware, had become extinct in the male line,—this part of his address Edward hurried over, and purposely avoided, as he spoke, the looks of the Welsh barons and their followers around him;—but having obtained their promise of obedience to the individual he should appoint, provided he was a countryman of their own, he

had convened them together, on the present occasion, to make his choice known to them all.

It was the hearty and spontaneous utterance of the people's joy, as the King ceased speaking, that had met the ears of the two knights as they approached the scene of action. The Lord of Hendwr, on behalf of the Welsh nobles present, had replied to the royal speech by one expressive of the sense he and his brethren entertained of the King's gracious consideration, and reiterated on their part the willingness which they all felt to submit to, and accept as their prince and suzerain, the person then to be named by him. As the Baron paused and retired to his place on one side of the dais, Edward slowly rose from his seat, and, advancing a few steps, addressed the people again as follows :

"Sirs. I pledged myself to present to you one who was a native of Wales, who understood not a word of English, and whose character is without reproach. To such an one you, on your part, have promised fealty and obedience. Behold him." And with his left hand he motioned towards his

infant son, who lay smiling and unconscious in the Queen's arms.

Raising her eyes from the sweet countenance of her babe as the King spoke, Eleanor stepped forward and held him in view of the people around, whilst the most profound stillness and amazement prevailed.

But the first surprise over, this apparently ominous silence, which brought, short as was its duration, a frown of angry displeasure to Edward's brow, was broken by a low murmuring sound which arose from the crowd, and which gradually waxed louder and louder, till at length, as the Queen once more raised her babe with an appealing look towards the spectators, as if beseeching their affection and love for her innocent little one, it changed into one tremendous and overpowering shout. Every voice seemed raised in the joyous cry of "Long live our native Prince!" "Long live Edward the Suzerain of Wales."

Once more advancing towards the front of the dais, the King addressed the crowd with an air of satisfaction.

“ You approve of our choice. It is well. Let me now see which will be the first among you to pay homage to your liege and sovereign.”

There was a moment's pause as the monarch fixed his eagle glance first on one and then on another of the Welsh nobles standing near. Then, stepping forward, the Baron Madoc ap David, Lord of Hendwr, approached the Queen ; and, bending on one knee, repeated slowly and emphatically the usual form of recognition of her infant son as his future lord and master, *laying*, as he spoke, his gauntleted hand on the tiny arm of the little one. His example was instantly followed by the Baron Tewdyr ; and then, one by one, each of the nobles and chieftains present advanced and did likewise. This ceremony over, a flourish of trumpets sounded ; and amid the shouts and acclamations of the throng, the King and Queen, attended by the whole court, withdrew into the interior of the castle. The new Prince of Wales being restored to the arms of Mary his nurse, who advanced from among the Queen's ladies to receive him from his royal mother.

As soon as they were able to move from the position which they had occupied in the crowd, Nevill and Walwyn made their way into the outer court of the castle; and then, hastening towards the Baron Tewdyr, who was conversing with Father Edwal a little apart from the throng of courtiers and others who had followed the sovereign towards the interior of the fortress, the latter eagerly accosted the astonished chief, who could scarcely believe it possible that the knight before him was indeed the same as the soldier of fortune from whom, a twelvemonth before, he had parted under such adverse circumstances.

“And how is it,” the reader may exclaim, “that we find Walwyn thus raised to the honour and dignity of knighthood, when last we left him in the guise of an ordinary soldier, though of somewhat superior rank, following the fortunes of the ill-fated Prince David?”

We must then explain.

Having narrowly escaped the hands of the English when his unfortunate master was surprised and taken prisoner in the summer following the



destruction of the Tewdyr's Castle, Walwyn, to avoid the probable fate which awaited him, should he fall into their power, endeavoured to reach the coast by employing various disguises, and travelling chiefly after nightfall ; and this he succeeded at length in doing. Embarking hastily in an open boat for the shores of France, on which, after a long and perilous voyage, he effected a landing, and then hurried towards the capital. He arrived there just as an armament was fitting out by direction of King Philip to assist his uncle, the King of Naples, against the Arragonese, who were then carrying on a fierce war in support of Don Pedro's claim to the Neapolitan crown. He at once obtained admittance into the ranks of this army as a foreigner, who, although of humble fortunes, was of good descent, his ancestor, Sir Philip Walwyn, having received lands from the Norman Conqueror of England, which his descendants had held through each succeeding generation until the days of his own father, who, falling in battle against the English under Llewellyn ap Torworth, had lost possession of his estates, which had been

seized and laid waste by the ruthless invaders ; and, although promised ample restitution by Llewellyn ap Griffith, his own beloved and lamented master, the power of that prince had, alas ! never equalled his intentions, and the day of restitution and atonement had thus never arrived.

Distinguishing himself by his valour and discretion in the Spanish war, our Welsh soldier soon brought himself under the special notice of the French General, and at length he was knighted on the field of battle after a brilliant victory. The war over, he was now returning for the first time to his native land, in company with the young Lord Nevill, who had been serving in the army in Wales during the late contests, and who, chancing to be at Paris when Sir Elias Walwyn returned thither from the south, had informed him of the submission of the Welsh chieftains, and of the principality in general, to the English King, and also, that an amnesty and pardon had been granted and promised to all those who should forthwith tender their allegiance to the new sovereign. Having arranged to pursue their journey homeward to-

gether, Walwyn preferring to see and judge for himself how matters stood, ere determining to acknowledge the dominion of his former foe. They had thus landed on the coast near Carnarvon on the very day which had been fixed upon for the presentation of the new Prince of Wales to his people, and all unknowing and surprized, had arrived at the town, where they had been told the greater number of both parties had assembled, in the midst of the ceremony, as we have described.

The surprise of the Baron Tewdyr was indeed great at thus meeting again with his old friend, nor was Father Edwal less astonished at the unexpected *rencontre*. The spot on which they stood, however, was but ill suited for any lengthened explanations of what had passed on either side since last they had met; therefore, taking Walwyn by the arm, the baron, followed by Father Edwal, led him into a small chamber within the building where they could converse without restraint.

"But first," exclaimed Sir Elias, "before I proceed to acquaint you with my own adventures

during the past year, I must request some little information on your part respecting the extraordinary spectacle which we have just witnessed; and how it comes that all Wales has apparently thrown itself at Edward of England's feet; that her sons have submitted willingly to the yoke which so short a time back they had all resolved to withstand to the last. I confess this is to me marvellous in the extreme." And he gazed from one to the other of his companions with looks of wondering interrogation.

"Nevertheless," answered the Tewdyr gravely, after a moment's pause, "things have indeed changed since we saw you last. Although we were compelled to abandon all further hopes of withstanding King Edward's power with any chance of success, it was long before I could bring myself to agree with most of our number, who were anxious, nay clamorous, to make terms with him. At length, overborne by argument, and perceiving clearly that to preserve any appearance of strength, or influence whatever, we must act in a body, I gave way; and silencing my own individual scruples as to the

policy or propriety of the act, I consented to send in my submission to the Plantagenet, and thus you behold us now apparently one with his subjects on the other side of the borders ; and yet at times my mind much misgives me as to the future consequences of this our act."

"Better to have died ten thousand deaths ! Better to have seen our land and homes laid waste from north to south, than thus to have succumbed and laid our necks at the feet of the conqueror !" cried Walwyn furiously, as the baron paused. "Oh ! Cambria ! Cambria ! It is well that the great Llewellyn is no more ! To have seen the voluntary disgrace and humiliation of your sons would have been to his mighty soul a more cruel pang than he could have borne. But I, for one, will never own the tyrant, or his right to govern this free and independent land ! The Lady Guendolen lives, and she alone has a claim upon the allegiance of the Cymri."

"But, my son," interposed Father Edwal earnestly, "you forget. This very day—within this very hour—has Wales seen a prince given to

her, who will reign over her people unshackled by English influence, and independent of the English crown. Bethink you now. Which is it that she needs most? The services of her children round that throne which has been again restored to her uncontrolled by foreign power; and yet, by the affinity it bears to the royalty of the sister kingdom, ensured of the friendship and support of the very people who have hitherto been her most powerful and inveterate foes; or that they should cherish feelings of opposition and animosity which, if encouraged or promulgated to any extent, would again plunge our unhappy country into all the horrors of a civil and disastrous war?" As the good Priest spoke, Walwyn's brow gradually relaxed in its stern gravity, and he answered when the other paused:

"Say no more then at present, good Father. If, as you allege, we are indeed to have a prince who will rule his people unfettered by the control of England, rest assured he will find no subject more ready or more willing to support his throne, or render all proper and loyal obedience, than my-

self ; but of this we shall know more anon. And now, as is only fair, I will proceed to inform you of what has chanced to myself since last we met ; and how it is that I now stand before you as Sir Elias Walwyn."

He then recounted the various incidents with which the reader is already acquainted, and the Tewdyr was in the act of congratulating him as his narration drew to a close, when they were joined by Sir Griffith Lloyd, who, hearing of Walwyn's arrival, had been seeking for him in every direction, and now greeted his former brother-in-arms with the most affectionate cordiality. Much had then to be related on both sides respecting the varied fortunes of each since last they had met ; and leaving the two friends together, the Baron and Father Edwal quitted the apartment.

They had not gone far ere they encountered, in a corridor of the castle, young Ralph de Monthermer, who informed the Tewdyr that his master, the Earl of Gloucester, was inquiring for him, and had dispatched him to request he would join him as soon as might be in the court-yard of the

castle. Repairing thither forthwith, the chieftain found his noble friend engaged in conversation with Lord Nevill, who coloured slightly as the Earl introduced him to the Baron as "a friend and brother knight, who had but just returned, in company with Sir Elias Walwyn, from the court of France;" and then, as Gloucester entered into discussion with the chief on the subject which was filling every head that morning, namely, the presentation of the infant Prince of Wales to his people, he from time to time turned to the young nobleman and drew from him his opinion on the matter, which was given in so sensible, and withal deferential a manner, that the baron was involuntarily prepossessed in his favour; and when shortly after the Earl was called away by a messenger from the King, he took the young lord by the arm, and walked with him into the castle and thence on to the battlements of the fortress, where they could converse more uninterruptedly on various topics.

"Does he know who I am?" thought Nevill, as he found himself walking in this friendly manner



by the Tewdyr's side. The baron had not heard his name, or if he had, it did not occur to him as associated in any way with that heavy sorrow, the destruction of his ancestral home, when the young English noble had been an unwilling instrument in the hands of others.

But as each kindly word from the brave chieftain caused a fresh pang of regret to rise in the heart of the gallant youth, he suddenly halted and exclaimed :—

“Baron, I fear—I am sure, you cannot know to whom it is you are addressing these words of kindly interest. I am Ralph Nevill, who commanded the English troops which attacked and destroyed your ancient castle and domain in the spring of last year. Can you—will you forget this?”

He spoke hurriedly, confusedly, as though the words must out, but the sooner they were over the better.

The Tewdyr started. For a moment he was speechless, then turned away his head with a groan.

It seemed to the agitated soul of the Nevill as if an age had elapsed ere the Baron again spoke.

"Young man," said the chieftain, in a tone from which every shadow of reproach seem banished; "we are taught to 'forgive as we would be forgiven.' In a word, we are Christians. Only promise me this, never to allude to that subject again."

Nevill was too much affected to speak. He could only press the outstretched hand which was held towards him in silent emotion. Then, recovering himself, the two walked on for some little time in silence. Presently, however, the Baron resumed the conversation; and so deeply engrossed did they become, that the moments flew by unheeded, and it was with a start of surprise that the Baron replied to a shout of "Here he is, Prince! Here he is, Eva!" in the well-known accents of his boy Vendigaid, who, suddenly appearing in the doorway which led from a tower of the castle, on to the battlemented roof, sprang forward, exclaiming, "We have been everywhere in search of you." Then, pausing at the sight of a stranger, he added, "Eva wanted to speak to you,

and she and the Princess Joan are following us. We have been all round the castle, and only just heard from Ralph de Monthermer that you were here."

The "we" was explained as Vendigaid spoke by the appearance of Prince Alphonso, who, advancing towards the Baron, said, "My sister and myself have been entrusted by the Queen with a special communication to Lady Eva, and she is coming with Joan now to consult you with regard to it. You will give your consent, I am sure, when you hear what it is."

And, as he spoke, he looked with so winning a smile into the Tewdyr's face, that the latter immediately replied:—

"Your highness will not find me unreasonable, I trust;" then, turning to his daughter, who now approached with the young princess, he added, "but what am I to understand is the nature of this communication with which her Grace has favoured you, my Eva? It is necessary for me to know that ere I can say anything further."

Before Eva could answer, the Princess Joan exclaimed eagerly, "I will tell you, Baron. It is

this. You know Sybil de Lona is going to be married to Sir Adam de Frankton, and so her place about my mother's person will be vacant, and Eva is to fill it, if you have no objection. We wish it very much, as it will be so nice to have her always near; and I undertook to obtain your consent, which is considered indispensable; so you will say 'Yes,' won't you?"

It certainly required more determination than the baron felt at the moment he was possessed of, to refuse any request, seconded by the beseeching look which accompanied Joan's last words. Ere replying to her, however, he took Eva's hand in his, and inquired tenderly,—

"What say you, my child, to this gracious offer? Does my little mountain recluse feel herself fitted to appear thus near the person of the Queen of England in her gay and brilliant court? or does she feel that her father would be acting more kindly, and more considerately towards her, in declining to sanction such an arrangement? Let me hear your own feelings on the matter."

Had the speaker glanced in the direction of

Lord Nevill, when alluding to the "fitness" of his daughter to shine at the court of the gentle Queen Eleanor, he would at least have seen his opinion on the subject strongly expressed by the look of intense admiration which filled the eyes that gazed upon her with an air of fascination. But neither the baron nor his child were aware of this incident, which, however, did not escape the quick observation of the Princess Joan. Raising her eyes, which had been bent on the ground as the Tewdyr spoke, Eva fixed them on his face and answered,

"Her Highness does me great honour. Far more than I deserve or can sufficiently express. But even to serve her, and be ever near her royal person—than which I can scarce conceive a greater pleasure—I cannot, if it rests with myself, determine to leave my father."

"Spoken like my own Eva!" exclaimed the baron, bending down to press a kiss upon her fair and open brow. "But that is coming to too hasty a decision perhaps; and, at any rate, we must not allow her Grace to think us unmindful of her kindness. Will your highness, therefore,"

he continued, addressing Joan, "convey to the Queen the assurance of our gratitude for her gracious offer; and also inform her Grace, that we shall esteem it an additional favour if she will allow us a little time for further consideration ere we return a final answer on the matter."

"But, baron," exclaimed the princess hastily, "you do not really mean that you are hesitating about it? You really must say 'Yes,' and so must Eva. I have quite set my heart upon it, and it is all nonsense about her never leaving you. She need not do that either, as you can always be about us somewhere too; don't you see?"

The Tewdyr, however, shook his head smilingly, saying, "Your highness must forgive me for saying that I cannot at once make up my mind on the subject; but at the same time rest assured that I am truly sensible of the kindness which prompts you to take so warm an interest in the matter."

Then taking the arm of Lord Nevill, he walked slowly away, resuming as he did so the conversation which had been broken off when Vendigaid first appeared on the roof of the tower.

"I do not feel half satisfied," said Joan, as she watched the receding figures. "I wanted him to come to a proper conclusion at once. Only think, Eva, how nice it will be for you to go with us wherever we journey; you have never been in England, I think you said? and you will see the Tower, and Windsor, and all sorts of places."

"Yes, that would be very nice," said Eva thoughtfully, as she, too, followed her father's form with her eye. "But then, my dear princess, you forget that I should be leaving Wales, which is my home, and so many that are dear to me, although it would be to me a very great pleasure to be always near you, and attached to the person of her Grace the Queen."

Joan would have made some hasty rejoinder expressive of her confidence in Eva's liking England and the English much better than her native land and its uncouth inhabitants in a very short time, had not Ralph de Monthermer appeared at that instant with intelligence that the Lady Edeline was everywhere inquiring for her highness. "I think the Queen has asked for you," he added.

"Then I will go immediately. Run, Ralph, and tell Edeline that I am here, and will be with her directly. But Eva, promise me," said the princess earnestly, laying her hand on the other's arm, "you will not set yourself against this plan of ours, or prejudice your father against it. I do wish it so *very much*;" and, ere the other could reply, she had vanished.

Eva stood for a few seconds as if hesitating in her own mind about what she should do ; then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, she turned hastily towards the castle. As she was about to descend the winding steps leading from the battlements to the corridor below, she looked up at the Baron, who was again approaching, accompanied by Lord Nevill, and beheld the eyes of the latter fixed upon her with an expression it was impossible to mistake. Averting her own in confusion, whilst the colour mantled in her cheeks, she forgot to wave her intended adieu to her father, and, hastily descending the stairs, took her way towards the apartments of the Countess Maud.

In the meantime Prince Alphonso and Ven-



digaid, who had gone together round the roof of the tower, and from it had reached, by a short flight of steps, the summit of one still higher, were discussing, in animated tones, the subject of that morning's ceremony as they leaned against the turreted walls and overlooked the scene below.

"You see I was right, Vendigaid," the young prince observed, as from beneath, the sounds of excitement, and rejoicing, among the crowd not yet dispersed, ascended to where they stood.

"You mean that I was mistaken," replied the other, "in supposing that our veteran chiefs and nobles would object to receiving an infant as their suzerain? I must confess that their apparent satisfaction and contentment puzzles me. I can only account for it in one way."

"How is that?" inquired the prince.

"Why, by supposing that they really believe in the future independence of their lord as the ruler of a free and loyal nation. I do not pretend to explain wherefore; but I cannot help myself feeling a kind of foreboding that, in thus looking forward to a state of things resembling that which

they enjoyed of old in the time of their native princes, these good people are only flattering themselves with a delusion."

Alphonso did not answer. His eyes were bent fixedly on the ground.

"Now, if *you* had been fixed upon; if *you* had been chosen by King Edward, and presented to us as our future master, I should have felt differently. It would have been quite another thing," said Vendigaid, after a pause.

The prince looked up.

"But you forget; in that case you would not have had a *native* sovereign, which the chiefs and barons so much desired. No; it is better as it is."

"There is only one reason why I *do* think it is better, perhaps," exclaimed Vendigaid, eagerly; "and that is, that some day, you know, when Prince Edward is grown up, and you are King of England, which you may be then, I think the two countries will be on a more friendly footing with each other than they have ever been before. And who knows? Prince Edward may marry the

Princess Guendolen, and so unite the blood of the old race with that of the new. More unlikely things have happened ere now."

"Yes, that may be," said Alphonso, smiling. Then he added, after a moment's silence, "But do not talk of *my* ever being King of England. My father must die before that can be; and besides, something tells me here," and he pressed his hand to his heart as he spoke, "that I shall never be anything but what I am, in this life."

Vendigaid looked up quickly into the prince's face; but he turned away his head, as if purposely to avoid his gaze. For a few minutes neither spoke; then Vendigaid said gently,

"Dear prince, I do not understand you;" and endeavoured to take his hand.

The other immediately looked round; and, throwing back the long curling locks which fell on either side of his face, he said, "Look at me, and then say if you need an explanation. I have long felt what must be the case."

And, young and inexperienced though he was, the quick eye of affection caused Vendigaid to

start back with an exclamation of terror and dismay as he noted the unusually pale and delicate expression of the features before him. For some little time previous it had been the common remark amongst those about the court and person of the young prince that he was not looking so well and strong as formerly; the anxious eye of his royal mother had frequently, during the last few months, noticed with pain the feeble step and languid air which followed upon any unwonted excitement or exertion; and her tender watchings, until herself obliged to yield to the care of others, had been embued with more than usual solicitude; but Alphonso himself had ever appeared to regard the matter lightly, and his constant friend and companion had not been led into thinking more seriously of it in consequence.

The delusion was now at an end, however; and the conviction that his beloved prince was indeed much altered, both in appearance and reality, forced itself upon Vendigaid's mind with all the greater force and painfulness.

For a few moments he remained gazing with an

air of bewilderment on the young prince, and then he repeated slowly, and as if scarce comprehending the meaning of the words,

“What-must-be-the-case. You do not mean that that you are going to——”

He could not finish the sentence, but turned away with a low cry, and hid his face in his hands.

Alphonso laid one hand gently on his shoulder, and with the other endeavoured to take one of Vendigaid’s in his, saying, “To die? No. I—I *myself* shall never die. This weak body must of course return again to the dust. But my soul, Vendigaid; that will live for ever!”

The other did not look up or answer. Had he done so he would have seen the expression of angelic faith and trust which animated the raptured countenance of the princely boy as he spoke. Presently, however, he raised his eyes, and met those of Alphonso fixed lovingly and anxiously upon him. Throwing his arms passionately round the prince’s neck, he exclaimed, “Unsay those words! You cannot, shall not die, or else I must die too.”

"My lord, what mean you? Gently, gently, my child; you but distress his highness," said a voice in his ear, which was, however, unheeded, and the boy repeated with vehemence, "It must not, shall not be."

A firm, though gentle grasp now unloosed his arms from the tight embrace in which they had held the prince; and, raising his eyes, he beheld the form of Iolo standing by and gazing at him with an air of astonished inquiry.

"What mean these strange words, and this uncouth behaviour, my young lord?" continued the old man. "Verily, methinks you have forgotten the manners due to his highness's presence, and the decorum proper in yourself. But stay; I meant not to be harsh or to chide you, my son. Nay, Vendigaid, this is grievous."

But Vendigaid replied not. He only turned away, and, leaning against the wall, sobbed bitterly. In vain the old bard, now seriously alarmed, endeavoured, by entreaties and persuasion, to extract from him the cause of his sorrow. For long he would not, or could not, utter a word. At length,

without looking up, he gasped: "The prince— Prince Alphonso: he is going to die: he says so: and I—I cannot bear it. I will not believe it. You tell me—he is mistaken. I know he is!"

Iolo remained as one petrified on hearing the boy's words, and when Venuigai raised his eyes he beheld him standing as if transfixed before him, but the prince was gone.

He looked up in the old man's face, and threw his arms round him with a renewed burst of grief.

"Forgive me," he cried, as well as his tears would allow him. "Forgive me, dear Iolo. You were as blind as I was. You loved him too much to see it, either; and I have told you now so rudely and thoughtlessly. It was very selfish of me."

The day grew to a close. The Baron Tewdyr and Lord Nevill had long since terminated their promenade, and together had re-entered the castle; the cold spring winds had driven in those whom pleasure or pastime alone detained in the open air; the sentinels on the adjoining tower had changed more than once, and still the old man and

the curly headed boy remained on the same spot. The latter with his face buried in the garment of the former, who, when occasionally he removed his hands, and raised his eyes above, discovered a countenance fearfully distorted with grief. Both unconscious of all, save the heavy load of sorrow which was pressing them down to the very earth.

The thought had been so sudden, it might have been rejected as improbable; untenable for a moment. One would have thought their loving hearts would have been the last to give up—to cast away hope. But no; the sad conviction had sunk at once into the very depth of their souls, and not an effort was made to withstand it. They had been the last to perceive what others, more indifferent, had long since foretold, and they were the first to despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brother Vychan and Eva, his "dear daughter," were seated together in a curtained recess, opening into one of the corridors of the castle. They had been talking about olden times, and over all that had befallen since last they had met, especially of



the late offer which had been made to Eva, and which her father and herself had finally determined to accept with gratitude. Suddenly the sound of merry voices and light footsteps was heard approaching from the further end of the apartment; and the Princeess Joan, accompanied by Ralph de Monthermer, appeared at the entrance of the alcove.

"Know you anything of our brother Alphonso?" inquired the young princess smilingly. "I am in quest of him, and Ralph says he was last seen with Vendigaid on the roof of some tower. But that was some time since, and I can learn nothing of them more. Have either passed this way of late?"

"I know not where the young Lord Tewdyr may be," answered Brother Vychan; "but his highness I saw, or else I am greatly mistaken, passing along in the direction of the chapel not an hour since. He appeared in haste, and turned away his face as I approached, but I feel sure it was him."

"Thither will I seek him, then," said Joan. "Pardon our interruption." And, waving an adieu, she and her companion passed on together.

"I was telling you, Ralph," observed the princess as they proceeded towards the chapel, "how reluctant Iolo was to accept our interpretation of his favourite adage about a 'native' Prince of Cambria being destined to restore her to her pristine state of glory and independence. To the last moment, he persisted in his expectation of some noted chieftain, or other, among those now assembled in this place, being elected by the King as the favoured individual who was to unite, in his own person, all the requisites which he deemed necessary for the future monarch of this land; and so, when my father was in the act of presenting to the people the *real* object of his choice, I made a signal to Vendigaid who was standing close to him, and he, according to agreement, instantly began to persuade him of the suitability of the dear little fellow for the office, as being indeed a native of the land, and unprejudiced in favour of any other country or people."

"And he was not satisfied with the explanation, I suppose?" replied De Monthermer smiling.

"No, indeed. I did not see him again; he

almost instantly disappeared, Vendigaid told me, and has not been spoken with that I know of by any one since. He was evidently much shocked and disappointed, poor old man."

"How fond he appears to be of Prince Alphonso!" said Ralph, after a pause. "If *he* had been chosen, perhaps he would have been better satisfied."

"Ah! dear Phonsey," returned the princess as they approached the door of the chapel. "If he could have been an independent prince, they would doubtless have been pleased enough; but England could not spare him for that."

The page did not answer, but followed her silently into the chapel. At first, owing to the dimness of the light which prevailed, they did not perceive him whom they sought. Advancing softly towards the altar, however, Joan started at seeing something stretched on the ground near to the spot where she and the young prince had so anxiously watched and prayed not long before on behalf of their royal mother. Uttering an involuntary exclamation of terror and surprise, she

hurried forward and beheld the form of her brother lying apparently lifeless at her feet.

Some few hours later, as the Countess Maud and Sybil de Lona were seated together in the chamber of the former, and conversing softly by the fire-light, the door opened and Eva entered, closing it gently after her. "Is he better?" they both exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes, I think so," was the answer. "He is now sleeping; and, although neither the Queen nor the Princess Joan will leave his bedside for a moment, everyone else was desired to quit the room, the utmost quiet being enjoined. I knew you would be anxious to hear, and so I came to you at once."

"And Vendigaid, poor boy, where is he?" inquired the Countess, drawing Eva to her side.

"He is with my father and Iolo," she replied. "They are endeavouring to comfort him, although the latter is almost as distracted as himself."

"But surely," said Sybil, after a slight pause, "there is no reason to think so seriously of this attack? It may pass away, and the dear prince

be as well again as ever in a very short time. The Queen is so easily alarmed ; but I imagine there is no such great cause for anxiety."

"I don't know ; I do not feel sure," observed the Countess. "I have noticed a gradual change for some time past in his whole appearance and constitution. These fainting fits are bad things, and I fear it may be some time ere he will get over it."

"As soon as he is well enough to move, I heard the Queen say they will send him to England," said Eva ; "and she wishes to go with him, I think ; but the King had arranged, you know, that she should accompany him to Conway next week, and he may not like the alteration of plans."

"The King would break his heart if anything were to happen to the prince," said the Countess, thoughtfully ; "and he will be the last to believe him seriously ill. The giving up of this journey to Conway would be a tacit recognition of the urgency of the case. I doubt much whether he will do so."

"As I was leaving the Queen's apartments just now," said Eva, "Lady Edeline passed me, in

company with a young girl whom I did not know. I was in a hurry to come to you, and so I scarcely glanced at her face ; but what I saw of that I liked extremely, she had such pretty laughing eyes. She was a stranger, I am sure. I wonder who it could be."

"Very likely it was the daughter of the Lord of Cantrescliff," observed the Countess. "She was expected to arrive this evening, and is, you know, to succeed Euphemia de Clavering as damsel of honour to the Queen. My poor mistress will feel the loss of her two English maidens very much, I expect," she continued, addressing Sybil in a low tone. "You see what a bad example you set to your successors, both of you deserting her thus suddenly."

"Nay, you can scarcely call *my* departure from court a sudden one, dear Countess," returned Sybil blushing. "I think De Frankton has displayed most exemplary patience. My royal mistress has known for long that it must come to this at length, and she knows also that it is as great a trial for me to leave her as it can be for her Grace to part with me."

"I believe it, dear child, indeed I do," said the Countess ; then, turning to Eva, she added, "And now she will have two Welsh damsels about her in their stead, one of whom, at least, I can answer for as likely to prove a rival to her predecessors in the affections of her mistress. May you only be as happy in your choice, my Eva, as Sybil seems to be in hers, when you quit the Queen's protection for that of another."

The colour flew to Eva's cheeks, and she cast down her eyes as she answered softly, "I hope I may be, if that time ever comes."

Sybil overheard the reply, and whispered to the Countess, loud enough for the other to hear, "If I mistake not, there is a certain young lord whose name begins with an N., who is already looking forward to such a time with some degree of impatience ;" then, going up to Eva, she pressed her lips fondly on her brow, adding, "Whoever he is, may your knight some day be to you what mine is to me ; that is my warmest wish."

Some ten days after the conversation recorded above had taken place, a long and brilliant caval-

cade issued from the gateway of Carnarvon Castle, and took its way towards the northern road in the direction of Conway. Foremost among a group of knights and nobles rode King Edward, and in a litter, surrounded by men-at-arms and attendants on foot, followed Queen Eleanor, accompanied by the two princesses, Joan and Elizabeth, and by her infant son. Prince Alphonso had recovered, entirely his mother fondly hoped, at any rate so far as to admit of her parting from him without much anxiety for a time ; and she promised herself that it should only be "for a time;" that, as soon as she could obtain the King's permission to do so, she would rejoin her beloved child in England, whither he was to be conveyed forthwith.

Accordingly, some short time subsequent to the departure of the royal train for Conway, another and smaller detachment of travellers set out for the border. These consisted, among others, of the young Prince and Vendigaid, now more his inseparable companion than ever, the Countess Maud, whose own health, never very strong, now demanded change of air and scene, and who was,



by special leave from the Queen, about to join her beloved children at Pontefract, her eldest daughter's home; the two maidens, Euphemia de Clavering and Sybil de Lona, and Sir Adam de Frankton. The Earl of Gloucester, who had accompanied the King on his road to Conway, also purposing to return shortly to England, had desired his page, Ralph de Monthermer, to accompany this party on their way thither; and merrily and blithely they rode along. Sir Adam basking in the smiles of the fair Sybil, and all enjoying to the utmost the beauty and freshness of the clear spring weather.

Before starting, as Ralph de Monthermer was about to mount his horse in the courtyard of the castle, he was accosted by Will, the English soldier (whom our readers may remember in a former chapter), who informed him that a woman, who could speak no English, and could not make her dialect understood, even among the Welsh people in the place, was, as far as could be made out, most anxious to be allowed to accompany the travellers to England, and asked if he would be good enough to say what had better be done con-

cerning her, as she seemed a respectable person, and appeared in much trouble about the matter. The goodnatured youth instantly turned; and, having seen her, and heard her own passionate ejaculations of entreaty, which he was equally at a loss to comprehend, was hesitating as to what course to pursue, when a voice exclaimed close to him, "I have seen that person before. She is— Yes, now I think of it, I am quite sure I cannot be mistaken. She is the very same who was in the tent of Prince Llewellyn at Builth when I took the little princess from it on the day of the battle. It is poor Anghared, her nurse."

Sir Griffith Lloyd—for he it was who spoke—then proceeded to address the woman in his own vernacular tongue, and soon gathered from her tale that she had but one hope, one desire in life remaining, and that was to behold again her beloved princess—her former charge—whose fate she had learnt from some of those who were acquainted with her history in the parts through which she had come, and with the vain hope of being allowed access to King Edward himself, whom she intended

to beseech for permission to rejoin the young princess in her captivity, she had made her way to Carnarvon. Now the intelligence which she had gathered, of the approaching departure of some of the inmates of the castle for England, had caused her to entreat that she might follow them at a distance, and under their guidance and protection attain to a nearer proximity in that land of strangers to her whom she sought. The young knight and Ralph having clearly made out the poor woman's story, at once sought the Prince and the Countess Maud, and with their consent, which was readily obtained, made her happy beyond expression by giving her leave to join some of the female domestics who were accompanying the party in a litter in the rear.

The month of June which followed the arrival of the travellers in England, witnessed a bright and joyous scene in the pretty though retired village of West Hampton, in Staffordshire. The humble parish church, decorated with flowers, and filled with as many persons of all ages as it would contain, was the centre of attraction, and there, kneel-

ing before the altar side by side with him who was in future to be her 'second great object in life,' knelt the fair Sybil, surrounded by her family and friends, rejoicing in her joy, and praying for every blessing and happiness upon her head. The Countess Maud stood near the bride, and her eyes wandered from her sweet features to those of the little band who formed her group of attendant maidens. The Countess's own three cherished ones, the youthful Ladies Kate, Aleanore, and Maud Giffard, with Sybil's former friend and companion, our gentle Eva, were those who composed this interesting number; and unconsciously almost as her glance fell on the beauteous form of the latter, did the Countess turn from her to mark the expression of love and admiration which beamed from the countenance of a young and noble looking knight, who stood next Sir Griffith Lloyd, on the further side of the nuptial group. It was that of Lord Nevill, who had sought and obtained permission of the Baron Tewdyr to avow his passion for his beloved daughter.

But of this hereafter. We will now only add

that the prayers put up on that day on behalf of the sweet Sybil and her noble husband, for their happiness and well doing in after life were fully answered. For sixteen years the Seigneur de Frankton rejoiced in the love and companionship of his gentle wife—then she was called away—leaving him to trace in the features of his youngest and best beloved child, the likeness of the mother, who, in bestowing life upon her little one, had yielded up her own.

The recumbent effigies of a knight and his lady may still, we believe, be seen by the curious, in the parish church of Wyberton, in Lincolnshire, on an ancient tomb bearing this inscription :—

*Chi gist Sibile, La femme de Adam  
de Franton ki trespasa en l'an de Grace  
mccc.*

✠ *Chi gist Adam de Franton, ki  
trespasa en l'an de Grace mcccxc.  
Le xxviiieme de Desembre.  
Prie te pour salme.*

## CHAPTER VII.

## WINDSOR.

It was again the month of August—that sweetest, loveliest month ; when but the year before Alphonso had arrived in health and beauty at Rhuddlan on a visit to his favourite sister, as our readers will remember. And now, in his father's ancient and royal castle of Windsor, he was stretched on the bed of sickness, from which he was never more destined to rise.

Was he then to die ? So young—so beautiful—so good !

It was even so.

He had never entirely recovered from the attack at Carnarvon in the spring ; and although when he first returned to England he appeared for a time to regain his usual tone and spirits, it was evident to the observant eye of his anxious mother, when

she next beheld him, that no real change for the better had taken place.

Eleanor had been called upon, early in her married life, to surrender two of her little ones to Him who gave, or rather lent, them to her for a time. The princes John, and Henry, had neither of them lived to complete their seventh year, and their loss had caused both the royal parents to fix their hearts still more fondly upon the only son spared to them; and he—their cherished Alphonso—had so grown in graces as he advanced in years, that it was no wonder they gazed upon him at times with a feeling of devotion mingled with trembling, lest one so apparently perfect should be deemed too great a treasure for them to retain on earth, lest, in short, their child, so fit for Paradise, and the companionship of the blessed,—as they could not but perceive was the case—should likewise be removed thither whilst still in the early spring of his days.

And now, when this dreaded trial had come; when their faith and obedience were again to be tested to the utmost, how did these great ones of

the earth bear up against it, and submit to the will of their heavenly Father?

Eleanor of Castile was a Christian, as well as a Queen. The depth and earnestness of her religion was shown in every act of her daily life. To her careful and anxious training was it owing, in no small degree, that her child had become what he then was; and now, when she found herself called upon to bear the cross which she had ever set before her as that which was not to be shrunk from, but accepted with meekness and submission, she found strength to say, with bowed head and clasped hands, "Thy will be done."

But the King, the father of this noble, promising youth, his sterner, harder nature rendered it more difficult for him to bend so readily to the decree of the All Wise. Every feeling of pride and pleasure which he had cherished when gazing on the heir of his mighty kingdom—the future successor to his throne—made it all the less easy for him to give up now and for ever the thought of his son's inheriting, at some future day, the crown, to which he had added, as he deemed, so



much of majesty and greatness. Until it became too evident even for him to close his eyes any longer to the fact, he could not, or would not, see that a brighter and more glorious diadem was already awaiting his child, than any that he could bequeath to him on earth.

For some time it had been apparent to all those who were admitted to his presence that the days of the young prince were numbered ; and on more than one occasion had his gentle mother trembled as she gazed upon him during the first fortnight in that month of August, and thought that the hour for his departure had come.

It was now the feast of S. Magnus,\* and the report current without the castle was that there had been a slight improvement since the morning ; that the sleep so long denied to the royal sufferer, and into which he had at length fallen, seemed, by its peacefulness and duration, to be the harbinger of a happy change and improvement on awakening. Altogether, the general tone of converse respecting the illness of the young and beloved

\* See Appendix, Note XVI.

prince was of a more hopeful and inspiring kind than had been the case for many days.

In a small apartment in that part of the stately edifice termed the Norman Tower\*, towards the close of the day, sat two persons, the younger of whom our readers would have recognised as the daughter of the Baron Tewdyr, and the elder as her former much loved attendant, the nurse of the infant Prince Edward, or "Mary of Carnarvon," as she was commonly called in the royal household. This faithful friend and companion of her youth was now profiting by the opportunity afforded her of soothing and comforting her beloved young mistress under the sorrow felt in an especial degree by her, although shared in common with every other inmate of the castle.

They were the very same two whom we introduced to our readers, somewhat similarly occupied, in the first chapter of our tale. Two years—years full of great and varied interest—had elapsed since that time, and now we find them again, the same

\* Supposed to have been erected in the reign of King Henry III.

sweet gentle maiden, and the same kindly and devoted attendant, engaged as then, the one in struggling with her anxiety and impatience—though arising from a far different cause—and the other in seeking to afford consolation and support to the cherished darling of her heart.

“He was still sleeping, was he not, when you left the chamber, dear lady?” Mary was saying. “You know how deeply and how earnestly his sleep was longed for by all who watched around him—the dear young prince—and therefore why not look for a change for the better when he awakes? There will most probably be such a change,—it is almost certain to be the case.”

“Nay, Mary,” returned Eva sadly, “you did not hear, as I did, the decided opinion of the physician when inquired of by the Earl of Lancaster an hour back, that this expected improvement, if it did take place, would be but the forerunner of the end. That in all human probability he would not survive the night. He is so ready—so fit to go—I do not mourn for him. But my royal mistress—his poor mother—it will kill her,

I think, at last, when the blow does come, patiently and bravely as she bears the trial now."

"But the doctor may be mistaken. We will, at any rate, hope that he is so. Indeed, my child, you must not give way thus. Take example by the Queen, whose cause for grief is, you must allow, far greater than your own, much attached as you are to the young prince, as, indeed, none could fail to be who have known him as you have. Think of her patience and calmness, and imitate her, my darling, if you can."

"My dear—my royal mistress. She is, indeed, an example for us all," answered Eva. "How often have I watched her during the last few days, and wondered at her continued and peaceful composure!"

Mary did not reply, and there was a momentary pause. Then Eva, starting up, exclaimed,

"But I must go to her. I promised to return, and she may be expecting me. Do not distress yourself, dear Mary; I feel better now. This little quiet talk with you has done me much good. It is such a comfort having you near me now. So go back again to the little prince, and make your-

self happy on my account. I do not intend to let this foolish weakness overcome me again."

Then, kissing the good nurse's forehead, Eva left the apartment, and took her way towards that occupied by Prince Alphonso, into which we will now follow her.

Opposite the couch, on which, propped up by pillows, and supported by the arm of his royal mother, lay the dying prince, a temporary altar had been placed, and the burning tapers upon it shed a soft and soothing light upon the mournful scene. The last Sacraments of the Church had been administered. For the last time had the departing soul been strengthened and refreshed by that Bread of Life which was to preserve it unto life eternal; and now, exhausted by the effort of fixing his attention during the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, Alphonso lay, his head reclining on his mother's bosom, one hand asped in that of his father, and the other holding a small crucifix, which he occasionally pressed to his lips.

A breathless silence pervaded the chamber.

Each of those present being absorbed in contemplation of that beauteous, stricken form, and waiting almost with suspended breath for the moment when the panting soul should escape from its tenement of clay.

As Eva noiselessly entered the apartment by one door, two other persons appeared at another. And, as she took her place, trembling and awe-struck,—for the moment of departure was evidently at hand—by the side of the Lady Edeline, who stood at one corner of the couch, they likewise approached slowly and sadly towards the side of the bed. It was the Countess Maud, and the Princess Joan, the former supporting and half leading the drooping form of the latter. Overcome by the intensity of her emotion, and unwilling to distress the Queen still more by the sight of her grief, the afflicted princess had withdrawn a short time previously, together with the Countess, into an adjoining chamber; and there, leaning on the bosom of her old and much attached friend, she had given way unrestrainedly to her sorrow. Gradually she had become more composed,

and was on the point of proposing herself to return to the prince's room, when a message was brought requesting her immediate presence, the mournful import of which she too truly divined. Mastering her emotions, however, with a powerful effort, Joan immediately arose, and placing her hand in that of the Countess, re-entered with her the chamber of her dying brother.

It had been a special desire of Alphonso's to receive the Viaticum at the hands of the venerable priest who had administered the consolations of religion to Llewellyn of Wales in his last moments ; and, accordingly, Father Edwal had been summoned from the monastery of S. Beuno for the express purpose of bestowing the Church's final blessing upon the young English prince. As Joan approached the couch, the good father stood at the foot of it, offering up short prayers and ejaculations on behalf of the departing soul and of the surrounding mourners. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was also present, knelt by the little altar engaged in a similar manner. From the features of him she was about to lose—though, as she

murmured to herself, but for a time—Joan's eyes wandered to those of her afflicted parents ; and, as she beheld the woe written indelibly upon each of their countenances, she uttered a low cry, and hid her face in her hands, whilst a convulsive sob shook her frame.

The mother's fortitude seemed for a moment to have given way. For hours had Eleanor been absorbed in deep, incessant prayer, on behalf of herself and those around her. She had prayed that he—her suffering treasure—might speedily be released from this mortal struggle with the 'last enemy;' that she, and all those dear ones, whose hearts were then bowed down with the same heavy weight of sorrow, might forget their own sad loss in the thought of his exceeding gain ; and such prayers had sustained and comforted her in no slight degree. But now, it seemed as if the effort at self command was something beyond her strength, and although neither word nor groan betrayed the anguish of her spirit, the look which smote her daughter's heart, and which rested on her marble features, spoke of the agony which wrung her soul.



The King's rigid features, as he gazed in a kind of trance, upon those of his dying son, presented a scarcely less touching appearance. That proud soul seemed crushed—humbled in the dust. Conscious, for the time being at least, of the nothingness, the less than nothingness, of all worldly things.

By his side, and with one arm thrown round his waist, knelt the princess royal. Her pale, tearful countenance, revealing the intensity of her own sorrow, whilst engaged in attempting to comfort her unhappy father.

Two other figures—and these completed the group—stood side by side, near the Queen, at the head of the couch. They were those of an old man and a boy. Neither of them seemed able to withdraw his gaze for a moment from the form of the departing prince. Silent and motionless they remained. Every other feeling apparently absorbed in that of dread lest they should lose one look or action of him they had loved so deeply, and who was now so shortly to be taken from them. These, the reader need scarcely be told, were Vendigaid and Iolo.

For some little time Alphonso lay without speaking, then, perceiving his sister Joan, he motioned to her to approach. As she did so, he whispered, "Kiss me, Joan," and looked up wistfully in her face. Bending over him, with scarce restrained sobs, she imprinted a long passionate kiss upon his marble brow.

"Dearest Joan," continued the dying boy, "tell me that you do not grudge me to Him who suffered so much for me. Who gave His life that I might attain to that life on which I am so soon about to enter. You would not keep me from Him, my sister? Rather would you pray for the hastening of that moment when I shall be with Him for ever?"

But Joan could not answer. She only turned away with a burst of agonized weeping.

"Mother," presently said the prince, in a low voice; "I prayed once—I remember—that I might not outlive you; that I might be taken first. That was a selfish prayer, since to desire it was to wish you might endure much grief for me. It has been answered, but it has brought its own punish-

ment—even with its great blessings—in seeing you thus miserable at parting from me.”

“My beloved,” answered Eleanor, in a broken voice, “do not heed my tears. They are shed for very joy when I think of what will soon be your blessed portion. It is only for myself——”

She could add no more.

The silence which succeeded during the next few minutes was only broken by the murmured prayers of the priest, and the choking sobs which burst from one or other of the loving ones who knelt round the prince’s couch. Seemingly unconscious, he lay back on his cushions, breathing heavily and with half-closed eyes. Suddenly he appeared to revive, and with an effort raised himself into a half recumbent position, his eyes wandering uneasily from one to another of those dear faces around him,

“Vendigaid,” he said, in a low anxious voice, “I do not see him ; is he here?”

Some one moved to make way for the nearer approach of the young Tewdyr. He advanced with half averted face towards the side of the

bed, and took the hand which was extended towards him without speaking.

"Vendigaid," continued Alphonso faintly, "you will not forget me, although our friendship has been but of short duration. You will pray for me when I am gone, and I will pray for you, that you may follow. Farewell for a time—we shall meet again."

A half stifled groan was the only reply, on the part of the weeping boy, and he drew back without venturing another glance at the features of his beloved prince.

Then turning from side to side, the dying son and brother gazed on each of those loved ones who bent over him, fearful, as it were, of losing a word or breath from his lips, with a look of unutterable and tender affection. "My father, my mother," he said, "bless me once again. Eleanor—Joan—dearest sisters—when next we meet it will be to part no more. Holy Father—Eva—Iolo—dear Countess—remember me in your prayers—now and always." Fainter and fainter grew those tremulous sounds. More laboured, and more

painful became those long drawn breaths. Once he seemed almost gone; then for a moment he again looked up with an air of recognition into the face of his woe-stricken mother, and appeared as though he would fain articulate some last loving words. She bent down to catch even the slightest sound, and she fancied, though she never afterwards felt quite certain as to the full extent of their meaning, that she heard, faintly uttered, the words "Follow—soon—you—Eva—Lady Maud."

The eyes then closed. When they again opened it was to fix themselves upon the image of Him in whose safe keeping he was so soon to be. Then gradually the head sunk lower upon the mother's bosom. Heavier and still heavier grew the weight of that precious burden. A slight struggle, a sigh, and the happy spirit was at rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven days had elapsed since the death of Prince Alphonso. It was very early. The inhabitants of Windsor Castle and its neighbourhood were still, for the most part, locked in slumber, when two figures, clothed in deep mourning, descended by a

private stair into the *chapelle ardente*, where the remains of the young prince had lain in state, and from whence they were that day to be removed to Westminster for interment in the Abbey Church on the morrow. They were the royal mother and sister, come to take their last fond look of those features so soon to be hid from their loving gaze in the cold shelter of the tomb.

The countenance of each was pale—very pale, but calm. As they advanced slowly towards the head of the coffin, which stood in the centre of the apartment, surrounded on either side by massive candlesticks containing lighted tapers, the princess put her arm round the Queen's waist to steady her footsteps, which slightly faltered as they drew near. Otherwise there was neither sign nor movement to indicate the emotion which stirred within.

Long and silently they gazed. Then, kneeling side by side, they poured forth the burden of their sorrow before Him, who once said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" and when they at length arose from the posture of

devotion it appeared as if His spirit had indeed spoken peace to their hearts, so sweet and resigned was the expression which sat on each countenance. The Queen was the first who spoke.

"His father and Eleanor came together last night to take their farewell look. Did they not, dear Joan?"

"Yes, dear mother," was the whispered reply.  
"They will not see it again."

"And Margaret? and the little ones?"

"Lady Edeline will bring them by-and-by to sprinkle holy water, and say an 'Our Father' for the repose of his soul."

"Sweet angel!" murmured Eleanor. "That repose is very certain."

After a pause, she again inquired,

"The Countess? and Eva, and her brother?  
Are they coming this morning?"

"Vendigaid is, with old Iolo. The others came last night. They are to leave soon after the procession, and Father Edwal accompanies them to London, where Vendigaid will join them when the ceremony to-morrow is over. They start for Wales as soon after that as possible."

"That poor old bard! His sorrow touches me very much," said the Queen. "We must never lose sight of him, or any of those to whom *he* was so much attached. The change of air and scene from this place and its sad associations to his own native land and home, may do much for the dear Vendigaid. He and his sister will comfort each other. I shall miss her very much, but must accustom myself to be without her, as in any case she must soon have left me."

And Eleanor sighed heavily.

"Dear Eva," said the princess. "She is happier now. But she did not want to leave us at all at first. If it was not that she is anxious to be with her father, I do not think she would have gone with her brother yet."

Presently the Queen asked, "Did I not hear her tell you the meaning of Vendigaid's name? It struck me at the time, but I forget."

"She said that 'Vendigaid' meant 'The Blessed One,'" replied Joan. "I asked her yesterday, when we were speaking of Welsh names and their significations. It is a very pretty idea."



Eleanor made no rejoinder at the moment. For some little time longer they remained gazing on that peaceful form, as if unable to tear themselves away. Then, bending over it, each pressed a last kiss upon the icy forehead. As she did so the mother looked upwards, and a smile played round her trembling lips.

“My *Vendigaid*,” she murmured.

Then, silently as they had entered, they left the chamber; and the attendants, who remained ever on the watch near the head of the coffin, and who had retired on their approach, again drew near, and took up their stations as before.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SEQUEL.

TOWARDS the close of the day on which the remains of the beloved and lamented heir of England had been interred with solemn pomp in the Abbey Church of Westminster, a small and sorrowful party took their way along the road which led westward from the metropolis. It consisted of some half dozen persons on horseback and on foot, who surrounded a litter, in which were seated two ladies, the younger of whom occasionally addressed her companion with words of tender solicitude and inquiry, to which the other replied by a smile or a few softly murmured thanks. They were the Countess Maud and Eva, the former on her way to rejoin the children from whom she was so soon to be separated, never more to meet on earth, and the latter profiting by the similarity of their route

to accompany her on the greater part of the journey, her own course being in the direction of Wales, where, together with her brother, Father Edwal, and old Iolo, she was hastening to rejoin her father.

Vendigaid, accompanied by the worthy friar, rode on somewhat in advance of the rest of the party. But few words passed between them. That day's ceremony had revived all the boy's sorrow with fresh violence, and it was only by a vigorous and determined effort that he could bring himself to speak calmly on any subject, however indifferent. Knowing this, and feeling deeply with and for him, the good priest did not press much conversation upon him, and so they rode on silently side by side. When, at stated intervals, the whole party halted for rest and refreshment, the young Tewdyr, after looking in upon the occupants of the litter, invariably hastened to the rear of the *cortège*, and addressing the venerable bard, who followed on foot, endeavoured to prevail upon him either to mount a horse or enter the litter, which Eva was equally anxious he should

do. But to all such entreaties Iolo turned a deaf ear. Unable, with the elasticity of youth, to bear up against the grief which lay so heavily upon him, he could only bow beneath it. Shaking his head, he repeated, with mournful accents,

“Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage. If my old bones may but lay themselves down in the home of my youth, I shall be content ; and to reach that my own limbs will carry me, if it be the will of heaven.”

The time at length approached when the Countess must take leave of her companions. Eva endeavoured to speak cheerfully about the prospects of their meeting again ere long. The other only smiled sadly, however. She felt that the chances were very greatly against her ever seeing this dear child again on this side the grave ; but she answered with a kiss as the latter bent over her.

“If I am not with you *then*, in the body, I shall be in the spirit, dearest, and my Kate will represent me. I shall look forward to your coming to me and bringing your knight with you. But if this is not to be—if I am to see you no more in this

life, my latest prayer shall be for your happiness and welfare."

"Pray do not talk so," replied Eva, in a broken voice; "you will soon be better—much sooner than you expect. The sight of your children will work wonders with you."

The Countess made no answer. The tears filled her eyes as she thought on those loved ones, and she leaned back in silence for some little time.

Presently she said :—

"You will return to Windsor. You will see our beloved mistress again. I would fain have been near, to comfort and support her, if I could just now. But that may not be. She will never quite recover this blow; but she has many consolations under it."

Eva looked up inquiringly.

"You know Lord Mortimer?" resumed the Countess. "Some time ago he exerted the influence which he possessed with the King, in a certain matter, for evil. The young prince was especially grieved at this—so was his mother—so were we all."

She paused, overcome for the moment by some apparently painful recollection.

"I think I know to what you allude," said Eva softly. "Prince Llewellyn—his interment." The Countess bowed in token of assent.

"You are right," she added. "The Queen's opinion of him from that time had not been a favourable one; and he seemed on all occasions to shun her presence when possible, and also that of Prince Alphonso. The other day she was informed that he craved a private audience of her. He was admitted, and throwing himself at her feet, he entreated forgiveness for the wrong he had then done. It appears, that having been at Windsor during that saddest week, he had been present, or overheard some words of the dying prince, and they had affected him deeply. After all was over, he had been, I am told, quite overcome by sorrow and remorse, and nothing could satisfy him until he had seen the Queen. He left the castle an altered man."

"I would that many indeed could have witnessed those last hours, and have heard those dying words

of the dear young prince," said Eva. "Few could have resisted their influence for good. How much, and how universally beloved he was among all classes, I had no idea until quite lately. Vendigaid told me of one, a young soldier, who had received a kindness from him on some occasion, who was quite inconsolable, and who could think or talk of nothing else but his goodness, and the loss he would be to all, and to him in particular."

"You mean Will, one of the King's body guard; I know the poor fellow well," answered the Countess. "He was indeed devoted to the prince; who had once interceded for him with his father. Lord Mortimer was in some way implicated in his disgrace; and one of the things he did before leaving Windsor was to seek out this young man, and promise him a pension for his old father and mother for life, and assure him of his friendship for ever."

"I am very glad to hear that, and so will Vendigaid be, I am sure," said Eva. "If the Queen was to know of it, she would find in this incident another cause for thankfulness."

"She does know of it," replied the Countess, "and of many others like it; and each and every one are treasured up in her mother's heart, as you may well believe."

The conversation then flagged. For a while longer the two sat in silence, as the litter moved slowly onward to the spot whence their routes were to diverge. Their hands were clasped together, and occasionally their eyes met. But the heart of each was too full for words.

Another short half hour, and they had parted, as the Countess too surely foresaw, never to meet again in this world. Eva and her companions proceeded on their way towards the border; and the litter which was awaiting the Countess at the appointed place, bore her off in the direction of her husband's home.

The Baron Tewdyr had not accompanied his children to the English court, having long announced his determination never again to set foot in the capital of King Edward's dominions. He had attended his royal and lamented master, Prince Llewellyn, there, in the year 1278; on which



occasion the seemingly uncouth and strange manners of the Welsh chieftains, and their retainers, had so astonished and entertained the inhabitants of Islington—in which neighbourhood the followers of the Celtic prince were located—that the Tewdyr, in common with several other of the Welsh barons, had angrily declared that “they would return there no more, or as conquerors.”

He was, therefore, awaiting the arrival of Eva and Vendigaid at the castle of a border chieftain. Lord Nevill was also there, and their noble host often laughingly declared he knew not which was the most impatient of the two, the anxious father or the devoted lover. At length the travellers appeared, and the few following days during which they remained the guests of the Tewdyr’s noble friend, seemed only to pass too quickly. It was a happy time for all, although, as Vendigaid gazed with joy on his sister and Nevill, as they sat or walked together, each learning to know and love the other, it seemed better every hour, a shade of sadness would sometimes cross his brow, and a sigh, as if awakened by some painful reminiscence, escape his lips.

One fine evening in September, the last they were to spend together ere proceeding to the Baron's new home,—that of their childhood being, alas! now no more,—Eva and her knight were wandering side by side, beneath the shade of the trees which skirted a wood near the castle, and from whence they could watch the setting sun as it disappeared slowly behind the western hills, gilding the horizon with its dazzling rays. Vendigaid and Iolo were seated together on a mossy bank at no great distance, thinking and talking, as was their wont, of the hours spent by them in company with their beloved prince, whilst the peace and tranquillity of all around were disturbed by nothing save the distant sounds of rural life as they rose from the valley beyond, or the sweet singing of the birds overhead. “And so shall our lives be,” Lord Nevill was saying, as with a look of unspeakable tenderness he bent over the form of his gentle companion; “one long dream of love and peace, my Eva.”

She looked up gravely.

“And after the dream will come the awakening, dear Ralph. Life is but a dream, in one sense,

and a short one too. But on what we have each done during its term will depend the joy or sorrow of its ending."

"True, my beloved," was the answer; "as is all you say and think. But with us, we will hope that when this life is ended, it will have served as a prelude only to one of eternal blessedness and felicity."

There was a momentary pause, then Eva added,

"I do not know how it is, but a weight has seemed to hang over me all day; and try as I will to shake it off, a presentiment of coming evil has followed me without my being able in any manner to account for it."

"Nay! You must not give way to such feelings, dearest," said Nevill fondly; "it is but natural that you should feel depressed at times, after all you have gone through lately; but it is not well to yield to the despondency. The Baron has quite determined on commencing his journey to-morrow, and I am glad of it, for the change of scene, and natural excitement, will be good for you."

"You accompany us, Ralph?" returned Eva, looking up in his face.

"Most assuredly," was the rejoinder. "With your noble father's permission, I remain with you, until it becomes necessary for me to see that your future home is duly prepared for your reception. Then, dearest, I return to claim you as mine for ever."

At that moment two forms approached hastily towards them. They were those of the Baron and Father Edwal. As they drew near, their pace slackened; and on advancing to meet them, Eva started to observe the look of grave concern depicted on the chieftain's countenance.

"My father!" she exclaimed, whilst the colour forsook her cheek. "What is it? You have something to tell me—something I must know. Do not conceal it from me."

"Calm yourself, my child," replied the Baron, as he gently threw his arm around her, and impressed a kiss upon her anxious uplifted brow. "I am, indeed, the bearer of sad tidings; but you are not unprepared for them, I believe. Is it so?"

"The Countess, father," Eva murmured. "I feel it—I know it. She is dead."

"Or rather she is alive for evermore. Yes, my darling," the Baron continued, as his daughter hid her face on his shoulder, "her earthly pilgrimage is over. We are not of the number of those who sorrow as though 'without hope.'"

. Vendigaid and the old bard now drew near; and the Baron, turning to them, explained the cause of Eva's grief. The Countess Maud had been respected and beloved by all those who had ever come within her kindly influence; and both the young Tewdyr and the aged minstrel were sincerely grieved at hearing of her death.

"This, then, was the cloud which hung over me," murmured Eva through her tears, as they proceeded slowly in the direction of the castle. "Ah! how much I hoped it might be permitted me to see the dear Countess once again."

"Yet the awakening from *her* dream must have been a blessed one," answered the young lord in a low tone, as he followed the weeping girl into the castle.

And now our story draws towards its close. We will, therefore, proceed, in a few words, to describe the subsequent history of those in whom we hope our readers may have felt some little interest.

By mutual consent, it was agreed that Eva's marriage, which was to have taken place before Christmas, should be postponed for a further period. The Countess Maud's death was a blow, following so shortly upon that of the young prince of England, from which she could not at once recover. In the retirement of their mountain abode, in company with her father and brother, and cheered by occasional visits from Father Edwal and Brother Vychan, who still continued in his old monastery, the scene of so many happy hours in days gone by, the winter months were passed; Lord Nevill being, of course, never absent from her side for long.

And when the sweet spring days had again returned, and Nature put on her most pleasing garb, attended by the prayers and blessings of many a loving heart, the young nobleman led his

gentle bride to the altar ; and there, kneeling before the Priest of God, received the Church's benediction upon their union. Three high born lovely damsels stood near the Tewdyr's daughter. On one of these, when the nuptial rite was over, her eyes fell with a look of fond endearment. It was Kate de Giffard, the promised representative of her beloved mother.

The other two were the Ladies Euphemia de Clavering and Gwervyl of Hendwr, the daughter of the Baron Madoc ap David, of whom we shall have occasion to speak further.

Four happy years—years of love and peace, indeed—flew by, and then the Home of the Nevill was left desolate. There was no apparent cause. Bright and beautiful as she ever was, the change seemed the more sudden and unlooked for. And yet so much good had been done to and for others during the short period of her married life, it seemed as if nothing more remained but to transplant the author of so much gladness to a more befitting sphere.

The brother—the father—above all, the hus-

band—who can describe their grief and woe, or the loss she was to them. For her they could not weep; but for themselves there remained but the memory of what had been to each so precious, to fill the place of the departed reality.

If we look into the pedigree of the noble house of Nevill, we shall find that Lord Ralph married again, and that his consort is there described as Euphemia, daughter of the Lord of Clavering. And how can this be? He certainly did not take our gentle Eva as his *second* wife. We can, therefore, but conclude that, in after years the remembrance of one associated in his mind, as we have seen, with the happiest moments of his past life, came back upon him with pleasing force, and that the fair Euphemia herself was not unwilling to accept the homage of a heart which had loved before; whilst he deemed it better and wiser to forget the sorrows of the past, and render the remainder of his sojourn upon earth as bright and cheerful as she would have had it who had “gone before.”

Time passed on. The young Vendigaid advanced into manhood, and father and son, the Tewdyr



chieftains, continued honoured and beloved by all. The troubles which followed the subjection of their country to the power of the English did not affect them. The Baron had drawn out for himself a course from which he could not be induced to swerve. For the good of the principality he had yielded to the entreaties of others, and acknowledged the supremacy of the English King. Having once vowed fealty and allegiance to the youthful Prince Edward, he remained faithful to his vow.

During the insurrection of the chieftain Rhys ap Meredith, and the subsequent revolt of Madoc ap Llewellyn, he continued a passive, although not indifferent, spectator of what he deemed vain and ruthless struggles to recover that freedom and independence which the leaders of these movements considered they had forfeited ; and although he never would appear in the field against his fellow countrymen, he neither joined himself, nor permitted his son to do so, in these futile attempts to resist the power and authority of the Plantagenets.

•

At length, when peace had again been restored to Wales, and her youthful prince had ascended his father's throne as King of England, in a ripe old age the Baron's eyes were closed by Vendigaid, who committed his remains to the dust, with the earnest prayer for himself that he might be, in his generation, what his lamented parent had been in his own: a blessing to many—an example to all.

And so it was. The names of the Baron Vendigaid and the Lady Gwervyl—the same who had attended his beloved sister to the altar, and who was, in after years, led thither proudly and joyfully by himself—were for long synonymous with all that was high-minded, chivalrous, and noble.

In the reign of King Edward III. we read that the Tewdyr commanded a band of twenty archers in Aquitaine. We may, therefore, justly conclude that, as his father had done before him, so he too remained steadfast in his allegiance to the crown of England. And that crown——

In the following century it was destined to rest upon the brow of the "Son of the Tewdyr" him-

self. But of this we will speak more at length hereafter.

With the subsequent career of Edward the First, with his arbitrary and tyrannical interference in the affairs of Scotland, and with his vigorous attempt to annex that kingdom to his own, even as he had the principality of Wales, every reader of history is well acquainted. On that subject, therefore, we will not enter; but, with the reader's permission, will add a few words on the after-life of his gentle consort, Eleanor of Castile, and her children.

The death of her beloved son was to the Queen a shock from which—as the Countess Maud had foreseen—she never entirely recovered. Nevertheless, during the six years which followed that event, the sorrow which dwelt in her heart in no wise curtailed her powers of usefulness to others, but rather seemed, by the very force with which it drew her thoughts heavenwards, to add more of gentleness and grace to her every word and action.

The November of 1290 saw Edward bereaved of the best of wives—her surviving children of the

tenderest of mothers—her sorrowing people of one of the most beloved of Queens. Thus, within six years and a few months of Alphonso's demise, were those re-united to him, whose prayer it had been that they should "follow soon"—his mother—Eva—and the Countess Maud.

The princess royal never became Queen of Arragon. In 1291 the death of her betrothed husband—who, meanwhile, had ascended his father's throne—left her again free to contract a matrimonial engagement, more congenial to her tastes. On the 20th of September, 1293, she was married, at Bristol, to Henry, Duke of Barr. And that this union was likely to be productive of future happiness seemed not improbable, as, during the months which intervened between the first arrival of the young prince at the court of England, and his obtaining the hand of King Edward's beloved daughter, there had been time for her to study and appreciate his character and noble qualities as they deserved.

And the Princess Joan—Alphonso's *own* sister. What of her? As the Countess Maud had pro-

phesied, she grew up the pride and admiration of those around her ; but the tone of her disposition and character was changed. Although cheerful and, at times, apparently light hearted as of yore, the buoyancy and wildness of spirits which had marked her early youth seemed gone for ever. The memory of her beloved brother clung to her through life, and threw a shadow even over the most joyous moments of existence. In the spring of 1290, she was married to the Earl of Gloucester, an alliance arranged by her father for reasons of state policy, and which, considering the great difference of age between the veteran noble and his royal bride, might have been anything but satisfactory in its results. But, during the five years of their union, we have no reason to believe that either found cause for regret or unhappiness. At the end of that period the princess was left a widow with four children. We cannot, however, suppose that she was quite inconsolable for the loss of her noble husband, as within little more than a year after his decease she was married again. And to whom ?

It was a fine morning in the summer of 1297. The sun had well nigh attained its meridian, and forth from the palace walls of Eltham, issued two personages, who, both by their bearing and attire, were evidently of high rank, but who, by their manner, plainly evinced that, however exalted their station, it did not prevent them from entertaining and indulging the natural feelings of the heart. That they were either married or lovers, it was easy to tell at a glance; and who they were we should soon have discovered, could we but have heard the words which passed between them as they strolled beneath the shade of the trees in the park which surrounded the royal residence.

“And now there is no longer need for any concealment, but I am free to acknowledge you as the lord and husband of my choice,” said the lady in a low tone of affection, as she leaned on the arm of her companion, and gazed up into his face.

“And I am henceforth privileged to claim you as my own, before all the world; to love and

cherish as long as life may endure," was the answer, in accents which caused a blush to mantle over the other's cheeks and brow as she heard them,—the blush of gratified love and affection.

They were the Countess of Gloucester and Sir Ralph de Monthermer, formerly her consort's page, then his squire, and now himself her husband. And that day he had been openly received as such by King Edward and his son, in presence of the whole court, although for many months the noble pair had been forced to endure much sorrow and anxiety, owing to the heavy displeasure evinced by the monarch, when first informed of the marriage. Softer and kindlier feelings, however, had at length prevailed, and Ralph de Monthermer was declared worthy of being recognised as son-in-law to the proudest sovereign in Europe, and that recognition even he had never cause, in after years, to repent.

Beloved and esteemed, the Countess Joan continued through life. But hers was not a long one. She died, after a short illness, in the spring of

1307, just three months before her brother Edward, Prince of Wales, succeeded to the vacant throne of England. Her second husband and seven children survived her.

And she has issue living even now. Her descendant and representative in this year of grace 1857, is the Right Honourable Mary Frances Elizabeth, Viscountess Falmouth, and, in her own right, Baroness Le Despencer.

The Princesses Margaret and Elizabeth both survived the King their father a few years. They were married; the former in 1290, to the young prince, afterwards Duke of Brabant; the latter in 1297, to John, Earl of Holland.\*

Like her sister Joan, the Countess of Holland was left a widow at an early age, and like her she married again. The second husband was the famous Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and High Constable of England.

The Princess Mary became a nun. When only six years of age she took the veil at Ambresbury in Wiltshire, where, shortly afterwards, her aged

\* See Appendix, Note XVII.



grandmother, Queen Eleanor of Provence, the widow of Henry III, retired also to end her days. The nun princess—like her royal and lamented namesake of modern days—survived all her brothers and sisters; and these, according to the most correct computation, were fourteen in number. Like her she sank into the grave, deeply and sincerely lamented by those who had known her best.

Upon the death of Alphonso, the young Prince of Wales became also heir of England, and he alone of the four sons of Eleanor of Castile attained the age of manhood. For the particulars of his hapless reign, and, alas! that we should add his miserable end, we refer our readers to the annals of history.

In connection with Prince Edward, however, we must add a few words concerning his nurse, our old friend Mary. That she lived to see him on the throne of his father, we may gather from the fact, that in the household accounts of his reign, the sum of twenty shillings is mentioned as having been given to “Mary of Carnarvon,” the King’s

nurse, for coming from Wales to visit him. Money was, we know, of greater value in those days than it is now ; consequently, this bounty on the part of her royal nursling was a munificent gift.

And, of Mary's other royal charge, the Princess Guendolen, we learn, that, after completing her education in the convent of Sempringham—where we last heard of her—she became the spouse of one Philip ap Ivor, Lord of Iscoed, by whom she had an only daughter and heir, the Princess Eleanor, who married one Thomas ap Llewellyn, and became the mother of two daughters and co-heirs, the younger of whom married Sir Tewdyr ap Grono, Lord of Penmynedd, the son and heir of Vendigaid and Gwervyl, in whose son, Meredith ap Tudor, the blood of Llewellyn the Great and the Baron Tewdyr became united. But, more curious still, a few generations later beheld the victor of Bosworth Field, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, the great grandson and representative of Meredith, proclaimed King of England, and united shortly afterwards in marriage to the heiress of the Plantagenets—Elizabeth of York.

Thus, then, did the descendants of our Vendigaid become, in course of time, Lords of the whole island ; and beneath their rule is it our happy lot even yet to live.

'Eva left no children. But the house of Nevill, the issue of her husband, Lord Ralph, is flourishing at the present day. In the year 1397 his great grandson Ralph, Lord Nevill of Raby, was created Earl of Westmoreland ; and in succeeding generations more than nine peerages were possessed by his descendants in the male line.\* Of these but one now remains—that of ABERGAVENNY.

May it long continue the representative of a name as honourable as it is lordly and ancient.

Before concluding, there are a few of those mentioned in the foregoing pages, to whom we would again allude.

Concerning the after-career of the two Welsh knights, Sir Elias Walwyn and Sir Griffith Lloyd, we know but little. Of the former, we may hope

\* Viz., Bedford (Duke) ; Montagu (Marquess) ; Warwick (Earl) ; Salisbury (Earl) ; Northumberland (Earl) ; Kent (Earl) ; Abergavenny (Earl) ; Fauconberg (Baron) ; Latimer (Baron) ; Furnivall (Baron) ; etc.

that, convinced by the arguments and example of those who had the good of their country as much at heart as himself, he refrained from joining in open hostility against the authority and government established by King Edward in the principality immediately after the presentation of his infant son to the Welsh as their future sovereign. It is not probable, however, that he subsided into a life of quietude or repose; and we know that there were opportunities enough in those days for employment in martial enterprises on all sides, without his engaging of necessity in further attempts to disturb the tranquillity of his country.

Of Sir Griffith, we read that during the lifetime of Edward I, and whilst his son continued, at least nominally, an independent sovereign, he remained stedfast in his allegiance. In after years, however, his name occurs as one of the principal ringleaders in an attempt to subvert the power of the English in Wales. Edward the Second was embroiled in his own personal troubles, and the management of the principality was left in the hands of underlings, who

abused their authority, and maltreated the native inhabitants. Stung by a sense of the injustice of such treatment, Lloyd flew to arms, and in a short time had gathered round him a considerable number of his countrymen, with whom he marched upon and took possession of many English fortresses. But this success was only transitory. A large and disciplined force soon encountered the band of insurgents and defeated them with considerable loss. Then his disheartened followers gradually dispersed. Sir Griffith himself was taken prisoner. His after fate is uncertain: but whether imprisoned for life, or liberated once more, we know that he never again appeared in the field of battle, or took part in the history of his country.

Father Edwal retired to the monastery of S. Beuno, and there, after following the aged Brother Vychan to the grave, he likewise ended his days.

Our readers may remember, that when the village surrounding the hill on which stood the Tewdyr's castle was laid waste, a young girl, together with her brother Blethyn, were among the number of

those who survived the catastrophe. Gwenllian had indeed been unconsciously the cause of the alarm of that night's attack having been given in time to enable the principal persons sought for to effect their escape; for at her father's cottage it was that Meyrick had been visiting when he returned so late to the castle, and thereby discovered the movements of the enemy. During the remainder of the Baron's life, Meyrick and Gwenllian continued to reside in his service, the latter having been claimed as his bride by the worthy soldier when he again returned to the neighbourhood of her mountain home.

Roderic, the Tewdyr's squire, could never be prevailed upon to acquiesce in the dominion of the English in Wales; but, as he would not oppose himself to the counsel of his lord, he quitted the principality, and joining the banner of Wallace, the Scottish hero, in after years, under his command, he won the spurs of knighthood.

There is still one whom we must not forget to mention. Iolo, the venerable bard. He lived to an extreme old age, and heard, before he died, of

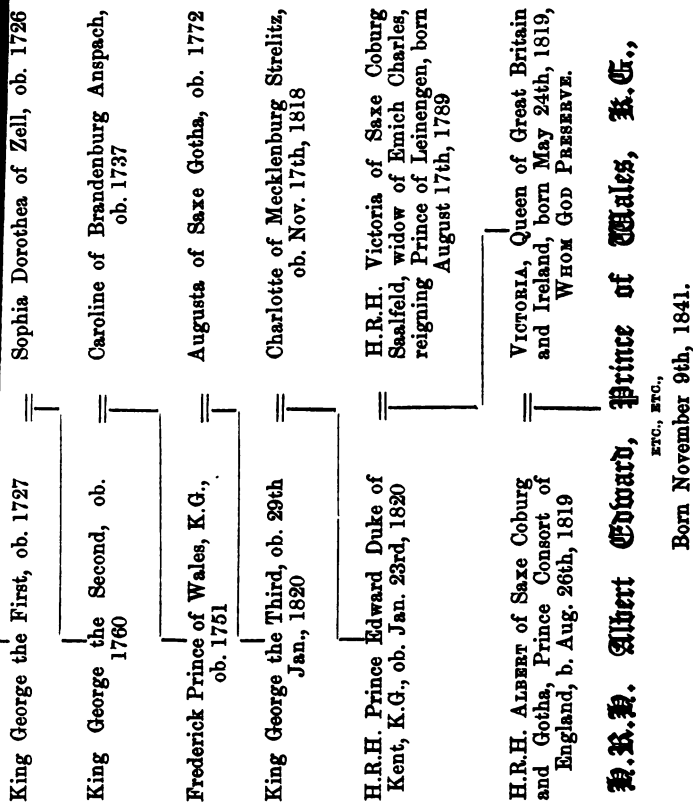
the coronation of the young Prince of Wales as King of England. "Then," said he, "I am content. Merlin's prophecy is fulfilled; although not as I deemed it would have been. Nevertheless 'tis true, and I have lived to see Cambria's native prince become proud England's King!"

THE END.

THE following Pedigree, illustrative of the Descent of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales from LLEWELLYN, the last of the ancient Welsh Princes, as also from King EDWARD THE FIRST and the Baron TEWDYR AP. GRONW, the Author thinks may form an interesting addition to a Tale in which these three contemporaneous Ancestors of His Royal Highness have been made principal characters.









## **APPENDIX.**



## APPENDIX.

---

### NOTE I. VOL. I, p. 68.

THAT the last Llewellyn had an only daughter and heir by his wife Eleanor de Montfort, seems an established fact. But as to her name authorities differ. In one chronicle we find her called Gwenllian, in another Guendolen,\* but most commonly Catherine. For reasons of our own we have chosen, in the present tale, the appellation given her by Piers Langtoft; and it seems not improbable that this may have been the correct one, as he lived in her own time, and states himself to have been personally acquainted with the orphan princess. She was born, according to Tyrrell, in June 1279; consequently, would have been between three and four years old when our story commences.

---

### NOTE II. VOL. I, p. 72.

Florence of Worcester mentions decidedly that "Llewellyn Prince of Wales was intercepted by the king's troops in South Wales, and lost his life and his head on Friday, the fourth of the ides (the 10th)

\* From Gwen, fair, and dolen, a loop or snare.

of December." Warrington and Appleyard also agree as to this date. But some historians fix the engagement at Builth, on the 11th.

---

NOTE III. VOL. I, p. 87.

After describing the manner in which Llewellyn endeavoured to escape, on being apprized of the approach of the enemy, and whilst awaiting the appearance of his nobles in the place appointed for his conference with them, Warrington goes on to say, vol. ii, pp. 268-69-70 :—

"In making this attempt he was discovered and closely pursued by Adam de Francon, an English knight; who, perceiving him to be a Welshman, and not knowing his quality, plunged his spear into the body of the Prince of Wales, being unarmed and incapable of defence. This being done, regardless of the person he had wounded, Adam de Francon instantly rejoined his own army, which was then ascending the mountain to dislodge the enemy from their post. The Welsh, on this occasion, were steady, and acted with great spirit; neither animated by the presence of their prince, nor dispirited by a knowledge of his fate. They poured upon their enemies, as they advanced up the mountain, a shower of arrows and darts; but the English, having placed bodies of archers in the intervals of their horse, annoyed them in their turn, and at length obtained the summit. The action continued doubtful for more than three hours, and was maintained on both sides with great resolution and valour, until at length the Welsh were obliged to give way, were entirely defeated, and left two thousand men, a third of their number,

dead on the field. This action happened on the tenth of December.

"All this time Llewellyn had lain upon the ground faint and almost expiring. He had just life enough remaining to ask for a priest; and a white friar, who chanced to be present, administered to the dying prince the last sacred duties of his office."

---

NOTE IV. VOL. I, p. 253.

Maud, Countess of Salisbury, the only daughter and heiress of Walter de Clifford, entreated that Llewellyn might be absolved from the sentence of excommunication pronounced against him by the Archbishop of Canterbury (John Peckham) in the commencement of the war, for not consenting to the terms proposed by Edward, which were most humiliating and unacceptable to the Welsh prince; and that his body might be buried in a consecrated place. This request Mortimer warmly seconded; stating that, from the testimony of those standing by at the time, Llewellyn had called for a priest, and that a white monk who happened to be near chaunted mass (?) to him before his departure. See Jones's *History of Brecknockshire*, vol. i, p. 142.

Appleyard observes:—

"This affecting appeal was made in vain; the excommunication was not recalled, nor did the body of the prince come to the sepulchre of his fathers. Shame on the memory, not of him who unconsciously suffered, but of those who consciously inflicted this indignity! The earth that enwrapped, the sods that sat lightly on that mutilated form,





It was dated from Rhuddlan, January 12th, 1283, and from the tone of the whole epistle it is easy to see how far from anxious Edward was to hasten the departure of his beloved daughter.

---

NOTE VII. VOL. I, p. 297.

The ceremony of the presentation of the coronet and jewels of Prince Llewellyn at the shrine of S. Edward the Confessor, did not (according to Matthew of Westminster) take place until some time after the period we have assigned to it. For, after mentioning the birth of Prince Edward at Carnarvon, the chronicle goes on to say,—

“About the same time, Alfonso, the king’s eldest son, coming to Westminster, offered up a certain ornament of gold, which had formerly belonged to Llewellyn Prince of Wales, with other jewels also, which were all applied to adorn the tomb of the blessed King Edward.” This would seem to infer that the ceremonial at Westminster took place during the summer of 1284.

---

NOTE VIII. VOL. I, p. 302.

In Black’s *Guide through Wales*, p. 382, we find—

“In December 1282, Llewellyn and a small body of adherents repaired hither (Builth) in order to withstand the advances of his Saxon enemies. He sought admittance into the fortress and was refused; and hence the inhabitants have borne to this day the reproachful title of ‘the Traitors of Builth.’ The snow being thick on the ground, he

employed a smith to reverse the shoes of his horse, in order to deceive his enemies and baffle pursuit. Scarcely had he departed when a company of English troops arrived, to whom the treacherous smith disclosed the prince's secret. Llewellyn passed the bridge of Builth and stationed his men on the north side of the river, while he repaired to his own house at Aberedw, four miles below, to attend an appointed meeting of his confederate lords."

Mr. Jones, in his *History of Brecknockshire*, says, after alluding to Llewellyn's descent into South Wales, —

"A superior force from Herefordshire, having had notice of his route from some of the inhabitants of this country, approached under the command of Edmund Mortimer and John Giffard. Llewellyn, finding from their numbers that resistance would be vain, fled with his men to Builth, and in order to deceive the enemy, as there was then snow upon the ground, he is said to have caused his horse's shoes to be reversed; but even this stratagem was discovered to them by a smith at Aberedwy, whose name, as tradition says, was Madoch goch min mawr, or red-haired, wide-motthed Madoc."

---

NOTE IX. VOL. II, p. 74.

An order for the delivery of twenty quarters of good wheat for the maintenance of the Princess Joan's household at Rhuddlan, is dated 10 August, 1283. She then appears to have been residing at the Welsh fortress for the benefit of her health. See Mrs. Everett Green's *Lives of the English Princesses*, vol. ii, p. 324.

## NOTE X. VOL. II, p. 89.

Appleyard thus pathetically describes the seizure and trial of the unhappy David.

“Reduced to the deepest distress, to the want often of the commonest necessities of life, he, with his wife and children, and few retainers, hid themselves in the woods and morasses, constantly changing, never bettering, their place of concealment. At last the hope of reward stimulated the avarice of two of his followers, who betrayed him to the English. David was surprised in a morass near the mountain of Bere, within sight of Aber, the palace of his ancestors, at night—it was by a night attack that he took Hawarden Castle—and himself and family sent under a strong guard to the castle of Rhuddlan. The king was there at the time: the captive begged hard for an interview; it was sternly refused. Better had it been permitted. Old recollections might have been awakened, the heart of Edward touched, and his memory saved one just reproach. From Rhuddlan David was sent in chains to Shrewsbury: he had sent the Governor of Hawarden in chains to Snowdon. As Prince of Wales, an independent sovereign, he was, as Baron of Frodsham, an English subject. His trial took place on the morrow of S. Michael, September 30, 1283, before a court, to which were summoned a hundred temporal peers, nineteen members of the king’s council, two citizens each from twenty towns, and two knights from every county, a parliament of lords and commons, about half of whom attended. The king, it is said, presided in person. It would have been more to his honour had he not. The charges were eloquently set forth in the writ for his trial. ‘The hostility

and recklessness of the Welsh were described—their repeated infractions of treaties—their sanguinary and destructive incursions—charges which, perhaps with equal truth, might have been urged against their accusers.’ Edward recounted his kindnesses to David, ‘whom we received an exile, nourished an orphan, enriched out of our own lands, and placed in the highest rank of our court.’ The judges pronounced the accused prince guilty of the crimes laid against him, sentence was passed, execution followed.”—*Welsh Sketches*, second series, pp. 101-2.

Warrington observes, vol. ii, p. 287 :—

“As David had been made a baron of the realm, Edward determined to proceed against him as a subject of England. With this view he summoned eleven earls, and one hundred barons, to open the process at Shrewsbury on the 30th of September, and to sit in judgment at his trial; the king himself presiding in person. By this court the Prince of Wales was doomed to die as a traitor; a sense of interest, and the desire of pleasing their sovereign, influenced the decisions of the judges, and silenced the claims of justice and humanity.” Florence of Worcester remarks, that after having been made prisoner and brought before the king on the eve of S. Albans, David was “committed to close custody in Chester Castle,” and thence conveyed to Shrewsbury.

---

NOTE XI. VOL. II, p. 141.

“The king, sensible that nothing kept alive the ideas of military valour and of ancient glory so much as the traditional poetry of the people, which,

assisted by the power of music and the jollity of festivals, made deep impression on the minds of the youth, gathered all the Welsh bards, and, from a barbarous, though not absurd policy, ordered them to be put to death."—Hume's *History of England*, vol. ii, p. 463.

"This edict," says Warrington, "more cruel than the proscriptions of the Roman triumvirate, continued in all its rigour to the end of the reign of Henry the Fourth; during which period, interest and hatred conspiring its ruin, this ancient and celebrated order was nearly exterminated."

---

NOTE XII. VOL. II, p. 165.

The popular tradition, that Prince Edward was born in the far-famed Eagle Tower, at Carnarvon Castle, is scarcely supported by facts. It would seem (*Black's Guide to Wales*, p. 163) that this portion of the edifice had not been commenced in 1284, and was not actually completed until after the death of Edward I. That the young Plantagenet first saw light in what was probably the most ancient part of the castle, on the Feast of S. Mark, April 25, 1284, all historians are, however, agreed.

In Appleyard's *Welsh Sketches*, second series, p. 108, we read,—

"Edward (the First) was no stranger to the character of the Welsh people, full of love and affection, fervent in loyalty; yet had a well grounded conviction that personally he could never become the object of their affection, in whom that loyalty should centre. The pregnancy of Queen Eleanor, then at Rhuddlan Castle, suggested the means of breasting this difficulty, and attaching the nation

to his dynasty. The journey which the Queen made was longer than it need have been; as the royal escort pursued the circuitous route by Caergwile Castle to Carnarvon, instead of the direct road through Conway, the latter was exposed to the attacks of the Welsh mountaineers. It would seem that the received account of a forced journey from London in the depth of winter is a myth. I am glad that it is so. There was in that fine stroke of policy, as commonly told, a selfish inhumanity of which I should be slow to believe Edward capable to so devoted a wife. Resting on her way at Caergwile, or Hope Castle, which, from that circumstance, received the name of "Queen's Hope," and which estate her husband gave her, Eleanor, early in the year 1284, came from Rhuddlan to Carnarvon Castle, just finished, it is said, but I do not believe it, at the uncompensated labour and cost of the nobility of Wales and their vassals. 'A record, formerly belonging to the exchequer of Carnarvon, states that it was twelve years in building, and the revenues of the Archbishopric of York, which had for the purpose been kept vacant, were applied towards defraying the expenses of its erection.' Henry Ellerton was the architect."

---

NOTE XIII. VOL. II, p. 170.

"It appears that the daughter of Llewellyn, and the daughter of his brother David, were confined in a nunnery in England; as an order was sent by Edward, seven years after the death of their parents, to Thomas de Normanville, to inquire minutely into the state and safe custody of the said princesses."—*Rymer*, vol. ii, p. 429.

"His (Prince David's) daughter, with her cousin, the only surviving legitimate child of Llewellyn, found a refuge amidst the calamities that overwhelmed in ruin their royal house at the monastery of Sempringham, Lincolnshire, where the two princesses took the veil." — Appleyard's *Welsh Sketches*, second series, p. 102.

After alluding to the subsequent marriage of the heiress of Wales, Warrington adds, "It is most probable that David's daughter remained in England and died a nun."

---

NOTE XIV. VOL. II, p. 171.

"He (Prince David) was condemned to five different kinds of punishment. To be drawn at the tails of horses through the streets of Shrewsbury to the place of execution, because he was a traitor to the king who had made him a knight. To be hanged, for having murdered Fulk Trigald, and other knights, in the castle of Hawarden. His heart and bowels to be burned, because those murders had been perpetrated on Palm Sunday. His head to be cut off. His body to be quartered, and to be hung up in different parts of the kingdom, because he had conspired the death of the king in several places of England. This sentence, cruel in the extreme, the rigour of which had refined into novelty, was executed in all its severity. Such was the pleasure which the death of David gave to the English, that the citizens of York and Winchester contended, with a savage eagerness, for the right shoulder of this unfortunate prince. That honour was decided in favour of Winchester, and the remaining quarters were sent, with the



utmost dispatch, to the cities of York and Bristol, and to the town of Northampton. To feast still more the eyes of the people, his head was sent to the Tower of London, and being fixed on a pole, was placed near to the head of his brother Llewellyn. Every generous idea and liberal sentiment seems to have been extinguished in national hatred, and in the frenzy of joy which had seized on the English.”  
 — *Warrington*, vol. ii, pp. 287-8-9.

Of the two royal brothers, David's unhappy fate was by far the worst. His remains were scattered after death, as it were, to the four winds of heaven; but of Llewellyn's headless corse, we read, that although never consigned to the sepulchre of his fathers, it was interred in the “Abbey of Cwmbyr, Radnorshire, founded in 1143 by Cadwallon ap Madoc, and belonging to some monks of the Cistercian order.”—*Florence of Worcester*, p. 366.

It is also affirmed that the body of Llewellyn was buried in a field two miles from Builth, where a spot, known, by the name of *Cefn-y-Bedd* (the ridge of the grave), is still shown as the place where his remains were deposited.

---

NOTE XV. VOL. II, p. 189.

How far the tradition which has been handed down to us of a general massacre of the Welsh bards can be verified by authentic evidence, seems uncertain. Appleyard affirms that—

“At the close of this second brief war of independence (1294), Edward put out a proclamation to the following effect: ‘That the westours, bards, rhymers, and other idlers and vagabonds, who lived upon the gifts called *Cymmortha*, be not supported

nor sanctioned in the country, lest by their invectives and lies they lead the people to mischief, and burden the common people with their impositions.”

“It is to be observed,” continues Mr. Stephens, “that this really salutary prohibition is directed against the irregular and wandering bards, and not against those that were more orderly.”

Hence it would appear that, however severe the decree may have been which was first promulgated against the members of the bardic tribe, it was afterwards mainly altered and tempered in its nature.

---

NOTE XVI. VOL. II, p. 304.

“1284. The Lord Alphonso, son of the King of England, died at Windsor, on the feast of S. Magnus, the Martyr (19th August), and was carried to Westminster and buried with great pomp on the eve of the Decollation of S. John the Baptist (28th August). *Florence of Worcester*, p. 370.

Matthew of Westminster observes, after mentioning the circumstance of Prince Alphonso's offering the coronet and jewels of Llewellyn at the shrine of S. Edward,

“This Alphonso died this year (1284), being about twelve years of age, dying on the nineteenth of August, on the day of S. Magnus the king, and his body was honourably buried in the Church of Westminster, near the tomb of S. Edward, where it is placed between his brothers and sisters, who were buried before him in the same place.”

---

## NOTE XVII. VOL. II, p. 343.

The only sister of this Prince, the Princess Matilda, was, early in the year 1284, betrothed to Prince Alphonso of England; her father, Florence V, Earl of Holland, being exceedingly desirous of forming an alliance between his house and that of Plantagenet. The untimely death of the young heir-apparent, of course, put an end for a time to any further matrimonial engagement. In the spring of 1285, however, negotiations were renewed between the two courts, on behalf of the Earl's young son and heir, Prince John, who sought the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, Alphonso's sister, then scarcely three years of age.

Matilda was afterwards married to Prince Louis of Burgundy, who in her right became Prince of Achaia and Morea.

---





